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OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

Vol IX

JULY, 1836.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN-REGENT OF  
FRANCE.

(*Illustrated by an accurately coloured Portrait, from the original, in the collection of the King of France.—No. 41 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits published in the Lady's Magazine and Museum.*)

"What is required for history, is truth. Truth unveils the events. Posterity judges of the results. Be the judgment of posterity upon the results what it may, they cannot fail to exhibit, either an example to avoid, or a beacon to direct."—*Annual Report of the Royal Society of Literature*, published June, 1836.

"As the convulsions of nature are produced in mountainous regions, and the fury of the tempest sweeps over the heights, so are eminent stations in society exposed to perils and wrecks, that to a reflecting mind ought to render them objects of anxiety and apprehension, rather than of desire and ardent pursuit."—*Mary Hay's Memoirs*.

Catherine de Medicis was the first queen sprung from the then recently aggrandized line of the de Medici. She was the daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, grand duke of Florence, that far-famed merchant prince, the rise of whose family from utilitarian origin was one of the peculiar signs of the times in which he lived, and plainly spoke the growing predominance of mind over brute force: a superiority that was beginning powerfully to manifest itself in the 15th century, when the ferocity of hunter and warrior state in which mankind was left during the dark ages, became sufficiently relaxed to allow some commonwealths to be governed by civilians sprung from

the industrious classes. The de Medici rose from the burghers, and not from the chivalric grades of society, and as assuredly sprung from a professor of the healing art, as our countrymen who bear the names of Cutler, Brewer, or Saddler, &c., had ancestors who formerly practised those useful vocations, at a time when surnames were sparingly used. However that may be, Cosmo the Great, and his son Lorenzo the Magnificent, after fighting as many battles with the proud patricians of Florence as would have ranked them heroes, if they had not had claims to a better title, founded a dynasty that has endured to our day,—established as it was on the strong basis of

commerce, beneficent notions of government, and a love for learning. The lustre that history sheds around the names of several of these great princes, does not extend to the females of their house: the first of the queens the de Medici gave to France was eminent in every thing bad; and the other, Marie de Medicis, was eminent for nothing good. Catherine was perhaps capable of being made better, if her early education had not versed her in deceit and corrupted her principles. She was daughter of the great Lorenzo de Medici and Madeline de Tour, Countess of Boulogne, and was born on the 15th of April, in the year 1519. Her infancy was passed amidst perils and vicissitudes, occasioned by the fierce contentions of the noble Florentines against the domination of her father. They seized her family property, and confined her in a monastery, where, young as she was, she was in constant expectation of being dragged away to be slaughtered by the adverse faction. At the siege of Florence, in the year 1530, it was proposed by an enemy of her father to seize upon the helpless girl, and expose her between two battlements to the fire of the Imperial army, or to give her up to the incensed soldiery. To the honour of human nature, both these atrocious propositions were rejected with disdain. She encountered this peril in her eleventh year.

It is singular that the Prince of Orange, by whom the Imperial army was commanded, being an ally of her father, sought her in marriage; and but for his death, which prevented the alliance, she had become a member of that house, and in the pursuit of power she would, perhaps, have been as ardent a partisan of the reformation, as she was afterwards of the abuses of catholicism.

In the year 1533, she became the pledge of one of the short pacifications patched up between Francis the First and the Italian states. At the age of fourteen she was given in marriage by her uncle, Pope Clement the Seventh, to Henry Duke of Orleans, second son of Francis the First. The Pope met the King of France and his son on the Italian frontier, and performed the ceremony in person at Marseilles. The splendour of these nuptials was long remembered, and the harassed people of both countries mingled their sincere re-

joicings for the blessings of peace with loud acclamations for the union of Henry and Catherine, not being capable of foreseeing that peace would but endure a few months.

Catherine had scarcely attained womanhood, when her husband became heir-apparent to the throne of France, by the death of the dauphin, Francis, his elder brother. The demise of this virtuous and promising prince has been attributed to poison; and an unfortunate gentleman was most cruelly put to death, on very suspicious proofs of the supposed fact. One of the female attendants of Catherine was involved in the charge, and the crime was even imputed to the princess herself; but her years were too kind, and her disposition at that time any thing but murderous; and her husband was entirely devoted to Diane de Poitiers,\* a woman old enough to be the mother both of his wife and himself. At the death of the dauphin, and for years after, Catherine had no children, therefore all the fruits of so heinous and dangerous a crime, would have been to aggrandize her rival. Young as she was, the countrywoman of Machiavelli knew too well the peculiarities of her position, to run a risk that would benefit any one but herself. We must then acquit Catherine of this first crime laid to her charge by some of her contemporary historians.

During the life of her father-in-law, Francis the First, Catherine paid him the most dutiful attention; she attended him in his declining health, and accompanied him in the chase. She was, with all her faults, amiable in private life, even when she was plotting bloody outrages. The fondness of her father-in-law sustained her in her dignity as dauphiness, when a divorce, on account of a failure of heirs, was in agitation.

Catherine gave no heirs to France before ten years had elapsed from the period of her marriage: just at the time her enemies were intriguing to get her divorced, she became the mother of a dauphin; and, in due time, the parent of four sons and three daughters, all of whom grew up to maturity; she had, besides, three children, who died in their infancy. The eldest of her sons was Francis the Second, who married Mary Queen of Scots;† the second, Charles the Ninth,

\* See this portrait and memoir, Oct., 1831.

† Ditto, May, 1831.

during whose minority Catherine swayed the sceptre of France; the next, generally supposed to have been the son of her lover, Cardinal Lorraine, was the handsome Henry the Third; the fourth, was the Duke of Alençon, well known as the suitor of our Queen Elizabeth. Her eldest daughter was the unfortunate Elizabeth, Queen of Spain,\* murdered by Philip the Second. The death of this child, Catherine is said to have frantically bewailed. Her second daughter, the Princess Claude,† was wedded to the Duke of Savoy; and Marguerite, the youngest, was forced into an unhappy union with her cousin, Henry the Great. Although Catherine was the mother of five crowned heads bearing the name of Valois, yet she saw this princely line nearly extinct before her own career terminated. She did not become a mother till three years after she had ascended the throne.

On the death of her royal father-in-law and protector, in the year 1540, she was crowned with her husband, Henry the Second, at St. Denis. The regal title only was hers, for the heart of Henry was wedded to Diane. The grace and sweet temper with which Queen Catherine submitted to what was unavoidable, commanded the esteem of Henry, and some of his affection. He constantly passed two hours in her company after he dined, and always spoke to her with deference and courtesy. On all visible occasions respect was not wanting; he even made her regent of France during his Italian campaign, but took care to give the chancellorship to Bertraudi, a devoted partisan of Diane de Poitiers, who effectually governed the kingdom.

The death of her husband was occasioned by an accident at a tournament, given on occasion of the marriage of his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, with Philip the Second of Spain.

It is said by some that Henry insisted on breaking a lance with Montgomeri in honour of his long-neglected wife, and that Catherine, perhaps actuated by the prophesy of her conjuror, Nostradamus, implored the king to desist. The particulars of this fatal rencounter have already been detailed in the memoirs of the

daughter of Catherine, Elizabeth\* of Spain, and in that of Diane of Poitiers\* who were both present at this tournament. Long after the death of Henry, Catherine pursued his unintentional murderer, the Count Montgomeri, with a thirst for vengeance, and a passionate regret for the death of the king, sufficient to have made the world believe she had loved her husband.

To Diane of Poitiers Catherine behaved with a lenity and forbearance that is really astonishing. But Catherine's character, when minutely viewed, is a mass of contradictions, startling to the examiner of human nature.

Catherine supported her lover and his brother, the Duke de Guise, in their assumption of government, after the sudden death of Henry the Second. Instead of shutting herself up in the Louvre, according to the etiquette of the widows of the kings of France, who suffered not the light of day to visit them, she took prompt measures, got possession of the person of her son, the young king, and set at defiance the princes of the blood, who claimed the regency. Condi and Bourbon flew to arms; they assumed the protection of the harassed Protestants, and presently raised a fearful civil war, which was not quelled for nearly seventy years. We much fear, if motives were strictly analyzed, whether the ordering of the regencies during the minorities of Francis the First and Charles the Ninth, was the true motive of the religious war in France.

During the life of her husband, Catherine was a cipher. After his violent death, the Cardinal Lorraine and his family completely governed the minor king, Francis the Second. Catherine had not a chance of governing her son, since he had been married by the Duke of Guise and his brother, Cardinal Lorraine, to Mary Queen of Scotland, their beautiful niece, the influence of whose charms made the family compact firm. Catherine was as tolerably patient at this ordering of affairs as the cardinal, one of the handsomest men of his time, whose attentions had consoled her for the tiresome life she led at court when neglected by her husband, and her place filled, as to power and state, by Diane de Poitiers.

The death of young Francis the Second,

\* See this portrait and memoir, Sept. 1835.

† Ditto, October, 1835.

\* See September and October, 1835.

a few months after he ascended the throne of France, partly broke the power of the Guises. The young widowed Queen of Scots was sent back to her country; and Catherine, called to the regency, assumed the reins of government in France during the minority of her young son, Charles the Ninth, then little more than ten years old. Cardinal Lorraine continued to be her favourite till he was poisoned by Cardinal de Armagnac, after Charles the Ninth had attained his majority. The following most extraordinary anecdote is related concerning his death.

"I have often (says Duplessis Mornay) heard Henry IV. say, that at the time of the death of Cardinal de Lorraine, he was with Catherine de Medicis, his mother-in-law, in her cabinet, reading the service of vespers with her, verse by verse; and that, when lifting up her head, she suddenly cried out that she saw the Cardinal of Lorraine, who made a sign with his finger to her, in the gesture of a person threatening her, very pale and very frightful; whilst Henry said he dared not lift his eyes from the book, in spite of all the queen said to him. The Marquise de Moirmon tier, who was sitting in the next room, hearing the queen cry out, the phantom immediately disappeared. The queen on the instant sent to inquire after the cardinal, and was told that he died about the time he appeared to her. M. de Foix told me, that the Cardinal de Lorraine was poisoned by the Cardinal de Armagnac, with whom he had some quarrel."

She was one of the most notorious dabblers in the black art that age of superstition produced. On this head we quote the following particulars:—

"A priest who was executed in 1574 in the Place de Greve at Paris, for having a supposed communication with evil spirits, accused near twelve hundred persons of the same crime.

"Catherine de Medicis, who was peculiarly credulous on that head, always carried about her person cabalistic characters, written on the skin of an infant born dead. Several talismans and amulets were found in her cabinet after her death, and it is well known that she consulted an astrologer on the fortunes of all her children."

Favin, in his history of Navarre, has a curious anecdote on this subject.

"The queen (he says) having applied to a magician, to know the destiny of her sons, and the future kings of France, he

made her see them in a magic mirror, and ascertained the number of years each would reign by the number of turns the figure of each king would make. Thus she reckoned the reigns of Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third; she even saw Henry, Duke de Guise, who disappeared on a sudden, and Henry the Fourth, who made twenty-four turns. This prediction and these apparitions increased her aversion to the King of Navarre."

Cosmo Ruggieri was Catherine's magician in ordinary; her husband sent him to the galleys, but Catherine soon brought him back again when she came into power, for the sake of the secret power he was said to possess. He died in high repute at Paris in Louis the Thirteenth's reign. She likewise patronised Nostradamus, who foretold the death of her husband, Henry the Second, in the tournament with Count Montgomeri.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew's day was one of those mysteries that will only be cleared up at the great day of account—it was an outbreak of tumultuous passions between two struggling parties who had mutually injured one another, and felt the rage of savage animals, not to be restrained at the sight of each other when brought into collision by the marriage of the King of the French Protestants, Henry of Navarre, with the daughter of Catherine. It is certain that dreadful wickedness was committed by the stronger party, but it is as certain that only the ultra-Catholics of the League were guilty of premeditated wrong in the matter. The closer we examine into this point of history, the more certain we are that Catherine was deep in the cabals of the League, and that her son, Charles IX., though strongly worked upon by her, was an unwilling agent. Sully takes this view of the subject, and the state of parties bears him out. Catherine had, as queen-regent, governed France most evilly since Charles was nine years old: he was then twenty-two, though ill brought up. He was a prince of great courage, and some abilities: he was very anxious to get the power out of his mother's hands, of which she made so vile a use. She still retained by intrigues, and her connexion with the Guises and the furious League of ultra-Catholics partly by fraud and partly by force, a most undue portion of power for the station of queen-mother. This the young king was anxious to withdraw from her hands: a

result only to be obtained by the support of the loyal Catholics, strengthened by the influence of the Protestant party. Charles was negotiating with Admiral Coligny for this purpose, when the Protestant leaders thronged into Paris on the faith of the king's treaty and pacification, which was ratified by giving his sister, the Princess Margaret, in marriage with Henry of Navarre, the head of their party. There is no doubt that Charles was sincere in this negotiation, for his dearest interests were connected with its success. Meantime, it was the policy of Catherine to break an alliance which would prove too strong for her retention of power. In all probability she organised the plan which gave up the Protestant nobles to slaughter by the League, both parties being gathered together in Paris. She had so much of the executive power in her hands, that she could lay this plot without a chance of detection by the young king, while every one of his manoeuvres was fully known to her. Charles has been held up to posterity as the most finished deceiver that ever existed, not only by Protestant historians, but by the virtuous of his own faith. The Protestants were certainly dreadfully deceived, but we think that Charles was an unwilling instrument in the destruction of his subjects. The wavering state of his mind might be seen by the contradictory proclamations that were daily published; the king disowning, and the queen and her council justifying, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, all of which were put forth in the name of Charles.

The following is a short account of the massacre. A more detailed narrative is to be found in the memoirs of Marguerite, Queen of France.\*

The ringing of the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois for matins, August 24, 1572, was the signal for beginning the slaughter. The Admiral de Coligny was first murdered, in the midst of his servants, by Besmes, a domestic of the Duke of Guise's, the duke himself and the Chevalier de Guise staying below in the court. His body was thrown out of the window. They cut off his head, and carried it to the queen-mother, together with his box of papers; among which they found the memoirs of his own times, written by himself. After they had offered all man-

ner of indignities to his bleeding corpse, it was hung on the gibbet of Montfaucon. The whole house of Guise had been personally animated against the admiral ever since the assassination of their father by Poltrot de Meré, whom they believed to have been an emissary of the admiral's; and it is certain he was never able to clear himself from this imputation. The slaughter was at the same time begun by the emissaries of the court in all parts of the city. Many private quarrels were wreaked under pretence of religion. Among others, Antony de Clermont, Marquis de Resnel, was murdered by his own kinsman, Lewis de Clermont, with whom he was then at law for the marquisate of Clermont. Francis de Caumont was murdered in his bed between his two sons, one of whom was stabbed by his side; but the other, by first pretending to be dead, and afterwards creeping under the bodies of his father and brother, escaped. Francis de la Rochefoucault had been at play with Charles IX. the preceding evening, and finding himself seized in bed by men in masques, did not defend himself against their daggers, thinking they were some of the courtiers intending to amuse themselves with him. The number of Protestants at Paris, and in different parts of the kingdom, who were murdered by the concerted wickedness of Catherine and the League, amounted to upwards of seventy thousand. Historians declare that this exterminating attack on the Protestants had been agreed upon between Catherine, her lover, the Cardinal de Lorraine, and the Duke of Alba, when they went to Bayonne to meet Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, eldest daughter to Catherine, and wife of Philip II. The young queen was amused with festivals of the most extraordinary magnificence, while the elders of her family were, with the remorseless emissary of her husband, plotting destruction and death to so many of her countrymen. This was in the year 1564, while Charles IX. was in childhood.

Sully, whose abilities destined him to heal these deep wounds of France, was, at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a boy of twelve years old, partly pursuing his studies at the colleges of Paris, and attending the court of Henry of Navarre, his master, under whose immediate protection his father had placed

\* See January, 1835.



him. Henry was then in his twentieth year.

The future prime minister of France had a narrow escape from the queen-mother's furious assassins. The narrative of his own adventures on the 24th of August is a lively picture of the dreadful scene :—

"I was in bed, and awaked from sleep three hours after midnight by the sound of all the bells in the city, and the confused cries of the populace. My governor, St. Julian, with my valet de chambre, went hastily out to know the cause: I never afterwards heard more of them: without doubt they were the first sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw my landlord enter, pale, and in the utmost consternation: he was of the reformed religion; and having learned what was the matter, had consented to go to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied, though the distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having assumed my scholar's gown, I put a large prayer book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud, 'Kill! kill! massacre the Huguenots!' The blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my horror. I fell into the midst of a party of guards; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book that I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself by the same good fortune. At last I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a danger still greater than any I had met with awaited me. The porter having twice refused me entrance, I continued standing in the midst of the street at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every minute, and who were evidently seeking their prey, when I asked after La Faye, the principal of this college (a Catholic), a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, when I put a few pieces of money into his hand, admitted me; and my friend, directly he saw me, carried me to his own study, when two inhuman priests, whom I heard mention Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me to pieces, saying the order was not to spare even infants at the breast. But the good man hurried me away to a pri-

vate chamber, where he locked me up. There he kept watch on me for three days, suffering no one to see me but a trusty servant who brought me food.

"At the end of the three days, the proclamation to prevent the murder or pillage of any more Protestants being published, I was suffered to leave my cell: soon after, I saw Ferriere and La Vieville, two soldiers of the guard, who were devoted to my father, enter the college. They were armed, and came to rescue me by force, in case I had fallen into unkind hands. They gave my father a relation of what had happened to me, and eight days after I received a letter from him expressing the fears he had suffered on my account, and advising me to continue in Paris, since the prince I served was not able to quit it."

From the lips of Henry Quatre, Sully received the account of his share of the adventures of that fearful day :—

"He was awaked, with the Prince de Condi, his cousin, in whose room he slept part of the night, about day-break, by a great number of soldiers, who rushed boldly into a chamber in the Louvre, where they lay, and insolently commanded them to dress and attend the king. They would not suffer the two princes to take their swords with them. As they passed they saw several of their gentlemen massacred before their eyes. Catherine gave orders they should be led through the vaults, and they were made to pass through the guards drawn up in files on each side in menacing postures. Henry started, and recoiled two or three steps backward, when Nangai-al-Chatre, captain of the guards, endeavoured to remove his suspicions by swearing they should do him no hurt. The princes then entered the underground passage through files of carabines and halberets. The king waited for them, and received them with a countenance in which fury was strongly painted: he ordered them with oaths and blasphemies, which were familiar to him, to quit a religion that had only been taken up, he said, to serve as a cloak for rebellion. The princes could not help showing they obeyed with grief. The king, in a fierce and haughty tone, told them, on their remonstrating against this forced conversion, 'that he would no longer be contradicted in his opinions by his own subjects; that they, by their example, should teach others to revere him as the image of God, and no longer be enemies to the image of God's mother.' He ended by vowing, that if they did not go to mass, he would treat them as criminals to human and divine majesty."

The princes were forced to comply, and waited for better times for the Protestants; and they were once more in arms, and at the head of the army of the

reformers before two years had passed by. This is the only passage in Sully that authorizes the assertion that Charles IX. countenanced the massacre. A few pages further, Sully gives a touching description of his sorrow and regret; his words are—

“It was not long before Charles felt the most touching and violent remorse for the barbarous action to which they had *forced* him to give the sanction of his name and authority. From the evening of the 24th of August, he was observed to groan heavily at the recital of a thousand acts of cruelty, of which every one boasted in his presence. Of all those who were about his person, none possessed so great a share of his confidence as Ambrose Paré, his surgeon. This man, though a Huguenot, lived with him in the greatest familiarity. On the day of the massacre, Charles told him that the time had now come when all France would be Catholics; on which Ambrose replied, without being alarmed,

“By the light of God, sire, I cannot believe that you have forgot your promise, never to command me to do three things; namely, never to be present at the day of battle—never to quit your service, or to go to mass.”

Soon after the king took him on one side, and freely disclosed to him the trouble of his soul.

“Ambrose (said he), I know not what has happened to me for these three days past, but I feel my body and mind much at enmity with each other—sleeping or waking, the murdered Huguenots ever seem present to my eyes, with ghastly faces and weltering in blood—I wish the innocent and helpless had been spared!”

The order he published the same day, forbidding the continuance of the persecution, was the consequence of this conversation.

It is to be wondered that the son and pupil of Catherine, purposely trained in vice, was capable of such feeling, for no such misgivings are attributed to her. The political treachery of the queen in this transaction, was finely rebuked a few months afterwards by a Protestant noble with whom she was in treaty; and when she asked him if he did not believe her royal word, “No, madam,” he replied, “by St. Bartholomew, I do not!”

The life of Henry of Navarre was spared through the influence of his wife, Marguerite; but particulars have already been given of this transaction. Catherine

was not cruel to those she was in intimacy with; all her crimes originated in political struggles for power. Charles IX. died in his 27th year: his death is by the Protestant authors attributed to his mother, but without the slightest foundation. Her favourite son Henry, King of Poland and Duke of Anjou, succeeded him; in his reign her power was as great as in the regency. It is known that on the reluctant departure of Henry for Poland, she said—“Go, my son, you will soon return.” On this speech, authors have founded an implication of guilt; but the declining state of Charles was easily to be seen.

Sinking under disease, Charles took to his bed soon afterward, in the palace of the Bois de Vincennes. There his mother, reckless of his sufferings, constantly urged him to invest her with the regency, while Henry was absent in Poland. His faculties remaining unimpaired, he positively refused. His struggles of mind and body were dreadful; his disease was a bursting of blood from small veins, which produced a general aneurism. It was not the effect of poison, but a family complaint, of which one of his brothers died. After much urging, he set his hand to the instrument by which his mother was deputed to govern during the interregnum. He was always much attached to Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., to whom he earnestly recommended his wife and daughter: he embraced him, and prayed God to preserve him—“But,” continued he, “confide not in my mother.”

Catherine that moment drew near the bed—“Ah! sir,” she said, “say not that.”

“I ought to say it, for it is the truth,” replied the dying monarch.

He then caused his nobles to take the oath of obedience to his absent brother, and died with composure, deeply penitent, in the year 1574, on the 17th day of May.

Henry of Navarre and his mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, in the year 1578 and 1579, were on very singular terms with each other; they kept a sort of armed neutrality, occasionally meeting for the purposes of fêtes and balls, without which neither court could long exist, while their feuds and political animosities occasionally broke out into actual warfare. Henry of Navarre was,

in reality, king of Protestant France; while Catherine's son, Henry III., governed only the moderate and loyal Catholics; and the family of the Guises, with Catherine secretly as their ally, headed the furious and bigoted Catholic League, who were the assassins at St. Bartholomew, and wished to extirpate all the Protestants. Thus supposing three men met together accidentally, for business or pleasure, it was possible that every one of them acknowledged a different sovereign in the same kingdom: thus was France rent a thousand-fold more woefully, than if her fine territory had been bodily divided into three portions, each district acknowledging one head and one administration of the law. This was the state of the country described by Sully. The queen-mother held with Henry in a progress she made with her court to Guenne.

Whether it was that the queen-mother was desirous of labouring effectually to compose the troubles of the state, or that she resolved for some sinister purposes to gain over the King of Navarre, she quitted Paris with all her court, and making the tour of the provinces, had a conference with this prince at Réole and Auch: she even stayed with him a long while, at different times, at Nîrac, Coutras, Fleix, and other places. The years 1578 and 1579, were chiefly consumed in these journeys from place to place, and in alternate festivals and squabbles about the execution of treaties, which in truth both parties were equally guilty of infringing.

The mixture of courts equally remarkable for gallantry, produced such effects as might be guessed; nothing was doing but balls and festivals: but while love became the serious business of the courtiers, Catherine was wholly absorbed in politics. She reconciled for a time the King of Navarre to his wife, her daughter Marguerite; but failed of inducing him to enter Paris, or any of the strongholds of the Catholic party. "I should," says Sully, "swell these memoirs too much, were I to enter into a detail of this medley of politics and gallantry: to confess the truth, my youth did not permit me to engage in the first, and as for gallantry, besides that I have lost the remembrance of it, a trifling detail of intrigues would, in my opinion, make but an indifferent figure here; I shall not,

however, omit some adventures relating to the war.

The queen-mother and the King of Navarre could only agree upon a truce, which was to be in force over the whole kingdom, till the King of Navarre and she separated. It is thought that she imagined this was the best way of seizing several towns she coveted, for now and then both parties forgot they were to be at peace, and flew to arms. It was now resolved that there should only be a truce where the court was, and it was not to extend beyond a league and a half from the place where the queen and Henry resided. This gave rise to a novel position in affairs:—here they loaded each other with caresses and civilities—there they fought with the utmost fury and animosity. The two courts being at Auch, engaged in all the gaieties of a ball. News was whispered to Henry, that the governor of his town of Réole, who was an old man and a zealous Protestant, having fallen violently in love with one of the queen's maids of honour, had been prevailed upon to violate his duty, and give up the town to the Catholics. The King of Navarre immediately told me privately to withdraw, with three or four others, and concealing our arms under hunting habits, wait for him in the fields. We took care the entertainment should suffer no interruption, but got together as many of our people as we could and joined the king, with whom we rode all night, and arriving early in the morning at Fleurence, the gates of which were open, we seized it without opposition. The queen-mother, who could have sworn that the King of Navarre had been dancing at Auch all night, was greatly surprised next morning with the news of this expedition: she was the first to laugh at it.

"I see," said she, "this is a revenge for Réole. The King of Navarre was resolved to have nut for nut, but mine has the better kernel."

Another time the queen's troops pillaged a Protestant merchant, who Catherine emaintained to be a lawful prize; whereupon the King of Navarre rode off to her town of St. Emilian, fixed two petards on the port-holes of the great tower, and blew it up with so mighty an explosion, that it was heard at Coutras, where Catherine was staying as his guest. The queen was angry, as St. Emi-

lian was in the bounds of the truce; but Henry answered, if she did not like it, why did her troops meddle with his Protestant merchant.

It often happened that the two courts separated from each other when any thing fell out to give either of them disgust; but the desire of pleasure, which languished when they were divided, soon brought them together again. The queen-mother's court was carried by the King of Navarre to Foix, where he gave the diversion of bear-hunting. The ladies were frightened; this entertainment was too rough for their delicacy. Some of the bears tore the horses to pieces; others overthrew ten Swiss, and as many fusileers; and one of them, who had been wounded in several places, mounting on a rock, threw himself down headlong with two hunters whom he held fast in his paws, and crushed them to pieces.

At last the queen-mother left the King of Navarre, and continued her route through Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiny, and then returned to Paris, leaving things in the same state in which she found them—that of a hollow peace, in which each party distrusted the other. She did not forget, however, to seduce part of Henry's Catholic partisans, and to embroil him with Viscount Turenne, his ally, whom he challenged to fight a duel.

Notwithstanding all Catherine's intrigues, the condition of France went from bad to worse. The battle of Coutras, in which her son's favourite, the Duke de Joyeuse, was killed, was lost by Henry the Third; it strengthened the third party, and increased the insolence of the League and the Duke of Guise; this leader soon after became so powerful, that he treated his king with the greatest insult, and took possession of Paris. Henry the Third then caused Guise and his brother to be assassinated, and entered into alliance with Henry of Navarre and the Protestants to besiege Paris, and reduce his furious rebels of the League to order.

Soon after this catastrophe Catherine died, worn with anxiety more than with years, though her age was seventy.

Her character is well portrayed by De Thou, who seems to think that the queen had discovered, when too late, the vanity of all her schemes and intrigues, and the folly of her diabolical motto—divide and rule. It is easy enough to

make mischief, but difficult to extract any thing but evil from it. De Thou thinks, and justly, that Catherine's abilities were much exaggerated; she was certainly of an active disposition, but her extreme obliquity of moral perception prevented her from reaping any advantage from her indefatigable spirit. Had Catherine supposed it possible that a virtuous woman or an honest man could exist, she would have made her calculations to a greater certainty; but corrupt as France was, there were some fine specimens of human character still among the nobility and the church, that threw all her machinery wrong. Many of the Catholic bishops protected the Protestants throughout their dioceses; and when she plotted a general rising, and a universal massacre of the Protestants, throughout the kingdom, on the day of St. Bartholemé, it was evident that she had not calculated on such instances of virtue. Had she supposed it possible that any man could prefer his conscience to his interest, she would have found surer executioners. She lived long enough to discover that "honesty is the best policy."

De Thou says:—

"When one reflects that her supposed abilities consisted only of making use of unworthy means and contemptible artifices which, indeed, brought things to such extremity, that neither she, nor any other person, knew any longer what remedies to apply to them, it may be justly supposed that her political powers did not compensate for her mistakes."

She knew how to engross the management of affairs, and to keep possession of authority that she was unable to direct properly. It is believed that the fatal consequences she foresaw would follow the murder of the Guises; the attachment she had always felt for that family—the reproaches of the Cardinal de Bourbon for their deaths, in which she certainly had no part—the horrors of the times, and the stings of her own conscience, hastened her death. It happened the 5th of January, 1589. Her last advice to her son, King Henry III., was to put an end to the persecution of the Protestants, and to establish an entire liberty of conscience in France. She was, nevertheless, forgotten soon after her decease.

Her chief good quality was an imperturbable sweetness of temper: all her wicked deeds sprung from a desire of power; she never was known to revenge

a personal injury, but she overthrew every thing that stood in the way of her assumption of despotic authority. When one of the Guise family offered to cut off the nose of her rival, Diana de Poitiers, after the death of Henry II. had thrown that rival in her power, she rejected the horrible suggestion with becoming magnanimity, and treated her husband's favourite with great lenity. Had Catherine believed in the existence of any good Supreme, she would have made a great and good character; but though her bigotry to the Catholic religion is the theme of every historian, it is extremely doubtful whether she believed in the Deity, or in any supernaturality excepting devils. Evil spirits and malignant influences she believed existed, since she was ever dealing with persons who pretended to have the power of invoking them. Her policy was that which her countryman, Machiavelli, sarcastically recommended to the Florentines, that in all human affairs "the end sanctifies the means." Following this rule, which Machiavelli gave in the bitterest scorn of human nature, Catherine, to attain and retain power, made use of every corrupt means the wickedness of man could suggest; her court was the scene of the most infamous licentiousness, she gave way to her own passions without restraint, and encouraged vileness in other women, in order to surround her sons with that voluptuousness which would soften and unfit them for the energy necessary to govern. This was done for the purpose of retaining the reins of government in her hands, as she was regent for Charles IX., and prime minister to Henry III. Her maids of honour sung songs in her presence at the licentious fêtes she gave to her sons, which would have disgusted the lowest and most uncouth persons in modern times; and what is strange, these inspirations of the infernal were sung to our hymn and psalm tunes. The soul-stirring old 104th Psalm was composed for this service of the fiend; and was, in quicker time, the music for one of the worst of these corrupting *chansons*. By a re-action, common in the tide of human affairs, the minds of men revolted from such horrors—the Huguenot religion was adopted by many of the court of Catherine with puritanical rigour; and the music of these shocking songs were taken by the early reformers, and arranged to their hymns and translations of the Psalms.

Many of the Wesleyan hymns were in the like manner, adapted by John Wesley, to the tunes of popular melodies: "For why," said the founder of the Methodists, "should the devil have the best music?" There is nothing new under the sun; the early French reformers had, in like manner, hallowed the compositions of Catherine's agents of corruption. Four quarto volumes of the atrocious songs of the court of this queen are still in the library of the king of France, bound in crimson and gold, according to the assertion of Castil Blaize, who has seen them: they are monuments of the abominable corruption of the French court, and are witnesses that speak more against a character in summing up the good and evil of a person's disposition, than any thing else that can be alleged by historians. All the poisonings, massacres, and guilty intrigues that history has laid to the charge of Catherine, cannot come home to her with such direct evidence as these books of loathsome turpitude, arranged and set by Baltasarini, the head musician of the court, for the use of the queen and her ladies: such testimony, still in existence, bears out the charge brought against the queen-regent, of purposely corrupting her sons in order to keep the government of France in her own hands for a longer time. Although so fond of power, she governed miserably: among other political errors, she drove from the councils of state the virtuous Chancellor l'Hopital, who would have pacified, by wise conciliation, the angry ferments of contending religious parties. We have found that she died with his maxims on her lips, advising her favourite son to pursue a virtuous and merciful line of conduct, when it was too late, to remedy the horrible mischiefs her folly had occasioned.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

The ungainly outline of this singular costume does not impress on the minds of the beholders a very high opinion of the taste in dress of the daughter of Lorenzo the Great, and we are apt to think that the praises given by chroniclers on the exquisite perception this princess manifested for every thing beautiful in the fine arts, must have been improperly bestowed; for who that had the slightest taste in pictorial effect could have banished the graceful robes and elegant

costumes of the court of her father-in-law, Francis I., to array herself in garments that disguise a beautiful female figure more than a mummy-case? The form of Catherine takes the appearance of a pyramid, the bust being the narrowest part. Every limb and curve is studiously distorted, the wadded shoulders are raised to the ears: where the form should have breadth, it is pinched in, and the lower arms are stuffed to extend beyond the shoulders. The waist is reversed in form, and the whole outline from the throat downwards is an unbroken and stiff triangle. The robe is a sort of long coat of black velvet, bordered with ermine, the waist and corsage passamented with narrow slips of ermine, as if the ambition of the robe-maker had been to give the queen the appearance of a skeleton. The high-shouldered sleeves are of the same material, and in the same hideous taste. They only reach the middle of the arm, where they are met by lower sleeves of worked lawn, stuffed out like long puddings, finished by ruffles and rich bracelets. This odd garment opens in a pyramidal form from the chest to show under dress, consisting of a vest and petticoat of white and black figured damask; a magnificent chain of jewels forms a sort of *ceinture*, and from the vest depends a grand cordeliere of pointed pearls, alternately placed with drops of gold of the same form. The cordeliere is made in a double row, and finished with a splendid jewel from which hang pendants of gold and pearl. Her shoes, which are better shaped than those of her contemporaries, are of the modern form, and are made of white satin worked with gold; her gloves brown leather, with tabs round the wrist.

Meantime the head of this portrait is dressed with taste. We recognise the cap of Mary Queen of Scots, which, however, ought to be called that of Catherine de Medicis: this cap is ornamented with a wreath of splendid jewels, and a pear pearl on the forehead, it is edged with gold loops: the hair is dressed with close curls, suitable to the peculiar form of the cap on the temples. A very pretty small ruff stands up round the throat to meet the cap. Round the throat is a gorgeous collar of jewels, set in gold, from which depends a splendid ornament set, like

the rest of the jewellery, with diamonds, and rubies, and pearls. Supposing the head only of this curious portrait had been engraved, no one would have impugned the taste in dress of the royal wearer.

It is evident from the colours of this dress, which are black and white, that this picture was painted after the queen's widowhood: perhaps, too, the peculiar form of the robe may have been occasioned by this circumstance, as the widow's dress was taken from that of the convent. However royal the lady, or however gaily disposed, a widow, while she remained as such, could wear no colours, she was limited to black and white.

Catherine de Medicis was a leader of the fashions of her time. She was the first Queen of France that wore silk stockings. They were introduced from Italy, her native country. She invented pommelised side saddles, and the manner of sitting on horseback in vogue with ladies now. Her figure was remarkably fine however, it is disguised by the widow's robe; and when she was first Queen of France, she chose to set it off by a different style of horsemanship than the French ladies practised. Before her time the ladies used side saddles, like an arm chair on the horse's back, with a hanging step on which they rested their feet, an easy but insecure mode of riding. Perhaps Catherine invented the side saddle to give a greater security to her seat on horseback, as she was often personally engaged in war.

She invented a corset that pressed in the bosom, and spread out the sides of the waist. Montaigne reproaches her with having set the fashion of enclosing the female figure in splines of wood: certainly of all the studied uglinesses of fashion, this mode produced the worst effect, and must have been attended with still more personal inconvenience and torture to the fair wearers, than even the ordinary method of making the waist "fine by degrees and beautifully less." It raises a marvel in the mind of the reader, to ascertain for what purpose this crafty Italian had invented this strange disguise of figure. That she had some secret motive there is no doubt, and it must be acknowledged the fashion was very deforming.

## FREE TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE PREDICTION," AND "THE MASCARENHAS."

## THE CALM.

To awful stillness sinks the treach'rous deep;  
 Unruffled, waveless, motionless, asleep.  
 A lurid sky terrific darkness lends,  
 To gloom the waste which measureless extends.  
 The seaman's eye dilates with dread to see  
 That beamless mirror's mute monotony.  
 Oh, for a breeze to have the liquid grave!—  
 Come, storm; come, tempest; hurricane we crave!  
 The drooping flag hangs like a fun'ral pall,  
 The horrid calm creeps sullenly o'er all,  
 Palsies the tongue to supplication stir'd,  
 Nor sigh, nor step, nor plaint, nor prayer is heard!  
 One dire paralysis benumbs the crew—  
 Annihilation's chill, its torpor too.

## THE BREEZE.

The dark clouds are riven,  
 And downward from heaven,  
 By Eolus driven,  
 Swoop his blustering band!  
 Winds whistling, sails rustling,  
 The seaman cries, bustling,—  
 "Lend a hand, lend a hand!  
 The heaving waves bear us,  
 The distant draws near us:—  
 There's the land, there's the land!"

## LOVE-MAKING BY PROXY, OR THE COURTSHIP OF A BASHFUL MAN.

## CHAPTER I.

Of all the fools in the world, the being we term a bashful man is surely the greatest. He is so under any circumstances, but more particularly in regard to love and its relations. He does not speak to a friend for fear of giving offence, or lest he should be deemed bold and impertinent; his eyes are ever cast down to the earth, fearful he should be punished by having his own glance met by another. In society he is in purgatory: he plays with his hands and bites his nails, buttons and unbuttons his pockets, looks every three minutes at his watch, and really appears to be awaiting an exit at the Old Bailey. If he is spoken to, he titters or blushes; if he is looked at, he feels, as Jonathan has it, quite all-over-jish: old people wonder at his strange behaviour, the young quiz him, and chil-

dren make grimaces, and laugh outright. In the streets, his pathway is through dark alleys and narrow lanes; even in the solitude of a crowd he feels himself far from home. His only approach to happiness is when he can retire to his dark and solitary room, lock the door, and even prohibit the cat an entrance.

The poor creature is rather a favourite with the girls, inasmuch as he is to them an unceasing subject for fun. He would, however, as soon think of exhibiting himself in a pulpit as of courting their company, or speaking to them without being spoken to. If he happens to fall in love, as these unfortunates generally manage to do, he makes himself more ridiculous than the ass in the fable; for, though only one bundle of hay, or one object, engages his attention, he would as soon

dare approach her as he would a dragon: he dilly-dallies, hangs about the sweet girl as a mist does round a mountain, but disappears with all convenient speed, if the sun of his hopes rise to approach him. He is a fairy treasure which may not be gazed upon; a *solitarius* whom no one may come near.

Such, reader, are a few, though a very few, of the characteristics of a bashful man; believe me they are just: I have been sitting for my own portrait! Yes, friend, I am one of these unhappy beings, and cannot help it: to nature alone must the blame be attributed, for the evil was so deep-rooted as to be beyond the influence of education. Manners make the gentleman: mine are of a nondescript order; *ergo*, by the irrefragability of as clear a syllogism as Aristotle ever devised, I myself come under the genus *nondescriptus*. "What can't be cured must be endured," according to the aphorism: I have appreciated the truth of this, and have held on the uneven tenor of my way as evenly as I could, but have generally found myself, if not like a fish out of water, quite like one of the amphibious tribe, confined entirely to the more solid element. But with all my modesty, I have an idea of giving a little narrative to the world: I could not bring myself to this, however, until Mr. Editor had plighted his troth that my name should be kept strictly secret. Another inducement to this extraordinary proceeding is, that I have a philanthropic object in view—no less than the good of my bashful fellow-citizens. With all my retiredness, I am a decided patriot, and, at the last election for M——, after sending to know if the poll-clerks could not come to my house to take my vote, I muffled myself up so that my mother would not have known her son, and saluted forth to give the liberal candidate my vote. My qualification, &c. was found to be correct, and I was asked for whom I voted; this was the critical moment; there were a host of eyes upon me, and I felt myself melting: I muttered out something, I knew not what, and scampered off as fast as a pair of good legs could carry me. Guess my astonishment, when, looking over a poll-book some time afterwards, I found that I had voted for the very pink of Toryism, for the most conservative of Conservatives. I had even the assurance, in this case,

to request my servant to make interest with the milkman in behalf of him against whom I myself voted. Ah! what evils spring from bashfulness. The Tory was returned by a majority of one vote only, and that vote was mine. I have never forgiven myself for this sad affair, and have quite cut electioneering.

Now for the tale of a bashful man. Alas! that love should come to torment such an one. It will, despite, even, bashfulness. The little sickle monster is quite regardless whom he ensnares; his arrows fly at random, and his victims are among persons of every possible degree and disposition. But to the bashful, the few joys which his niggard hand doles out, are infinitely less than to those of bolder temperament, and their torments are proportionally greater. They fear to take advantage of opportunities, from which others would extract happiness, as the bee does honey from the flower; they would wish it to be eternally leap-year, that they might be spared the anxiety of making advances; their disappointments they dare not make known; jealousy, though it is cauterizing their hearts, they as carefully conceal as if it were a bliss-giving treasure, though truly it is a most ungrateful lodger—sorrow to those who give it house-room. But, dear me, how can one of the bashful tribe thus digress? I know not, unless it be that he is too bashful to come to the point. Let us endeavour, we beseech thee, my emboldened heart, to begin; come forward, this one little time, and thou shalt ever after enjoy thy halcyon rest. Dost thou consent? Yes! Well, here goes.

I have before hinted that I was, or had been, in love. It is, alas! too true, but how it happened I have no very clear idea. I only know that, one Sunday evening, I found *myself* in a chapel, and my heart in a combustible condition, almost ready to explode; the pressure upon it was extraordinary, the more so as I had no safety-valve by means of which to throw off a portion of the inflammable gas. My situation was most distressing; the perspiration streamed from my brows, though the snow was upon the ground: to glance at any other object than my toes I dared not. O, terrible night, can I ever forget thee? I really wished myself at the bottom of a coal-pit, or in a balloon among the



clouds. All this was occasioned by the presence of a very pretty girl. Yes, dropping poetics, she was, and really is, very pretty. Her bright black eye pierced me through and through; more than this I saw not on that occasion; but this was enough.

For twelve months I did not miss a single Sunday evening attending where my heart had first learnt to love, and the lady was equally regular in her attendance: during all this time I saw her face but once, though we sat immediately facing each other, and but a short distance apart, and this was the result of accident. At the end of this period a thought struck me, that I would endeavour to trace her to her home; for six months I followed her as she left the chapel, but was always unsuccessful in my object, some envious sprite ever inducing her to look back, when she would invariably perceive me; and really her glance would have driven back a bolder man. Her looks, however, betrayed no angry feeling; to speak the truth, the very reverse appeared to be generally the case. But it was all one to me, who could not bear to be looked upon. These two periods made, I think, eighteen months; to this I have to add two entire years, which I consumed in the same way, without in the least forwarding my suit, except that, in the latter part of the latter year, I had become bold enough to glance at the sweet girl occasionally between my fingers: but the most important occurrence which marked the period was my having found out her name, which happened A.D. 1833, just three years and five months after I had first seen the lady of my love. This was assuredly rapid work, and I laid quietly on my oars for six months longer.

I tremble even now, at the contemplation of the next step I took. What must I not have done at the moment of its perpetration? It was none other than to open a correspondence; and to accomplish this, I had a way of my own. The mode which I adopted, was to write a very moving epistle—in verse, of course—which I folded, sealed, but did not sign, and *threw it down the area*. As near as I can remember, it ran thus:—

Ah! must I pine, my life, my joy,  
Alone, distress'd, forsaken?  
Wilt thou not give one ray of hope,  
My drooping heart to waken?

Unheeding can you hear the storm;  
The raging billows view—  
Nor seek to save a heart from wreck,  
That loves you—ah!—too true?

The effort this cost me I may not attempt to describe: strange that it should have produced so little effect. I did not dare go to the place where we usually met each other for three months afterwards, fearing that suspicion might rest upon me. I chose midnight for the delivery of my letter, and though muffled up to the ears, had nigh fainted, because I fancied that a watchman perceived what I was about. Truly, this was a probable way of making an acquaintance with my love: the lady, who had never heard my name, was *very* likely to respond to such an appeal. I really looked into the advertising columns of *The Times*, to see if I could not find a notification to the public in general, and to whomsoever it might concern, that the lady, to whom certain pretty and heart-stirring verses had been addressed, did not wish either to see “the storm” blow away, or the “raging billows” overwhelm the writer of them. Miss K. (such was the initial letter of the dear girl’s name) must have supposed, and very justly, that I needed a “ray of hope” “to waken” my senses more than my heart.

The event I have been noticing stands very prominent in my chronological table; the next in succession, however, totally eclipses it.

From the period of the last-mentioned date, I became astonishingly impudent. It may not be credited, but I do avow that, from this time, whenever we met, I looked boldly at Miss K.—, without the aid of either fingers, handkerchief, or prayer-book. This was necessarily the precursor of events pregnant with importance. Just nine months after the opening of my epistolary campaign, I made a bold attack on the fortress, which I had hitherto only reconnoitred at a safe and genteel distance. I did—believe me, it is true—I did despatch to the dear object of my love a letter—a prose letter, couched in the most ardent terms of affection that a bashful man dared employ; and actually signed it with my name. I must, however, relate, that I wrote it in a feigned hand, and that I gave my address at the house of a friend, with whom I left a particular injunction to say that he knew nothing of me, should I be inquired

for. This, although bad enough, was certainly more rational than my former step; its results, however, were nearly the same. I forgot to mention, that, in order to do the thing genteely, I enclosed the letter to my lady, in one for her brother: there is nothing I abhor so much as duplicity, save and except impudence; and I thought by this method I should avoid being called to account for a sinister attempt to engage the affections of the sweet A. K.—. My success in this respect was complete, for no notice was taken of me, or of my letters. I thought this cruel; I began to rail against dear lovely woman, and to blame my unlucky stars; but shortly I remembered the brother:—yes, thought I, he must be the cause of it; oh! without a doubt it is so, and on him shall the weight of my fierce displeasure fall. Oh! how my blood boiled; had a spectator beheld me in my lonely garret, he would have sworn that I out-pistoled Pistol the ancient; my words breathed vengeance, deep and dreadful; my lionine attitudes would have affrighted an Hotspur. Remember,—I was aware that discretion is the better part of valour, and took care that all this was by myself. I ruminated long and often, but could digest no reasonable method of avenging the grave insult which I conceived had been put upon me by Mr. K—; at last, and it will certainly surprise every one, I actually consulted a friend about the matter, related to him every circumstance connected with it, and solicited his advice. How I blushed, stammered, and stuttered during the relation, I need not tell. Unfortunately for me, this friend was an Irishman, and what is worse, a doctor.

"Arrah, love!" cried he, before I had half concluded my account, "a *jeuel* (duel) for my life! a *jeuel* is the only decent and gentlemanly way of settling it. Challenge him, dear boy,—I'll away to the Red-house in a whisk, and order break-fast for four, pistols for two!"

"Man! art thou mad? fight a duel? you had better have proposed for me to exhibit myself in the pillory: bashfulness deliver me! figure in the newspapers? the bare idea almost chokes me."

"Well, then, if you won't fight, go—go—and pocket the affront, and instantly write a letter of apology, humbly beg pardon for what you have done, and trouble yourself no more about either brother or sister."

"You rush into extremes, friend; is there no *juste milieu* which may be found to suit a bashful man?"

"I know of none; blood must flow to heal the wounds of honour."

"Good! spoken like a Roman, or one who is a better man, a genuine wild Irishman; but suppose my own should stream to cleanse the stain?"

"If so, so far good! Dan O'C—to a New Zealander; but it would be the making of you. The brother would respect your courage, and be willing to atone for the injury he had done you; the sister—love cannot have a better *avant courier* than pity—would sympathise in your misfortune; would feel convinced of the sincerity of your love. You cannot speak your love; let your *manton* do it: a pop in her cause, is to a lady the sweetest, the dearest, of young love's vows."

"Ah! my dear M—, but you don't know who I have to deal with: there is no joke about the boy: his countenance, to be sure, expresses extreme good-nature, but he has an eye which tells of a sleeping spirit within, that needs only to be roused to dare: if he once get me at twelve paces, ill luck to my poor bashful body. I don't half like my situation as matters stand, even now; he may chance to fancy that I intended to insult his sister; and such is his watchful jealousy in this respect—"

At this moment a note was brought me, with a message that the bearer waited an answer.

A certain tremor, the sure prognostic of an unpleasant affair, came over me as I broke the seal. Judge of my feelings as I perused what follows:—

"Sir,—You would have heard from me before, had I not hesitated what course to pursue—whether I should be content with bestowing no notice on you, or none, save contempt, or to call you to account for the unpardonable insult offered my sister. I have resolved to adopt the latter alternative; and the gentleman, the bearer of this, will make the necessary arrangements. I leave you, however, a choice—you may either give me satisfaction, or undergo a public horsewhipping."

"I am, Sir,

"Yours, &c.

"R. K."

This was sufficiently pungent to have heated the blood of a torpedo; but it had no such effect upon me. "Well, well,"

thought I, "was ever bashful man in such a dilemma?"

"Dear M——, do look at this; I am undone; I am destroyed!—Are you sure, sir, (addressing the bearer of the note,) this is intended for me?"

"I believe, sir, your name is G——," was his laconic answer.

"Unfortunately, it is; better for me had I never known it. I cannot fight, sir—indeed, I cannot fight."

"But I believe, sir, you can *write*—and write insulting nonsense which you fear to avow. You dislike your name, I think I understood: if an addition makes an alteration, you are in a very fair way of acquiring it. You can, if you please, be termed G——, the coward; G——, the ——."

"Hold! hold! this is more than even a bashful man can bear: fight I will, provided you stipulate that my bashfulness shall not be unnecessarily violated."

My friend M—— having conned over the note, stared on me with astonishment and delight. My energy appeared to strike him with amazement. His joy found vent in giving me a hearty hug; and he vowed I was brave as Leonidas, and declared his pleasure, that an occasion had occurred to call forth my gallantry. I by no means relished his encomium.

"I suppose, sir," said the *envoyé*, addressing M——, "that Mr. G—— will permit you to act on his behalf, in making the necessary arrangements?"

"Och, to be sure he will, and let's to work at once; I don't like these matters kept long on hand, they are so apt to grow cold; and when we have settled about affair No. 1, I shall have a few words to say to you in relation to the opprobrious epithets applied by you to my friend: I dare say we can manage to make up affair No. 2."

The gentleman did not appear to relish this, but he had fallen aboard of a boy of the right sort, and stood a fair chance of paying dear for his forwardness. I could not pity him, for of all enormities surely impudence is the greatest: in the sphere which acknowledges me as monarch, it is a crime unpardonable.

To be concise, "the thing" was soon settled: Mr. K—— and myself were to murder or be murdered at eight the same evening. As an epilogue, our two friends arranged in *mutual love* to have a pop at

each other. At my particular request we agreed all of us to dine together previous to taking the field: my object in this was to form an acquaintance, however slight, with my opponent before the hour of meeting, for my stock of confidence was not sufficient to enable me to look a stranger in the face, even with a pistol in my hand. We met at the house of my friend M——, and really a heartier fellow than Mr. K—— it never was my fortune to encounter. I actually could not help thinking that he was very silly to stake his life against mine, for my bashfulness extended even to a diffidence of my own worth. It was soon perceptible that he was spurred on by Mr. Heathland, the bearer of the "message," and, moreover, it was apparent that the same gentleman was a rival to me, and a suitor to Miss K——. The note evidently bore the impress of his handy work: he was the cause and end of the whole business: I only desired that he might fall into the pit he had dug for me.

The dinner passed off very well; M—— closed the proceedings by a speech, in which he expatiated on the glory and beneficial results of a "*jouel*." Wine raised my *assurance* a little above zero—be it understood, it was assurance and not courage which I needed—and most excellent friends, we repaired to the place appointed for our shooting match. As we progressed thither, my old weakness returned in full force; I had resolved to fight, and dreaded no wounds: my apprehensions were centered solely upon publicity, and the absurd figure I should cut in firing at a man, whom I had not sufficient resolution to look in the face. This I mentioned to Mr. K——, and begged he would excuse my rudeness in not looking at him when I fired. He smiled, as well he might; M—— gave me a frown, which by no means tended to my comfort. The privilege of choosing the ground was conceded to my second, and to oblige me, he measured out twelve paces at the bottom of a dry ditch at least eight feet deep. Behold us front to front, pistol in hand, in the *fosse*, waiting for the word to fire. Mr. K—— generously insisted on my having the first shot, this I would by no means accede to: "no, no," thought I, "I shall never be able deliberately to face any man and let fly: but should I escape his fire, I may perhaps, enveloped by the

smoke, be able to hold out 'mine iron:'" at all events, I never took the lead on any occasion in my life, and I was determined not to do so now. Be it known, I exhibited no signs of trepidation during these proceedings; my bashfulness, which was a coverlet to every other trait of character, rendering other emotions stirless as the sea in a calm, even prevented me from being a coward; I possessed, in some degree, the staple of heroism—the dread of shame, the fear of disgrace. The pleasing duty of firing first devolved on my opponent: I heard the signal given! Mr. K—— raised his pistol, and fired into the air. Peeping between my fingers, I saw this, and threw my weapon to the ground. I rushed to my generous opponent, he stretched out his hand; our feud was forgotten, and we were friends. I was outrageously happy; and never did I so far sink my bashfulness as in my joyful exclamations on this occasion. M—— was delighted: "By my shoul!" he exclaimed, addressing Mr. K——, "Irish blood flows in those veins: where did your father spring from, boy? was your mother ever in Ireland?"

It would naturally be supposed that, after this happy *finale* to No. 1, No. 2 would never have been thought of: it was otherwise. Some little conversation had passed between the two seconds, before we observed what they were about: our attention was directed to them by hearing M—— exclaim, "Faith! and we won't die in a ditch; nothing like the fair green turf—are you ready?"

To our surprise, we turned and saw them prepared to fire: we endeavoured to interpose and effect a reconciliation, but our persuasions had no effect, they were determined to have a "pop" at each other; and we were determined, because we could not do otherwise, to let such wilful-headed animals run their own course. Older and better duellists! they took their stations manfully, and both agreed to fire at the same moment. They made short work of it: K—— was prevailed upon to give a signal; both fired, and M—— hit his man. The gentleman let fall his pistol, the blood streamed from his face, and flying to discover the extent of his injury, we perceived that the ball had carried away a large portion of his nose. The pain caused by his wound must have been sufficiently intense; but this was trifling compared with

the conviction that his fair proportions were curtailed, alas! that his beauty was spoilt. Poor fellow! had my bashfulness permitted, I should certainly have pitied him; his loss appeared decidedly to have turned his brain; his raving laments were such as are seldom heard beyond the confines of Bedlam. Taking him by main force from the ground, we drove to M——'s, who, to complete his work, bound up the shattered feature, but the better portion of it was blown to atoms, and could not be restored. We separated; but I had the happiness of perceiving that Mr. K—— did not regret having made my acquaintance; I was still more delighted at the triumph I had obtained over my bashfulness.

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#### CHAPTER II.

From the time of the duel matters went on swimmingly: Mr. K—— and myself became capital friends, and I perceived that I only needed express such a wish in order to be introduced to his sister. This, however, was a shock my bashfulness could not bear: we met, ate and drunk together, but I abstained from alluding to the subject, above all others interesting to me, as carefully as if its mention would have consigned me to Newgate.

About three week after our duelling match, myself, M——, and Mr. Heathland, received pressing invitations to dine with Mr. K——: I was the only one who hesitated about accepting the invitation, but being assured that no strangers would be present, that even Mr. K——'s sisters would not be of the party, I reluctantly promised to attend. In this I did considerable violence to my feelings, for I could not avoid apprehending that it was intended I should undergo, to me, the severest of trials—an introduction to strange company. Having given my word, however, I could not retract, and accompanied by M——, repaired, sorrowful enough, to the house of Mr. K——. We were received with extreme cordiality by that worthy gentleman, and dinner not being quite ready, we were ushered into a waiting room; here I began to breathe freely again, for I perceived no strange faces, and was in hopes none would present themselves.

The dinner was now announced, and Mr. K—— led the way to the dining-

room; the door opened—alas! for a bashful man! I beheld at least twenty individuals, all of them perfect strangers to me, and O, can I ever forget it? my sweet dear among them, the gayest and happiest of the happy party. *Miserable!* I bowed at random to those around me without lifting up my eyes; stretching out my hand during the ceremonial of an introduction, I plunged it into a tureen of scalding soup, which a servant was placing on the table, and was almost stifled by my exertions to prevent the escape of an exclamation of suffering. In my endeavours to avoid notice, I had centered the observation of all present upon myself, and I perceived a smile or grin on every countenance. As Miss Ann was the mistress of the house, and did the honours of the table, I was formally introduced to her: this was just four years and six months since I first fell in love with her. The smile of the sweet girl amply repaid me for my suffering, but nothing could re-assure my confidence, and notwithstanding her presence, I wished myself in some Nubian desert; I think I could better have borne the glare of the forest lord, than those looks, expressive of something midway between pity and contempt, which met me which ever way I turned.

The more serious business of the table progressed, and while each successive course was undergoing demolition, I enjoyed a brief release from looks and smiles, from surmises and sneers; but the moment the knife and fork dropped, attention was rivetted upon me: the cessation of mastication was to me the beginning of misery; if I saw an empty plate, I felt confident that the individual behind it was feasting upon me: scarcely could I have suffered more had this metaphor been reality, had I known myself to be the intended supply for a New-Zealand supper. "Who is he?" "What fool is that?" and such like pleasing inquiries, I fancied audible all around me. In this large company there was no one who sought to keep me in countenance, even my friend M—— was too much engrossed to bestow a thought upon me; Miss Ann certainly appeared to pity me; but pity, even here, was cold comfort to such an unfortunate being as I was. Moreover, M—— and Miss Ann appeared to be excessively pleased with each other: this, it may be supposed, was no source

of comfort to me; I did not like the familiarity which already existed between them; I was shocked to think that people should converse together the very first time of their meeting, and knowing that genuine bashfulness is a quality inherent in Irish clay, I was certainly surprised as well as grieved. I had always taken the saying, "a bashful Irishman" literally—I fear it is meant ironically.

Mr. Heathland, who was present, did not appear to like this any more than myself, he considered it a slight upon himself; and that gentleman (Mr. Heathland was remarkably short, his height not exceeding four feet six inches, moreover, he had what a connoisseur in the human form would call a slight protrusion behind,) had become sensitive in proportion to the injury inflicted upon his outward man. He looked fierce as a turkey-cock; a mighty flame glowed in his little breast, and a spark would have caused it to burst forth. M——, too, was no contemptible rival either to him or me; but a singular notion came to my consolation, it was none other than that M——, knowing my inability to make love for myself, was doing it for me. This beautiful thought pleased me vastly, more particularly as I found it to be correct on mentioning it soon afterwards to M——: this took so powerful a hold upon me, that I actually composed a treatise on love-making by proxy, for the especial benefit of bashful men; and should certainly have given it to the world, had it not been for the turn which events subsequently took. Divine girl! oh! how her countenance beamed with delight as she listened to the protestations of my friend in *my favour*: her bright black eyes poured their full stream of light and joy direct upon my heart; at every observation made by M—— she would look on me, and sometimes smile and sometimes blush: oh! had we been alone, I think nothing could have prevented me from throwing myself at her feet, and boldly avowing my love. But even as matters were, I began to feel more comfortable, and the dinner passed off without the occurrence of any other material incident. My little noseless rival absolutely appeared beside himself; not one word, not one smile, could he obtain; so powerful was the eloquence of M——, that the dear girl could think nor speak of any one but me, and I flat-

tered myself that she would soon be mine, without the trouble of winning her. After dinner our party was broken up into groups, and each sought recreation in his own way; some amused themselves with the song, others sought pleasure in the dance; Mr. K—— was kind enough to play a game of chess with me, the only game which my bashfulness would permit me to engage in. M—— and my sweet Ann were among the dancers, and oh! how angelic she appeared, swimming luxuriously along in the waltz, how I longed for the time to come when I could call that heaving bosom my own, when I could encircle that slender waist, and feel that fair arm pressing mine, that warm heart beating responsive to my own. These rapturous ideas absorbed my attention, and after beating me twice in ten minutes, Mr. K—— declared he would play no more. I was now left entirely upon my own hands, but fortunately Miss Ann retired for a short time, and I managed to get hold of M——: he confirmed my joyous anticipations to the fullest extent, he averred that the young lady had long perceived my love, and properly appreciated it—that I had only to make known my wishes, and they would meet with immediate gratification; but he kindly added, that if I so desired, he would save me all trouble, and, as he had begun the work, if I pleased he would also finish it, piloting my bark through the stormy sea of courtship safe into the haven of my hopes. How I blessed my good stars for such a friend; I found that which, I never dreamt of meeting in a crowd, something like serenity, if not happiness. Strange as it may seem, I certainly experienced a feeling of regret as the day drew to a close, and the hour of our separation approached: for the first time in my life having felt a little at ease in the presence of strangers; my singularities, having been well scrutinized, excited less attention; in a word, I began to feel myself at home, and became in a measure naturalized with the strangers chance had thrown in my way. The moment, however, soon arrived for making our *congé*; myself and M—— received a kind and pressing *general* invitation, and determined not to lose the opportunity, I actually ventured to take the hand which my sweet girl offered me, and do believe that I pressed her taper

fingers sufficiently to cause her to be aware that they were touched. "All's well that ends well;" at the commencement of the day I was sufficiently miserable—its conclusion beheld me as happy as I well could be.

As soon as we had left the house of our friend, M—— did not fail to commend me for the genteel manner in which I had deported myself during the day, nor did he forget to congratulate me on my good fortune: he assured me that my amiable diffidence and retirement had won the heart of Miss K——, and advised by all means to pursue the same line of conduct. Nothing, he asserted, so soon won the affections of a girl, as a lowly and distant homage, so as to make it apparent that her charms had inspired us with awe and veneration; in fact, that the very course I had pursued, making love by stolen and timid glances, was much more effectual than bold prattle, than the vows and protestations of the tongue. I could not here help thinking that the doctrine and practice of my friend were rather at variance; I was well aware that he did not belong to the class of shilly-shallies; but then, I remembered that he was an Irishman, and might not exactly mean what he said. At all events, as it had been so eminently fortunate to me, I saw no reason to depart from it, more particularly as it accorded so well with my disposition. "Yes, yes," said I, "as she has been won, so shall she be retained; my bashfulness appears to have made the first breach in the fortress, it shall also consummate the victory, and gather up the spoils." I placed the management of the affair entirely in the hands of M——, merely desiring him to give it every convenient acceleration. This was necessary to my happiness, for now I was violently, desperately in love: previously to meeting and speaking with Miss K—— my affection, though powerful enough, was undefined, I was adoring a shadow; now that I had touched her, had listened to her silvery accents, I could no longer rest content with a glance. A storm raged in my bosom, my heart was in the midst of flames. I was for ever urging M—— to go and see—to go and visit her; I could not exist without receiving frequent tidings of the dear angel, and his good nature was such that he seldom refused to gratify me.

He could very rarely prevail on me to accompany him in his calls, I generally made some excuse or other; and at this particular period the composition of my treatise on love-making by proxy stood me in good stead. I was well aware that I was not wanting. M—— being able to do quite as well without me; once or twice that I was prevailed on to accompany him, I perceived that my substitute was treated as kindly as I could possibly desire to be myself, and what more could I wish, or indeed what more was necessary?

Few days passed that I was not gratified by hearing of the dear girl; and the assurances of her increased attachment, which she forwarded by my deputy, pleased me equally as much as though they had been breathed in my own ear. I revelled in the anticipation of coming joys, and no stranger intruded on me to disturb my bliss, I had not occasion to look any one in the face.

Things went on in this way for some time, and M—— had long pressed me to name a day for our nuptials to take place: this I declined, and left its settlement to himself. With his usual kindness he promised to undertake the task; such was his goodness that I really think he would have married the lady in my stead, had he considered that by so doing he should have obliged me.

About three months after the dinner party, a circumstance occurred which broke in upon the quiet of my life, and roused me from my dreams of unparticipated bliss; but only, as I imagined to heighten and perfect my happiness, by bestowing on me one, who would smile at my smile, weep when I wept, and rejoice when I rejoiced. To come to the point, I received a note, of which the following is a copy:—

“Dear sir,—I beg to inform that it has been arranged between Mr. M—— and my sister for the union to take place on the ——: we shall expect you by a quarter before eight at the latest.

“Yours, &c.”

Need I say with what conflicting emotions I perused this note; any one who has the smallest spice of bashfulness in his composition will be able to appreciate my condition. The surprise came on me like a tornado: I wished that I were sugar that I might melt away. What must I do? it was impossible to refuse, yet how could I comply? Long and se-

vere was the conflict; bashfulness and inclination contended for mastery! Ye spirits of impudence, how I invoked you to my aid: I must consign the dread hours to oblivion; suffice it to say, *I resolved to attend.*

My first object was to despatch a note to the brother of her, whom the morrow was to see my bride. I implored him to cause the business to be conducted as privately as possible, that there might be no attendants or visitors, adding, that I would meet the nuptial party at the church: I, not daring to accompany my intended thither, as I had no doubt but that I should meet with a host of congratulators at her house, who, instead of getting me to the sanctuary, might have driven me to Bedlam. Fortunately M—— dropped in; he confirmed me in the course I intended to pursue, did his best to raise my spirits, congratulated me on my coming happiness, and promised to escort my bride to the church, and to see that there were no strangers present. To while away the time I sat down to review my courtship, to note its epochs, and to rest upon its more important events for a moment, as I now perceived it about to terminate. Its main results were as follows. The first twelve months, saw her face once. The next six were spent in endeavouring to find out her residence. Two years then passed away, and no prominent event marks them. For the next half year I did nothing: at the end of this time, I wrote my anonymous epistle, and stayed away from chapel for three months afterwards. The recapitulation became wearisome: I must hurry over it: suffice it then to say, that my courtship, from its commencement to the period of the duel, embraced about five years and six months, and to the present time only the short space of seven years.

“The blissful day” came upon me at a rather inopportune season; the day had been antecedently set apart for the revision of my treatise; my heart was so full of the morrow’s bliss that I was unable to touch it; and as I could find no occupation which suited me, I went to bed, and fell asleep.

My dreams scarcely merit a description; they were faithful pictures of my condition awake; and this is pretty well known: let it suffice to say, that I slept soundly and rose early. It may perhaps be more interesting to know what I did

when up and stirring. Be not surprised to hear that I arranged my *toilet* with more than ordinary care, for even a bashful man would wish to look "smart" on his bridal morn. Dress was never with me a matter of much consideration; I followed in this respect the stream of society, for against the affectation of singularity I always entertained a deep-rooted antipathy. The test by which I was regulated in these matters was rather an uncommon one: it was and is to be seen in Russell-square. As it is my plan never to excite curiosity without gratifying it, I must even retain my kind audience on the eve of this important epoch a moment or so to explain myself: mystery is not allied to bashfulness. I said that my test was in Russell-square: it is none other than the unfortunate dwarf who sweeps the crossing at the end of Keppel-street, and really, truly, he is the best of mirrors. The following are the results of my observations: I have invariably found that the little convenience did not condescend to take any notice whatever of me if I was *very* shabby; was I dressed in what may be termed a clean, but seedy suit, he would hold out his hand, but in a manner that plainly told it was a mere matter of form: if I ever happened to be smart he would move his hat; and on one occasion that I happened to be *fine*, he actually took the covering off his head, and held it out for the anticipated reward of his extraordinary politeness. This automaton is an infallible judge of dress, and his set of motions are performed with the exactitude of any other piece of machinery. It being my custom to take his opinion on every occasion of importance, it is not very probable that I should neglect it on my marriage morning. As soon as I had arrayed myself, off I set, and found my little intimidator at his post: his information satisfied me in every respect; I knew myself to be *perfectly* well dressed, for never was sultan saluted by slave more obsequiously than I was that morning by the knight of the broom.

Hereto I have fought shy of the main subject of my thoughts and my fears; would that I could say that my bashfulness had taken unto itself wings and flown away: alas! it was not so; on no occasion did it exert its power more tyrannically. A thousand times I wished

that I had declined the marriage; how could I face the clergyman? how could I face the clerk? Had I believed that a hecatomb of ghosts would have risen to stare at me, I could as soon have tolerated their vacant glare! Mercy upon me! I was in a sad plight; but the time was arrived that I must either decide, yea or nay; it was necessary for me now to go, or for ever to stay away. What was to be done! my limbs seemed to exhibit signs of rebellion, to proclaim that move they would not; and as my members had always formed a commonwealth, it would not do to tyrannize over them at such a time as this, when limbs have become more powerful than the body corporate. I was, as Mrs. Flanagan would term it, quite at stock stand. But hark! the clock strikes, it really only wants a quarter of an hour to the appointed time: what must be done? there is not a moment to spare, and no coach ordered. In this emergency I refreshed my eyes with the miniature of my sweet Ann: this decided me: by one prodigious effort I mastered myself; subdued my rebellious spirit, and forced my reluctant limbs to bear me at their best speed towards the church. Hurry prevented reflection on my way thither, and I never paused until I arrived at the portals of the temple; there I stopped for a moment, and in that moment perceived that I was a quarter of an hour behind my time. This did not tend to diminish my embarrassment, which had returned in full force; but seeing all at stake, I summoned resolution, and a desperate effort brought me within the church. The first thing I perceived was a large party assembled around the altar, and some ceremony appeared to be going on. "Ho! ho!" said I, "all in good time; my turn comes second." With cautious steps and slow, I approached: the first thing I heard on getting within ear-shot was the conclusion of the last portion of the marriage ritual. I went nearer; what were my feelings as I beheld my friend M—— and my intended bride rise from the altar. For once the effect of circumstances overcame my bashfulness: "Surely, surely," I cried, "there has been some mistake here: what does this mean?" M—— turned to me with his usual good-natured smile, and exclaimed—

"O, no, my dear fellow, there has been



no mistake ; you know it was always my wish to oblige you : in this you see another instance of it : the lady was kept here waiting for half an hour in high dudgeon lest she should not get married at all. Knowing that nothing would displease you more than to have her vexed, I took your place, and supposed that I must fill your intended situation and duties : I hope you estimate my services at their proper value."

I had heard quite enough ; I left the church rather quicker than I entered it, and from that day have never looked man, woman, nor child in the face. I have altered

the title of my treatise ; I shall now call it " the uncertain temper of woman explained and exemplified ; " and really it answers to its title surprisingly well. When I have given it to the public as my last gift and legacy, it is my intention to retire to a hermitage in the Black Forest, where my days will glide on undisturbed, and my bashfulness be only apparent to wild boars and woodpeckers. But before we part, let me strenuously urge my friends, *female as well as male, never to make love by proxy.*

W. LAW GANE.

## THE FALL OF JERICHO.

BY W. LAW GANE.

Hark ! hark ! the awful trumpet sounds,  
 Jehovah rides the blast ;  
 Proud Jericho, her sun is set—  
 This day, this day's her last !  
 Her chieftains are mute with despair,  
 For her temples shall be the wolf's lair.  
 Again ! again ! the trumpet peals,  
 And Israel's cohorts stand,  
 To do the bidding of THE LORD,  
 With poised spear and brand !  
 The cheeks of the haughty are pale,  
 And wild shrieks rise loud on the gale.  
 Again, the fearful note swells high !  
 Oh ! who can brave THE LORD ?  
 And Israel hath a mightier stay,  
 Than spear or glittering sword !  
 'Tis done ! and the pride of the high,  
 Hath pass'd as the cloud of the sky.  
 See ! see ! the tow'ring walls o'ercast !  
 And oh ! that fearful crash !  
 Loud ! loud ! the awful thunder rolls,  
 The angry lightnings flash !  
 No engines, beleag'ring, assail'd  
 The Lord, for his lov'd hath prevailed !

## MEMOIR OF RUBINI.

(From Castil Blaize.)

It has been remarked that the district of Bergamo is celebrated above all other places in Italy, or indeed in the world, for producing excellent tenor singers. Whether this privilege, enjoyed almost exclusively by the natives of Bergamo, originates in the sun that warms them, the air they breathe, the water they drink, or the

*polenta* they feed on, has not been ascertained. There is no certainty in the matter, except that the Bergamasco throat has the facility of uttering notes on the key *ut*, fourth line, better than any other in the universe, whether belonging to a feathered or unfeathered biped.

Nine out of ten of the Italian tenors

come from Bergamo: so well is this known by the managers of theatres on the continent, that they as regularly go to Bergamo to recruit their tenor *artistes*, as the French horse-dealers go to the district of Camargue to buy white horses. But Bergamo neither furnishes basses nor sopranos; the country only produces tenors, and I have only to mention to the reader a list of persons well known since the last century, in the highest ranks of their art, as tenor singers, to prove the truth of this curious statement. The following celebrated tenor singers were all natives of Bergamo:—

The three brothers, Bianchi; Davide the father, and Davide the son; Vigarani, whom Rubini strongly resembles in purity of style and holdness of execution; Nozzari, Donzelli, Bordogni, Marchetti, Trezzini, Bonetti, Pasini, Cantù, who quitted the stage to devote his fine voice to the service of the church: to these we may add the great tenor Bolognesi, who was the delight of all Italy and Sicily; unfortunately he had contracted a vile habit of drinking, and by pouring ardent spirits down his throat, destroyed the delicate organs on which depended his ability as a singer, and in despair at being reduced from singing to speaking, he determined not to survive his voice, so fitting up a fusil with a foot-piece, he discharged the piece into his breast, and thus committed suicide.

Rubini is likewise a Bergamasco. We know of but one Rubini; the Italians of three; for this talent generally runs in families at Bergamo, although, like the birds, females are never gifted with a fine voice in that country. Out of seven children, of whom Gian Battista and Caterina Rubini were the parents, at Romano, a little town of the province of Bergamo: three of them, the boys, were professional tenors of high repute, while among the four girls not one could sing a note. The eldest of the sons, Geremia (under which amiable looking appellation may be recognised the scriptural name of Jeremy, or Jeremiah,) had a very fine voice, but was forced to quit the theatre on account of ill health. Giacomo Rubini is in high repute in Germany as a dramatic singer; he likewise holds the post of first tenor at the royal chapel of the King of Saxony. Gian Battista Rubini is the youngest son, and the one whose fame is so well established in England and France: he was born on the 7th of April, 1795.

The father of our Rubini was a musician at Romano, and played the horn at the theatre: he was an industrious and indefatigable soul, and added to his profession that of manager to a travelling company of musicians, which went from convent to convent, and got up a very creditable performance on fête-days, to the honour and

glory of the patron saint of the community. This was a very pleasant way of filling up the spare time from the theatre: they arrived in good time at the convent or church where their services were required, and found their desks and a good breakfast prepared for them. The elder Rubini brought with him a portfolio of masses, vespers, mottets, and litanies, in which his hand were well versed, and the monks or nuns chose whatever they thought most suitable for their patron or patroness. The elder Rubini figured in these solemnities in the double dignity of horn-player and manager; he had, besides, three sons enrolled in his company. Gian Battista, our Rubini, sung among these travelling musicians at the infantile age of eight, when he was not taller than the bow of a violin. He used to be perched on a stool to sing the *Salve Regina*, and was always rewarded for his sweet execution and docility, by the caresses and bon bons of every community of nuns the little creature encountered in his professional strollings.

We shall always find the highest musical geniuses reared in a school where necessity forced them to be industrious, and constantly occupy their time in one department or the other. Whenever their voices were not needed, the father of the young Rubini's made them take a part in the orchestra, where Giacomo and Gian Battista played on the violin, and Geremia performed on the organ. Thus they were never idle, and had always the study and practice of music before them in a manner where they were always forced to do their best.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the musical pilgrimages undertaken by Rubini and his travelling band of harmonists, setting out from Romano on one of their expeditions with their viols and violinos, their horns and bassoons, their violin-cellos and clarionets. The great double bass travelled on the back of an ass, and at every step of the peaceable animal sent forth a sort of low groan. There marched their commander-in-chief with his pockets stuffed full of little rolls of music, being divisions of Pergolesi or Cimarosa, Zingarelli or Meyer, which were to be distributed to his band on their arrival at the field of action. No noisy wheels ever interrupted a discussion on a point of art, for the troop always went on foot; and thus brought a better appetite to the breakfast or supper prepared for them by their hospitable ecclesiastic employers.

One day, this joyous band were pursuing their way, without dreaming of any harm, through the valley of Brambana, when suddenly a man started from behind a group of high rocks, and levelled his blin-

derbuss right in their path. The pockets of our troubadours were utterly void of every thing but music paper and rosin, and they so informed their interrupter, with many apologies for their barrenness of cash. The man with the rifle was none of your poor tattered scarecrows of banditti, that look as if they cry "stand" to the true man, out of the very desperation of rage and wretchedness. No, no! he was attired in an elegant suit of black velvet, barred with gold embroidery, that would have done honour to the part of the Count in Figaro; he wore a hat adorned with ribbons, whose long ends fell almost to his waist; he had a rich sash and belt, well furnished with chased dagger and pistols. His figure was tall and athletic, and, independently of his theatrical costume, he had the handsomest face and finest form of any man in Italy. Those who are well versed in local Italian history of the pre-ent times, will know that this gay gallant was the celebrated *carbonare* Pacini, a self-constituted redresser of wrongs, and champion of liberty and equality, who was an outlaw, and laid all the supporters of government in that district, by turns, under contribution. Although he was not considered by the people in general as a robber, there was a price on his head, but an encounter with him was considered with some little terror.

After the troop of singers and symphonists had halted respectfully before this redoubtable adversary, he addressed them thus,

"You are going to Vilminore, I think?"  
 "We are so, Signor Pacini," replied the elder Rubini.

"I have a request to make to you, and for that purpose I waylaid you in order to signify my wishes. Be not alarmed, I mean you no harm—I love music, and have often done myself the honour to protect musicians. I will now explain what I want of you. You know that a price is set upon my head, I shall some day be shot like a dog, in the corner of a wood, or on the highway; I shall fall by the ball of some traitor, and my body will be hacked to pieces without receiving the rites of religion, or the spiritual succour of holy church. You are going to perform at Vilminore, I will be there at the hour of the mass, and for my body (being there present) you shall sing a *de profundis* and *libera*."

The elder Rubini assured him that they would exert their best skill to give him the utmost satisfaction. The caravan then filed off before the fierce *carbonare*.

Scarcely had the choir arrived and taken their places, before the *carbonare* Pacini was seen leaning just within the church door, his blunderbuss under his arm, and

his hand on his dagger. He listened to his own funeral service with the firmness of a hero, and the resignation of a Christian; nor did he quit his post till the *Credo* was sung, and the solemn mass that followed it. The music finished, he made good his retreat, having first acknowledged his obligation to the band by a gracious inclination of the head, like a sovereign who condescends thus to signify that he is content with the performances of the musicians of his chapel. We think these two scenes, both that in the pass and in the chapel, would make good pictures.

Soon after this adventure, Pacini met with the fate he had foreboded. He had a trusted companion whose office it was always to watch by him when he slept. This wretch, tempted by the price of ten thousand ducats, discharged his blunderbuss into Pacini's bosom while he was sleeping, and cutting off his friend's head, and carrying it to the government, got the reward. Sordid wretch!

The elder Rubini thinking that his son Gian Battista would study with greater regularity at a distance from home, placed him under the care of one Don Santo, a priest and organist at Adro, in the province of Brescia. Don Santo was a fine composer, and well grounded in the rules of singing, but he either was unacquainted with the best mode of communicating his knowledge, or of winning the attention of his pupil, for he sent him back to his father in less than a year, with the assurance that young Rubini would never make a singer, and then advised his father to seek for him some other profession. The father laughed this judgment to scorn; he commenced giving his son a regular series of lessons, and when he had obtained the results he expected, he invited Don Santo to hear a mass, in which young Rubini sung the *Qui tollis* in so divine a manner, that, despite of his former predictions, his late master was transported, and the father enjoyed a double triumph, both as parent and professor.

At the age of twelve years, young Rubini made his *début* on the stage at Romano, his native town, in the part of a woman. This odd *prima donna* dressed for the character which he was to undertake, figured at the door of the theatre, seated between two lights, and before a basin wherein the play-going population deposited their payments; and this was the way in which the *graziose* of all Europe received his first benefit from the public.

The success of his *début* was considered very complete. Soon after, he entered into a theatrical engagement at Bergamo, where, however, neither his talents as actor nor singer were at first acknowledged, for

## Memoir of Rubini.

his principal duties were to play on the violin between the acts of the comedy, and to sing in choruses; perhaps his voice had not yet attained its fine tone; it certainly was not appreciated till accident caused it to be noticed by the public. A new piece was in rehearsal, and a difficulty arose respecting the person who was to sing a particular cavatina. The prompter mentioned Rubini, who was called, and promised by the manager a piece of five francs in reward if he gave satisfaction. The boy undertook the cavatina, and was rapturously applauded. It was an air of Lamberti: Rubini keeps the music yet as a memorial, and sometimes sings it out of gratitude. Notwithstanding the voice of the young man completely filled up the theatre Bergamo, which is larger than that of the Academie Royale de Musique, at Paris, yet he was rejected, as wanting compass, when the manager of the Milan theatre had to choose singers for the Opera. So much for the judgment of managers, it is the public alone that knows how to place talent in its proper grade.

When Rubini was about seventeen he joined an itinerant company, and gave up singing in chorus, and the violin, for a dramatic career. At Fossano he acted in "I Due Prigionieri" of Pucitta, "Don Papiario" by Guglielmi, and "Il Venditor d'Ace-to" of Meyer. After many adventures (peculiar to strolling players, he was settled, during the summer of 1811, at Vercelli, with his troop; but the theatre was obliged to be closed for a month while it was under repair. During this vacation, Rubini and a clever violinist of the name of Modi, agreed to make a tour through the neighbouring towns and villages, for the purpose of giving concerts, and thereby picking up a few ducats: Rubini was the possessor of six louis, which he generously embarked in the speculation, Modi had but four. With this capital they hired a cabriolet, and set forth on their expedition. The first place they arrived at was Alexandria della Paglia, where they applied to the mayor for permission to give a concert; but that worthy functionary declined compliance, as he had that very evening given permission to a rival violinist to perform in the town. At Novi, their next stage, the comedians were playing every night, therefore they could not get an audience. At Valenza, our troubadours found neither rival nor theatre; but the bishop was dead, and his flock were engaged in mourning his loss. Quite desperate with all these hindrances, the unfortunate musicians turned their steeds for Vercelli whence they came, for both their purses and their patience were in a state of exhaustion. As they approached the town of Trino, the road was choked by immense droves of swine bound for

that place. It was market-day; and Trino, be it known, is the Rumford of that part of Italy. Exceedingly malcontent they made their entry into Trino at snail's-pace, in the midst of an ocean of pigs, which impeded their chariot wheels per force. In this state they were spied by a friend, an amateur of music, with whom they had made acquaintance at Vercelli. This dilettante, making his way to them through all impediments, soon heard the account of their disasters. "If you will but give a concert here," he said, "I think you will be repaid for all your disappointments."

"Here?" said Rubini, looking ruefully at the fresh inundations of pigs that went squeaking and grunting past. "Yes, here," said the zealous friend: "it shall be no expense to you, I will lend you a large concert room, I will take the part of bass with the violincello, and I have a friend who plays admirably well on the horn who will volunteer his services."

That very noon the town-crier announced the concert with his trumpet. It was to take place at day-light, to save the expense of candles. As soon as it was announced, the pig-merchants and sausage-makers of Trino ran in crowds to have their ears refreshed with other music than the squeaking of their swine, and munificently paid their ten sous pieces with a good grace for admission. The concert went off with great *reclat*, the pig-venders of Italy fully appreciated the powers of the great Rubini, and the receipts amounted to a very respectable sum.

Rubini remained with the Vercelli company, enduring at times great hardships, till, conceiving himself ill-treated by Ferrari the manager, he determined to seek his fortune at Milan. There the Marquis Belcredi, who had some concern with the operas, proposed to engage him for a short autumn *un piccolo autunno* of four months at Pavia, at a salary of eleven crowns per month.

"But how can I get there?" asked the destitute vocalist.

"You can go on foot," said Belcredi, "it is not far."

"Where am I to get lodgings?"

"The manager is to find you a little chamber, one lodges at Pavia at no cost at all."

"How can I find myself clothes?"

"Your coat is new, it will last you respectably for six months, and you will receive your salary at the end of four."

"Yet I must eat."

"True, but singers ought not to overload their stomachs. A little soup and bouilli for the morning meal, and salad for supper is all-sufficient. Go, go, my friend; this is your first step into the world, and if you are deterred by difficulties of minor importance,

you may waste your best years with strollers."

Rubini took this excellent advice, went to Pavia, and succeeded so well that his fame reached Milan. At the end of the engagement, the Marquis Belcredi went to Pavia, and engaged him for the carnival, and then sent him to Brescia, giving him a thousand francs for the season. Afterwards he sung at Venice with the basso Zamboni, while Madame Marcolini was the contralto: it was for the latter singer that Rossini wrote the "*Italiani in Algieri*."

Soon after, the Marquis Belcredi made him sign an engagement with Barbaja, director of the Naples theatre, for six months, at eighty-four ducats per month. Here he sung "*I Fiorentini*" with Pellegrini. In case of very decided success, the contract with the manager declared that the engagement could be renewed for a year at one hundred and ten ducats per month.

The success of Rubini was most complete; nevertheless, the niggardly manager finding that the young singer was very desirous of remaining at Naples, for the sake of becoming familiar with the routine of a great theatre, and of receiving the excellent lessons of Nozzari, whose instructions were improving him daily, took advantage of his necessity of acceptance. Barbaja only offered to renew his engagement at seventy ducats, instead of the eighty-four for which he had at first agreed. Rubini, looking forward to better times, which he knew depended on his continuance at Naples, had the good sense to comply with the tyrannical laws of the avaricious manager. When accepting them he said, "You now take advantage of my situation, but, sooner or later, you will have to repay me what you deprive me of with interest, when my fame is fully established."

It was in 1816, when Rubini was in his one-and-twentieth year, that the first opera was written that contained an air written on purpose for his voice; this was in the "*Adelson e Salvini*," composed by Fioravanti. The air was a duo, sung by this tenor and Pellegrini; the effect was admirable. The same composer wrote "*Comingio Romito*," in 1817. The principal part was confided to Rubini, whose success was so great, that it extorted even from the manager, Barbaja, a handsome sum, in addition to the young singer's monthly appointment. Rubini, in 1818, went to Rome with Pellegrini; Fioravanti, who had got the situation of master of the chapel at the cathedral of St. Peter, here greeted his friends with the intelligence that he was writing his opera of "*Enrico IV.*" As the composer finished his acts, he sent them piece-meal to be studied by Rubini and Pellegrini. It was not till the evening before the representation that Rubini got the grand cavatina

of his part of *Henry the Fourth*; he read it, whistled it over, and sung it the next evening.

It was at the carnival of 1819 that the opera of "*La Gazza Ladra*" was first represented at Rome. Rubini, Ambroggi, Pellegrini, and Mademoiselle Mombelle performed in this *chef-d'œuvre*. Ambroggi represented the *Innkeeper*, the part that had been originally written for him; Pellegrini sustained the character of *Fernando*. The opera, thus strongly cast, was welcomed at Rome with enthusiasm that amounted to a mania. Every evening was encores repeatedly the prison duo of "*Forse un di conoscerai*" (perhaps one day it will be known), sung between Mademoiselle Mombelli and Rubini. The Roman ladies were perfectly bewitched with this celebrated scene: it was the rage for the masks at the carnival balls to carry puppets dressed in costume like *Gianetto* and *Ninetta* in the opera of "*La Gazza*;" and these little dolls were, next to the performers they represented, the exclusive objects of the attention of the fair Romans. At this time Bonelli, who had been commissioned by the Parisian Opera directors to engage singers in Italy, would have persuaded Rubini to accept his offers, but Barbaja interposed, and refused his consent to this agreement.

Whilst at Rome, Rubini often sung to the Princess Pauline Borghese, who greatly admired his voice, and in its soothing tones sought a remedy from the profound melancholy which oppressed her. It was remembered, that, some time before, the Princess Belmonte had been nearly brought to the grave by a nervous affliction on the spirits, for which no cure could be found, till the celebrated tenor singer, Raff, repeated to her every evening for a month the air of "*Solitario bosco ombroso*," (lonely shady wood), for which melody she had a particular affection, and every time she heard it sung by this great vocalist, she shed a torrent of tears. The relief of weeping had before been denied this lady, and the melodious voice of Raff caused these salutary tears to flow; which, perhaps, relieved the overcharged brain from madness, for she soon after recovered her spirits and healthful gaiety.\* The Princess

\* We are far from interested in saying, that English physicians cannot do better in many cases of nervous weakness, than recommend light and agreeable reading to their afflicted patients: we say it without affectation, that several eminent medical men, as well as affectionate friends, have recommended even this Magazine as a source of comfort for the invalid; with what beneficial effect it is not for us to speak: but we strongly recommend a diversion which shall not weary; a reading which can for a brief space at least engross attention—and thus give to nature her full power, temporarily, and perhaps, permanently, of over-

Pauline Borghèse had recourse to the same remedy; but the sorrow with which she mourned a falling house was too deep-seated to yield to song; the accents of Rubini might for a time soothe, but could not heal her grief. She often sent for Rubini to hear his melodies, and when he left Rome, she presented him with a superb diamond.

After Rubini returned to Naples, he went to Palermo with Donzelli and Lablache. He appeared there with Lablache in "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*," wherein Lablache represented *Il Conte Robinsone*.

In Italy, jealous husbands are scarcely known. Pass the Straits of Messina, and you find the dagger, the poison, the cord, and the dungeon, all ready to vindicate the least infraction of decorum. Sicilian husbands combine the suspicious manners of Spanish spouses of the fifteenth century, with Turkish vigilance and vengeance. If a singer at the theatre is supposed to direct his regards too long to one particular box, he is likely to rue such imprudence, even if it be only the effect of accident.

When Rubini first arrived at Palermo, he had an introduction to the patronage of a princess, whose name must not be mentioned here. The lady received him with the graciousness that is generally accorded to persons of talent; and without the slightest design on the heart of his beautiful patroness, Rubini paid her the compliment usually afforded to ladies of the first rank in Italy, who patronise music, by addressing some of his most brilliant performances to her box. The prince, her husband, who was possessed of a large share of Sicilian jealousy, did not understand this mu-

coming a disease, which, in too many cases, at least, arises from the action of mind upon a frame weakened by the misdirection of its own energies, and feeding upon the constitution of the sufferer. None are ignorant of the effect of music (too powerful perhaps for the really weakened patient to listen to, when agreeable reading might be beneficial) upon almost every frame. The hand plays—the stationary multitude is in an instant voluntarily in motion; if the air be cheerful, every countenance beams with joy; if sombre its bearing, almost every visage is downcast. And in this there appears to be something natural—something which forms part of our very nature. The child no less than the tutored man feels it, and responds to its well-called "touching" tones; even the hardy Highlander, absent in distant regions, is carried back heart and soul to his native hills, and could not be detained by the rigour of discipline, were particular airs not prohibited which would remind him of his own country. David calmed the *stranest* of his passions by means of music. Again then, we repeat, let the physician try all in his power, by such exercise of mind over matter, to work a new era in the healing art: we doubt not much yet remains, under this head, to be accomplished. —Ed.

sical homage, and thought the best mode of silencing the throat of the presumptuous first tenor was by cutting it, a brutality by no means surprising in a country which practices all the ferocious usages of the middle ages, where the nobles retain hired bravos for the purposes of assassination, and where the magistrates never think of investigating the deeds of a man of rank, but send to prison singers or actresses on the least complaint of insubordination from the grantees.

One evening as Rubini was returning through a dark street home from the theatre, after a very successful performance, he was seized by two ruffians who pinioned him, and threw a thick coverlet over his face, which they drew tight at the back of his head to stifle his cries. Could he even have called for succour, in Palermo it would have been useless, no person would have troubled himself to interfere, as the populace consider that such doings are always commanded by some great man, whose orders ought to be respected. Meantime, the bravos hurried Rubini down to the beach, with the intention of poniarding him, and throwing him into the sea. Rubini commended his soul to God, in the firm belief that he should never again sing a cavatina in this world. At that moment, one of his executioners recognised him. This worthy was a *dilettante* in low life, a perfect fanatic in music and singing, a species of lazzarone, who had once begged orders of Rubini as he went into the theatre, and struck by the man's passion for music, Rubini had good-naturedly given him free entrance. Never were free tickets better disposed of, for they certainly saved the finely-organized throat of Rubini from destruction; the musical brigand not only relaxed his murderous clutch from the said tuneful throat, but told Rubini what he had been hired to do, whom he offended, and the nature of the offence, advising him to be more careful while he remained in Sicily. It is to the susceptibility of this brigand's ears that we owe the safety of the throat of Rubini, a thief insensible to the charm of melody would have cut it without mercy. Bonetti, a former first tenor at Palermo, was not so fortunate; he paid with his life the penalty of suspicion: it is thus that the nobles of Palermo treat their rivals in love.

Directly after this adventure, Rubini returned to Naples, before the conclusion of the year 1819. He found, as a debutante on the theatrical boards, Mademoiselle Chomel, a scholar of the Parisian *Conservatoire*. Rubini heard her in "*Gianni de Parigi*," an opera of Morlacchi: he was so enchanted with her voice and style of execution, that he recommended Barbaja not to part with her, but to engage her for Na-

ples, instead of Bergamo and Palermo, whither her destination was. Barbaja followed his advice, and Mademoiselle Chomel was the ornament of the Neapolitan stage for two years, during which time she so often played *Rosina* to Rubini's *Almaviva*, and their hands were so often joined before the fall of the curtain, that they at last took it into their heads to ratify this marriage in good earnest, and Mademoiselle Chomel became Madame Rubini.

In 1824, Barbaja lost the direction of the Naples theatres; nevertheless, he did not relinquish the engagements of his singers, but carried to Vienna the most finished and numerous company that had perhaps ever met together. Among his tenors he could reckon Davide, Rubini, Donzelli, and Cimarosa; his baxes were Lablache, Ambroggi, Botticelli, and Bassi. He had nine *prima donnas*, who had attained, or since have acquired, great names: these were, Madames Rubini, Mainville Fodor, Eckerlin, Ungher, Dardanelli, Grimbaun, and Mademoiselles Sontag, Giudetta Grisi, and Mombelli. At this time, Mercadante wrote "*Il Podesta di Burgos*," whose *libretto* is an imitation of the "*Alcaide of Molorido*," by Picard. In this piece Rubini, Lablache, and Madame Mainville Fodor, undertook the principal parts. The opera was received at the imperial capital of Austria with great applause; and notwithstanding his competition with such constellations of talent, Rubini made daily progress in public favour.

The time at length came, when Rubini appeared at Paris, whither his reputation had preceded him. His *début* was made at the theatre Favant, October 6, 1825, in the part of *Raimiro* in the "*Cenerentola*:" the sensation he excited will not be easily forgotten by his singing a cavatina of Raimondi. After six months Barbaja again recalled him, to the great regret of his Parisian audiences. He obtained from the French journalists unbounded commendations, and the title of *King of the Tenors*.

He divided the year 1826 between Naples and Milan; it was at the latter city that Bellini wrote for him the fine part of *Gualtiero* in "*Il Pirata*." The year 1827 he was engaged at Vienna and at Milan.

Donizetti composed "*Anna Bolena*," and Bellini "*La Sonnambula*:" they were both first performed at the theatre Carcano. Rubini, Galli, and Madame Pasta, supported the principal characters in these celebrated pieces.

The quality of Rubini's marvellous voice had been gradually improving for the last six years, and had not, perhaps, reached its present exquisite tone till this season, when Bellini and Donizetti, taking advantage of his peculiar and original powers, composed some of their celebrated melodies, to suit his flexible talent.

His first appearance in London was in the character of *Gualtiero* in "*Il Pirata*," while his wife played the part of *Imogene*. Their success was so decided, that they were summoned on the scene after the opera: a testimonial not very common from an English audience. Madame Rubini could with her own talents have supported a less gifted partner; but Rubini was desirous that she should give up the fatigues of a theatrical life; and as they have no family to provide for, he thinks his own exertions sufficient for the task of realizing their fortune. For fifteen years Rubini and his wife were entangled by the claims of Barbaja, who disposed of their persons and voices as he pleased. It is true that this manager yielded Rubini's talents to the principal capitals of Europe, but this was for his own most enormous profit; for instance, when Rubini has been paid the sum of 125,000 francs for the services of himself and his wife, only 60,000 found their way to these performers; the rest was devoured by the manager at Naples, whose bond-people they were.

This statement ought a little to ameliorate the angry feeling that is often manifested by the English public, when their journalists comment on the immense sums received by foreign artists for the exertion of their vocal powers, when we find that the chief part of these enormous proceeds are absorbed by those who have undertaken to bring forward and make known those rare talents which give exquisite delight to an audience; and when we consider that the cruel catarrhs, which are the scourge of our island, often entirely destroy the delicate organs on which depend the peculiar tone of a fine voice, and this painful malady frequently seizes the unhappy patient at the moment when exertion is most called for, we shall find that England is not quite the paradise for foreign performers, which it has been usually represented to be by our periodical press.

The height of Rubini is but five feet three inches; but his figure is extremely good and well proportioned, and his talents are decidedly dramatic; and when a glimpse of talent in the Italian drama will admit it, our singer becomes an excellent actor. His voice is a true *contraltino*, an elevated tenor, rising from the note *mi* to *ut*, of the voice from the chest, and prolonged to *la* in the *fauzet* treble. Wonderful facility, powerful volume, and a delicious *timbre*, with soul-subduing pathos, characterises this astonishing voice. There is a sort of trembling on the sustained notes, which, instead of being considered a defect, is found greatly to augment the pathetic expression for which this singer is so highly famed.

It is only since the last five years that

Rubini has been free from the bondage of Barbaja, and consequently capable of reaping the benefit of his own talents. He has divided his professional exertions since

that time between London\* and Paris; and has held a distinguished place in all great musical re-unions and professional performances in both countries.

### THE ANGRY LOVER'S PARTING.

SONNET BY DRAYTON—1620.

Since there's no help—come let us kiss and part!

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me!

And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,

That thus so clearly I myself can free!

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,

And when we meet at any time again,

Be it not seen in either of our brows,

That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's fleeting breath,

When his pulse failing passion stirless lies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And innocence is closing up his eyes—

Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over—

From death to light thou mightest him recover!

### TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.†

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

#### THE CO-HEIRESS OF HEREFORD.

##### CHAPTER I.

Humphrey de Bohun, Duke of Hereford, and hereditary high-constable of England, dying in the early part of Richard the Second's reign, left two daughters, who were the greatest co-heiresses in England.

Eleanor, the elder of the twain, was married before her father's death to the famous Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham, uncle to the reigning sovereign; but Mary, the youngest, had but just attained her fifteenth year at the time of the Duke of Hereford's decease.

Each of these noble ladies was entitled to lands whose revenues were not less than fifty thousand nobles a year; a prodigious sum in those days, when the value of money was so considerable, that daily labourers worked twelve hours for a penny fee.

In addition to her share of the divisible lands of Hereford, the Lady Eleanor,

in right of primogeniture, claimed the castle and rich domain of Pleshy, or Plaisy, near Thackstead, in Essex, the seat of the hereditary high-constable of England, and many other important seignories and privileges, besides the office of constable of England, which was granted to her husband as her deputy.

Now one would suppose that such a mighty dowry with a wife would have been sufficient to satisfy any one; but as some people can never have enough to content them, the Duke of Gloucester cast a greedy eye on the younger sister's share of the patrimony. Unluckily for the Lady Mary de Bohun, she had been confided to his guardianship by her father on his death-bed, and this covetous guardian, taking undue advantage of the power that had been reposed in him, resolved to devote the youthful co-heiress to a convent, and by that means to appro-

\* For further notice of Rubini, we refer to our critiques upon the King's Theatre.

† The following Tales of the English Chronicles have been published in this Magazine; viz.—

No. 1. Hubert de Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third, January, 1834, p. 6.

No. 2. The Sanctuary, in the same reign, April, 1834, p. 206.

No. 3. The Prisoner of State, during the Wars of York and Lancaster, December, 1834, p. 378; and January, 1835, p. 10.

No. 4. The Double Bridal, during the same period, March, 1835, p. 150.

No. 5. Sir Lucas Stummore and the Lord High Admiral, February and March, 1836, pp. 103 and 160.

The above numbers may be had singly, or in the respective half-yearly volumes.



priate the whole of the lands and honours of Hereford to his own use, in right of his wife.

The Duchess Eleanor, even if consulted in this matter, which is a very doubtful point, offered no opposition in her sister's behalf to the pleasure of her princely consort, for she was one of those quiet patterns of conjugal duty who knew no other law than the will of an imperious husband, and the royal duke her spouse was absolute master of his own house, from the lowest cellar to the loftiest attic.

He was, it is true, the most strenuous advocate for public liberty that ever courted the favour of the Commons; but woe to those who nurtured the slightest resistance to his own private despotism, or interfered with his schemes either of gain or ambition.

Had he obeyed the dictates of his arbitrary and covetous temper, he would immediately, upon her father's death, have consigned his young sister-in-law to the dreary shades of a cloister, without condescending either to consult her inclination, or to have recourse to any sort of device to lead her taste that way; but the wealthy co-heiress of Hereford was an object of eager attention, not only to all the needy courtiers and profligate favourites of King Richard II., but also to every bachelor member of the royal family, all of whom kept a jealous eye upon the duke's proceedings, and he was, therefore, constrained to dissemble his designs, and play a cautious game with respect to his rich ward.

The Lady Mary de Bohun was in her fifteenth year at the time of her father's death; "a perilous age," as her guardian observed with a deep sigh to his ever acquiescent consort, the Duchess Eleanor. Moreover, she was of a high spirit; and since the marriage of her elder sister, she had governed her governesses, ruled her masters, and rendered her noble father, the lord high-constable of England himself, the puppet of her baby whims.

The Duke of Gloucester was aware he had to deal with a damsel who, young as she was, knew her own consequence—one who, had she been the elder sister, would have claimed her father's office of lord high-constable of England, and scorned to practice it by deputy, even though that deputy were her own husband, and a Plantagenet.

She knew the omnipotence of wealth, girl as she was, as well as if she had been the lord chancellor. She had been taught by her father to look down with pity, allied to contempt, on the poverty of her sovereign, and to treat the pretensions of all the noble suitors who had hitherto sought her hand with utter disdain.

The confiding frankness of early youth, which hopeth all things and believeth all things, had been carefully checked and repressed by the worldly wisdom of her cautious father, who taught her to suspect guile and deep design in every one about her.

This was one of the pains and penalties attached to the envied possession of riches which the heiresses of all ages are doomed to pay: those gilded fetters which restrain the sweet flame of natural feeling, and check the warm affections of a young heart, before the cold, cruel world, has thrown its first blight upon them.

The Duke of Gloucester observed the state of his sister-in-law's mind with secret satisfaction. It augured well for his project of keeping her single.

"She distrusts men, already," said he; "she is jealous of the probable influence of her wealth upon those who have sought her in marriage of her father. She has never loved, and, if discreetly managed, she never may. The energies of her strong mind shall be directed another way. Praise be to the saints, she is no beauty, and she has too much sense to fancy herself one. She will betake herself to a convent of her own accord, if only to evince her contempt for the flatteries of mercenary wooers; and in the mean time, I will turn her attention both to learning and religion."

The result of the wily duke's first conversation with the Lady Mary was sufficient to discourage a less resolved person; for though she could both read and write, which were rare accomplishments for females of the fourteenth century, she yawned aloud at his artful commendations of the beauty of learning, and assured him "she was a prodigy in comparison with the Duchess Eleanor her sister, and that she already knew more than was required of any lady of rank;" and when he cunningly attempted to discourse on piety and the charms of a holy life, she, with equal candour and truth, informed him, "that she was not a whit

more heavenly-minded than himself:" and furthermore protested, "by her yea and nay, that she should consider it expedient for him to set her the example of embracing a monastic life, before she could resolve to give up the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

The Duchess Eleanor stood amazed at the pertness of her young sister, and the imperious duke regretted that his office of guardian to this perverse damsel did not invest him with the power of bestowing a paternal chastisement upon her. However, he dissembled his wrath, spoke her fair, and requested the family confessor to enjoin a sharp penance for the good of her soul the next time she went to him for spiritual consolation.

This was rather an odd way of creating a relish for a religious life in the mind of a young lady who had avowed a profane disinclination for such things; but politicians, when they give way to the indulgence of ill temper, are very likely to defeat their own projects. The mighty Duke of Gloucester was not profound enough in his observations of the movements of the human heart to be aware of his own want of judgment in trifles, and the great chain of the events in every person's life are linked by minute springs, and those springs are, in nine cases out of ten, moved by trifles.

The Lady Mary de Bohun had never been enjoined to perform penance before, and though she could not prove the fact, she somehow or other suspected that the infliction proceeded from the influence of her princely brother-in-law on her hitherto complaisant spiritual director. She did not take the thing at all graciously, and a few days afterwards informed her sister of Gloucester, "that she found no comfort in Father Benedict's ministry, therefore it was her intention to choose a new confessor and almoner."

The Duchess Eleanor held up both hands and eyes in amazement at hearing a girl of fifteen talking of so presumptuous a thing as discharging the family priest, and using her own understanding in the selection of another to supply his place.

For the first time in her life she was eloquent in discussing the monstrosity of such a proceeding.

Notwithstanding all the sage exordiums of her married sister, the perverse co-heiress of Hereford was resolute in her

refusal to confess any more of her peccadilloes to the man who had ventured to enjoin her first penance.

Father Benedict made a solemn complaint to the Duke of Gloucester on the contumacy of his ward. The duke elevated his eyebrows when he heard the charge, till they touched the top of his low stern forehead, and addressed the young lady in these words:—

"Why, how now, my lady sister! art thou bent upon incurring the foul name of a Wickliffite, by this perverse folly of thine, in refusing to confess thy sins, and obtain godly shrift for the same?"

"Nay, marry, my princely brother," replied the damsel, "I wot not of having done any thing lately which requireth shrift of any man; I know I lead a more sober life at this dull castle of Pleshy than the priest who enjoineth me penances; yea, and a more innocent one than he who hath put such grievous tyranny into my confessor's head; and I tell you fairly, that rather than be subjected to such a yoke, I will profess myself a follower of the parson of Lutterworth outright, and claim the protection of the right royal and puissant Duke of Lancaster, your brother, who is the shield of the Wickliffites."

"My fair sister, this is idle discourse," said the Duke of Gloucester; "but light as it seemeth, it is weighty enough to bring you under the papal censure, if repeated before persons less lovingly disposed towards you than myself and your sister, my princely duchess; and I pray you to consider how grievously you may be mulcted both in penance of body and of purse, before reconciliation with the church may be effected for you; therefore, I beseech you to call to mind the expediency of removing the evil scandal of your late heretical life, by setting an edifying example of holiness and saintly demeanour."

"I have no objection," said the young lady, "to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, for the good of my soul."

"I dare say not," muttered the duke between his shut teeth; "these same pilgrimages are pleasant pastime for idle demoiselles who are on the look-out for lone adventures. No, no, my fair sister," pursued he aloud, "it is not for those who have been leading the life of vile heretics, to presume to approach that holy shrine."

"Then," said the Lady Mary, "I will bound me to the holy land of blessed Walsingham, and expiate my late disobedience, by offering a pearl necklace upon our Lady's shrine."

"Our Lady will accept nothing at thy hand, Lady Mary de Bohun, till thou hast made the amends of leading a godly and devout life for at least six months to come," said the duke; "therefore, I counsel thee to begin a notable course of pious exercises forthwith."

"The first of which shall be to provide myself with a truly devout and irreproachable almoner," replied the Lady Mary.

The Duke of Gloucester did not contest that point with his resolute ward. His forbearance did not proceed from an inclination of indulging her in her wayward opposition to his pleasure, but because he suddenly called to mind an ecclesiastic far more likely to forward his object with a damsel of Lady Mary's temper than Father Benedict, who was, in sooth, a very sleepy sort of person, who loved Burgundian wine better than his breviary, and was little likely to persuade a spoiled girl of fifteen, and the wealthiest heiress in England, withal, to renounce the pomps, and vanities, and riches of this world for a dull conventual life. It was the height of folly in the duke, to imagine that it would be in the power of any one to accomplish such a change in the inclinations of his sprightly, self-willed sister-in-law; but great politicians often deceive themselves by making absurd calculations, so he said to himself—"The learned and eloquent Sylvanus Vaux, of Oxenford, shall be the new almoner for my froward ward; and if it be in the power of any one to entice a maiden of her temper to book learning and devotion, he is the man; and I swear by my hopes of the undivided lands of Hereford, that if Sylvanus prevail upon her young ladyship to profess herself a nun, he shall be rewarded with a bishop's mitre for his pains."

Very small affection had the Lady Mary de Bohun for a father confessor of the Duke of Gloucester's providing, for she had many confessions to make of her dislike to his guardianship—her distaste to the dull seclusion of Pleshy Castle, where she was as carefully mewed up from the sight of man, as if she had been already vowed a nun, and some shrewd suspicions of her own, that it was his design

to keep her single, because she was, as co-heiress with his wife, entitled to half the lands of Hereford, which he at present held in wardship.

Now she knew she could not indulge herself by making disclosures of an important nature to a priest, whom he had recommended so warmly as the soft spoken Sylvanus, of Oxenford, so she resolved to treat him as a snake in the grass, and honour him with very little of her notice. It was, however, far easier to make such a resolution than to keep it, for Sylvanus, of Oxenford, was so courteous, so affectionate, and so agreeable in his behaviour to her, that, despite of herself, she was enticed into converse with him, both on spiritual and temporal matters, a dozen times a day; and though she often studied disobliging speeches for his discomfiture, she could not find it in her heart to address premeditated insult to one so meek, so pious, and so learned, as the venerable Father Sylvanus. Such were the prevailing charms of his manners and conversation, that he, insensibly, and even against her own consent, as it were, led her to take delight in the various studies to which he directed her attention. Books, he soon convinced the Lady Mary, would afford her a constant and pleasing resource against the dullness of Pleshy Castle, and the wearisome society of her sister and her handmaidens, whose whole discourse was confined to such topics, as patterns for embroidery and tapestry, the relative merits of silks or crewels for the execution of the same, or the best and most improved methods of weaving the fine threads they spun from Suffolk hemp into sheets and napery.

The Lady Mary took no pleasure either in stitching, spinning, or weaving. She had no mother; and ever since her sister's marriage she had been accustomed to unbounded liberty. Hunting, hawking, and riding with her noble sire, had been among her favourite pursuits; and now she had attained to the important age of fifteen, she felt it difficult to conform to the quiet occupations of a spinster or a housewife. She did not consider that it was any point of duty in the heiress of fifty thousand nobles a year, to put any constraint on her inclinations; and having no employment but grumbling, no amusement but quarrelling with her princely brother-in-law and guardian, the tedium of her life till the arrival of Father Syl-

vanus at Pleshy Castle, can scarcely be described.

If the personal advantages of her new almoner had borne any proportion to the beauty of his mind or the charms of his conversation, and he had happened to be forty years younger than he was, it is possible that some of the wealth of the younger co-heiress of Hereford might have been employed in purchasing from the pope a dispensation from his monastic vows for Father Sylvanus Vaux, with liberty to marry; but the accomplished almoner was a little old man, blind of one eye, and grievously afflicted with gout and other maladies, which, albeit, they might render him the object of a fair young lady's pity, were not very likely to create a feeling any way allied to love.

Notwithstanding these outward defects, the genius and graceful manners of Father Sylvanus obtained for him that influence over the mind of the haughty Lady Mary de Bohun, which no former preceptor had ever possessed. He succeeded in convincing her of the value of intellectual cultivation, and she became eager to avail herself of the advantages of instruction from such a master. To make up for lost time, she now studied with such persevering assiduity, that the Duke of Gloucester began to exult in the success of his scheme. Had that scheme been merely to render his petulant uninformed, the most learned woman of the age in which she lived, he might have rejoiced with reason; but he only sought to inspire her with a thirst for knowledge and a taste for studious pursuits, in the hope that she might be induced to retire to the quiet shades of a cloister, as other learned females had done before her, in order to enjoy leisure and opportunity for their indulgence.

Although at that period England was beginning to emerge in some degree from the profound depths of ignorance, which from the time of the Norman conquest had overshadowed the land, yet learning was still in a great measure confined to conventual cells: which circumstance may well account for the great influence of churchmen in temporal affairs, since "those who think will rule." The Duke of Gloucester had no intention of endowing his sister-in-law with this perilous faculty, when he took such exceeding pains to turn her young mind to the acquisition of knowledge.

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On the contrary; he fancied that such pursuits as those to which she had been artfully drawn, would have the effect of rendering her a pensive votary of ideal perfection and moral beauty, not to be met with in the coarse denizens of the work-day world, from which he trusted she would, in the romantic fervour of youthful enthusiasm, turn away with disgust, and in some moment of high-wrought feeling, pledge herself to a celestial spouse.

Now it happened that the Lady Mary had not a single spice of romance in her composition; she had at fifteen an equal share of worldly wisdom, and twice as much keenness of perception as the royal duke her brother-in-law; and after three years' intense study under the auspices of one of the clearest-headed ecclesiastics of Oxford, she improved her natural abilities by the acquisition of both learning and reflection; and while she preserved and even affected a childish petulance of manner, she was in effect a match for a pope's legate in diplomatic address.

Pleshy Castle was now the resort of all the learned ecclesiastics in the neighbourhood, who were invited thither by the Duke of Gloucester, in the hope of increasing the Lady Mary's relish for that peculiar cast of society, in which alone acquirements could be understood and appreciated. Her vanity was indeed flattered by the commendations and admiration which she received from persons whose intellectual powers had been so carefully cultivated and adorned, and whose manners, like those of Father Sylvanus, were remarkable for their agreeable insinuation; but when they enlarged on the glory of sacrificing all earthly vanities and distinctions for the good of the church, she candidly assured them her ambition pointed to a different goal.

Father Sylvanus had long ceased to exhort her on subjects of the mind. He understood her character perfectly well, and in his own mind transferred his expectations of a mitre from the Duke of Gloucester to his wealthy pupil at some future period. That period, however, never came. The almoner was stricken with a mortal sickness in the midst of all his brilliant visions of preferment.

The Lady Mary de Bohun, who really valued the one-eyed little old priest better than any thing in the world,

made a friendly visit of sympathy to his bed-side, attended by her damsels and page of honour.

Father Sylvanus, greatly touched by this condescension on the part of his high-born pupil, expressed an earnest wish to speak to her alone; and when her attendants had withdrawn, he disclosed to her all the Duke of Gloucester's sinister designs with regard to beguiling her into a life of celibacy, which he assured her, on the word of a dying man, was neither so honourable, nor yet so good for the soul, as the state of holy matrimony.

The Lady Mary evinced no surprise at this information, for she had seen through her guardian's shallow project from the first; and she told Father Sylvanus that she lived in the hope of outwitting him.

The father cautioned her against speaking her mind too openly at Pleshy, and obliged her with much useful advice as to her future conduct with regard to her princely relatives, and soon after expired with a clear conscience.

After the death of Father Sylvanus, the Lady Mary de Bohun demeaned herself with great circumspection. She divided her time between her study and her oratory, and discoursed in a very edifying manner of virgins and martyrs to all the ecclesiastical visitors who resorted to Pleshy Castle to feast at the royal duke's expense, and to lay plans of their own for appropriating the lands of the young co-heiress of Hereford, not to the use of their noble patron, but to the service of holy mother church; but they had to deal not with a weak, ignorant girl, who might be flattered or played upon at will, but with a shrewd, sharp-sighted damsel, who had been trained and educated by one of their own craft; so they only wasted their pains on her, and gained nothing.

About this time, the Duchess Eleanor, who had hitherto borne only daughters, presented her princely consort with an heir, whose birth was the commencement of a series of festivities and rejoicings, such as the gloomy shades of Pleshy had never witnessed, since the foundation of the castle was laid by the first high-constable of England.

The babe was an uncommonly lovely boy, and was welcomed by his young aunt with such affection as a fair living toy,

who would afford her some amusement during the long dull winter that was approaching; and so well pleased was the Duke of Gloucester at the symptoms of regard which she bestowed on his heir, that he actually invited her to act as god-mother to the new-born at the approaching splendid ceremonial of his christening.

The duke had a provident eye to the interests of his infant son in this arrangement, hoping to behold the whole of the lands and honours of Hereford eventually centre in him either by heirship or bequest.

The Lady Mary made a demure curtesy and a suitable acknowledgment for the honour that was designed her, bestowed a second caress on the baby Plantagenet, and withdrew counting her beads.

The duke was in a perfect ecstasy at her behaviour, which he considered remarkably promising; and when he observed her a few minutes afterwards, walking on the esplanade of the castle, in earnest conference with the bishop, who came to administer the rite of baptism to his infant heir, he made no doubt but she was consulting that reverend prelate on her pious intention of retiring from the world. He was somewhat mistaken as to the nature of the colloquy, for the young lady was employed in extracting all the information she could from the bishop respecting the names and persons of the courtly guests who were expected to attend the approaching stately ceremonial.

She could not have applied to any one who was better able, or, indeed, more willing to satisfy her curiosity on this point, for the Bishop of ——— was in possession of a list of all the guests whom the Duke of Gloucester had bidden on this occasion; and being greatly charmed with the learning, engaging manners, and sprightly wit of the fair querist, he obligingly drew a slip of vellum from his sleeve, and read as follows, to his attentive companion:—

"A true and faithful catalogue of the royal, noble, and worshipful guests who have been bidden by that most royal and redoubted prince, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Buckingham, and High-Constable of England, to the christening of the puissant prince, his heir, whom may God preserve and bless. Amen. Sponsors: first, the illustrious and most royal Prince Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, and Earl of Cambridge, fifth son of

our late Lord King Edward. Secondly, the right valiant and royal Prince Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, the nephew to my Lord the Duke of Gloucester."

"Doth he in any wise resemble him, holy father?" interrupted the Lady Mary, with some vivacity.

"I grieve to say he doth not, fair daughter," replied the prelate, "for, sooth to say, he savoureth of the vile heresies of the evil parson of Lutterworth."

"Doubtless, he is a very ugly and ill-favoured person," said the Lady Mary, crossing herself.

"All heretics are unlovely," replied the bishop.

"Peradventure he is old, too?" said the young lady.

"His iniquities exceed his years," replied the bishop, "for he is not more than two-and-twenty at the utmost."

"I suppose he resembles, in shape, his grandfather, Henry Duke of Lancaster, who was surnamed wry-neck?" observed the Lady Mary.

"He is of a stiff-necked and perverse generation," replied the bishop, "like others of his evil line."

"I pray you, reverend father, to dip my fair young nephew thrice in holy water after this foul sponsor hath embraced him," said the Lady Mary, "or I shall never endure to kiss him again."

"All proper purification shall be resorted to, believe me, daughter; and we must pray that grace may be given the babe to renounce and defy this godfather, along with his other ghostly enemies, as soon as he shall be able to pronounce the vulgar tongue."

"Which will be at a very early age, I will answer for him, or he is no true scion of the Gloucester line of Plantagenet," thought the Lady Mary. However, she did not make her opinion on this point known to the bishop, who was a noted court gossip, but took a second peep over his shoulder at the list of the *dramatis personæ*, among whom she was to play so conspicuous a part at the approaching pageant.

Her own name occurred, of course, next in order, as godmother to the most high and puissant prince of ten days old; then was written in fair characters, "Item, Sir Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, and Lord Admiral of England."

"That noble is my kinsman," cried the Lady Mary, with much pleasure.

"Thy cousin in the third degree, lady," said the bishop. "The Lady Eleanor, Countess of Arundel," pursued he, recurring to the list.

"Mine own dear aunt, whom I have not seen since the sorrowful day when I became an orphan!" exclaimed the Lady Mary.

"Sir Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick," continued the bishop.

"Is he an *old* man?" asked the young lady.

"No, daughter, a sprightly bachelor," replied the bishop. "Let me see who cometh next: oh! the Lord Mayor of London, and six of the worshipful aldermen of that great city, besides a train of knights, squires, and fair and noble ladies, too numerous to be counted over at this time: howbeit, they are all fairly and particularly set forth in this parchment, which was sent to me by my lord duke's confessor, ere I set forth on my progress to Pleshy."

The Lady Mary de Bohun went to bed that night in a livelier mood than she had done since her father's death, and dreamed pleasant dreams of gallant knights and stately nobles who sought her favour, and craved permission to wear her colours at tilts and tourneys, where they swore to maintain her beauty at the point of lance against all challengers.

This appeared the more agreeable to the sleeping fancy of the noble demoiselle, because her charms had never been extolled by any one, and the Duke of Gloucester had frequently repeated a mortifying thanksgiving in her ear, "that she was no beauty."

A beauty she certainly was not; but even the duke's retainers and men at arms were wont to say of her, "that the Lady Mary de Bohun was a pretty brown maid, light of step, and blithe of brow, whose merry glance might have won many a true pere, had she been of lower degree." Compliments, for which even the lofty co-heiress of Hereford would have felt grateful, as affording a gratifying contradiction to her guardian's disqualifying observations; but she remained perfectly unconscious of the fact, that her high name was ever made the subject of discussion by persons of inferior station; and men of her own degree had had no opportunity of forming an opinion of her personal charms, since she had attained to womanly stature and presence.

## CHAPTER III.

The morning of the important day that was to bring so much good company to Pleshy Castle, was ushered in with the ringing of bells, and a most surprising bustle, both within and without the castle, of servants running in one another's way, and reviling each other, in their zeal to get all things in the best possible order for the approaching festive solemnity.

The Lady Mary de Bohun was awakened two hours before her usual time for rising, by the hasty entrance of Mrs. Joan, the duchess's own gentlewoman, attended by two of the silk-maidens, as the young persons usually employed in embroidering and other fancy works were called, bearing between them the costly mantle of white and silver brocade, fringed and powdered with goodly pearls, and lined with rose-coloured satin, in which the wealthy young godmother was to hold the high and puissant prince, her nephew, at the baptismal font, together with the delicate square of lace and point-worked lawn, wherein she was to receive and lap him after his immersion in the consecrated water.

"Is that all!" said this undutiful aunt and godmother, rubbing her eyes.

"All!" responded the astonished and indignant gentlewoman of the Duchess Eleanor; "what would your ladyship have over and above this worshipful christening-mantle of white, the foundation whereof cost no less than ten crowns per ell at Padua, beyond the seas; as for the precious pearls wherewith it is fringed and wrought, they would sell for more sterling gold than our late Lord King Edward gave in dowry with either of his daughters. Then there are three pounds of threads of burnished silver, brodered in rare poesy work and dainty devices to enrich it, to say nothing of a whole month's hard and cunning labour of these poor wenches, Judith and Bridget, who came hither in the hope of receiving praise and largess from you ladyship."

"Oh! if it be money you want of me," said the Lady Mary, "you must send my woman Margery to fetch hither my purse of silver groats; methought it had been herself entering with my silver brodered kirtle and watered coloured *cote hardi*, with the hanging sleeves that I ordered to be purified with satin and edged with silver points instead of the fur of martins,

which ill become a summer's day; albeit, it will be well suited to my degree."

"May it please your ladyship, Master Nykin, the tailor, hath been too busily employed with my lady duchess's tire to attend to the speeding of your ladyship's order," cried Margery, entering with a face of consternation.

"Hence!" cried the Lady Mary, springing out of bed, and hastily casting her chamber robe about her, "are not my garments ready for me?"

"Woe betide the false loon who promised me so fair, that all should be featy-fashioned and fairly stitched by peep of dawn, and then hath foresworn himself to our utter confusion and dismay," cried Margery, in a doleful tone.

"Go to him, good Margery, and tell him, that if they be ready by nine of the clock, I will reward him with a brace of nobles," said the Lady Mary.

Margery returned with a blank countenance, exclaiming, "The villany of tailors hath been a proverb ever since the days of Adam, who was the first of that evil fraternity, I trow; and now hath this wretched fellow Nykin verily cast aside your ladyship's christening garments, with all their beauty and bravery, to stitch up a new court pic kirtle, and with all appurtenances—impertinences, I call them, for Mrs. Joan yonder, and not only to view these my masters, but a high double-peaked cap, in which she will look like the horned owl in the desert."

"Bold-face, I defy you!" cried the indignant waiting woman of the duchess. That double-peaked cap, as you, in your ignorance, call my dainty head-tire, is from a choice pattern, privily obtained from one of the Bohemian waiting women of her grace Queen Anne, which I have obtained my lord the duke's sanction to wear at the christening of my young lord the Prince of Gloucester, to do him honour withal."

"And hath the Duke of Gloucester also given you authority to break the tailor off from my work to employ him on thy garmenture, the fashion of which, I trow, is of passing small import to any one?" exclaimed the Lady Mary.

"Ay, marry, hath his princely worship," replied Mistress Joan, "by this token, that he said 'As for my gentle sister, the Lady Mary of Hereford, she affecteth not the worldly vanities of tricking and trouncing up new 'parelling on every idle

pretence, like the vain damsels whose outward comeliness enticeth them to such follies. My Lady Mary needeth no new robing, having vast store of costly gear, which she inherited from her lady mother, laid up in lavender, always ready against such occasions as the present; therefore, may Master Nykin, after he has done his stitchery for my lady duchess, be well spared to sew for thee and the nurse."

"My Lady Mary of Hereford is beholden to the thrifty consideration of her princely brother-in-law, forsooth!" cried the co-heiress, with infinite disdain; "but by the blood of all the Bohuns, if I am to be dictated to like one of his household retainers touching mine array I will appeal to King Richard himself, against his tyranny, and pray him of his royal grace to provide me with a husband, to take the wardship, both of my lands and person, out of his hands."

When the Duke of Gloucester heard this bold saying of the Lady Mary, he repented his own rash folly in having intermeddled in such matters, as neither become a prince nor a gentleman to concern himself withal.

"By my troth," said he to the Duchess Eleanor, "I believe I might with greater impunity have burned one of your sister's castles to the ground, than curtailed one plait or purtle of the gown of white and silver stuff it hath listed her to employ my tailor in fabricating for her use at this busy season."

"My princely spouse," quoth the Duchess Eleanor, "I warned you not to trouble yourself with my sister's array. It is a thing no lady will endure from men-folk, as wherefore should she?"

"My lady duchess, I admit that I was to blame in the matter," responded the duke; "but methought it would lead to worse follies, if she were permitted to dissipate her godly thoughts, and consume her time and treasure in the outward vanities of dress and decoration; for look ye, Nell, she would next be exercising her glances, right and left, to discern how the young gallants of the court, whom I was perforce compelled to invite to the christening of our heir, affected her in her new-fangled bravery."

"Nay, my good lord, but the damsel would esteem herself free to do that, if so be she were only clad in russet or Norwich say," observed the duchess; "and as for the chance of her making the deeper

impression on the hearts of the men of King Richard's court on account of the fashion or richness of her array, that is but an idle fancy, I trow; for they who knew the golden lining of her gown, will see charms in the wealthy co-heiress of my father's lauds, beyond the power of the coarsest muller to obscure."

"Perchance," said the duke, "she may take such a huff about this slight, which Nykin hath offered to her white and silver kirtle and robe, that she will utterly refuse to honour our christening with her presence."

"And then our fair son will lose all the brave christening offerings which she hath prepared for him," returned the duchess.

"That would be better than the chance of her making away with all her demesnes in marriage with one or other of the greedy nobles who have fixed their eyes upon the inheritance of Hereford, and are eager to pay their court to her, of which they will have only too good an opportunity if she make her appearance at this christening. There is the handsome Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, for one, hath five times over made suit to me for her hand, with the impudent pertinacity of a buzz-fly, that let you drive it from your nose ever so often, returneth to tease you again and again, in spite of all your bulleting."

"Is not that the noble who sued for leave to bear the taper of virgin wax at the boy's christening?"

"Yea, Eleanor; but not for love of us, or out of respect to the babe, I trow; though he hath sent in, as his christening present, a curiously chased spice-box of solid gold, which is verily the bravest offering he hath yet received; notwithstanding, I am persuaded that it was only given to purchase for himself a convenient standing near our young co-heiress during the ceremony, which would also afford him the license of saluting her at the conclusion of the rite; and who knoweth what mischief may result therefrom. So I think, my lady duchess, that the affront which hath been offered to your sister is well-timed and seasonable, if it operate to prevent her from making her appearance in either the chapel or the hall."

Here the conjugal conference was interrupted by the entrance of Mistress Joan, who burst into the ducal chamber with the air of a distracted person, wring-



ing her hands and tearing her hair with the most frantic demonstrations of despair. "The boy, the precious boy! hath aught amiss befallen him?" cried the duchess in a fit of maternal alarm.

"Oh, worse than that, my lady!" exclaimed the waiting woman, beating her breast.

"Worse!" cried the duke indignantly, "is the woman mad?"

"Well nigh, in sooth, most puissant lord duke, for my Lady Mary of Hereford—my Lady Mary of Hereford—my Lady Mary of Hereford——" sobbed Joan, apparently unable to articulate any thing beyond the name of that noble damsel, though ready to choke with the violence of the emotion that impeded her utterance.

"The Lady Mary of Hereford," repeated the duke, "what of her?"

"Oh! saints and angels, she hath committed such a deed; but she will be punished for it, I hope, for all her greatness."

"What is it she hath done?" cried the duke.

"A very foul and evil deed," said Joan, wringing her hands: "sure there will be no christening after all to-day at Pleshy, for she hath with her own hands most barbarously and maliciously

"Oh, heavens!" cried the duke, turning deadly pale, "whose blood hath she been shedding?"

"Blood!" repeated Joan, staring wildly upon the duke.

"Don't drive me frantic!" exclaimed the duchess, "but let me hear the worst at once. Is it my little daughter, or my sweet son, whom she hath slain?"

"Dear, my lady," cried Judith, the silk-maiden, who had crept to the door to listen, "be not so sorely affrayed, I beseech you, with Mistress Joan's peevish coil; one would think she were stark mad to scare you thus. There is no blood spilled, nor any thing in the

castle slain, save Mistress Joan's high-horned cap, which my Lady Mary of Hereford hath cut in sunder with Master Nykin the tailor's great shears, out of despite, because they had had the insolence to put aside that right noble lady's worshipful work, to give place to Joan's outlandish head-tire."

"Is that all!" cried the Duchess of Gloucester, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, "I would that my sister had cut off a bit of the wench's screech-owl tongue over and above when she had the shears in her hand, ere she had so frightened me with her intolerable pothe-ration about her own frippery fool's-cap, as if the princely duke and I cared for such gear for servants' wearing."

"Moreover," said the duke, who appeared highly amused at the adventure, "Nykin can make the wench another before the christening hour be come."

"Nay, but that is what he cannot do," sobbed the afflicted waiting-woman, "for my Lady Mary of Hereford, not contented with the slaughter of my brave cap, the cost of which, to say nothing of the buckram and the wire for the scaffolding of the horns thereof, which I had by me, was no less than six silver groats, has seized upon the christening mantle of my young lord prince, which she voweth she will not resign until Master Nykin have finished her robe and kirtle, to which she hath been pleased, out of malice to me, to add so many devices of cuts, and loops, and points, and purflings, that the poor soul will be hard set to get it done by high noon, and then what chance have I for my head-gear?"

"In good sooth," said the duke, laughing, "it must be owned that my Lady Mary hath fairly outwitted us all, and thou art likely to go without thy horns, good Joan; for the christening mantle must be redeemed, even if I take needle and thimble in hand to speed Master Nykin in his stitcheries."

*(To be continued.)*

## IMPROMPTU

*On a wicked Editor, who would disturb our deceased Contributors (John Galt and others), by writing letters to them thus:—*

One who scarce can spell a letter  
Would by letter 'tempt a spell,  
Would he time not spend much better  
Himself in going down to \* \* \* \* \*

## THE QUAKER FAMILY, OR THE ILL-OMENED MARRIAGE.

### A DOMESTIC TALE.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, there stands, in gothic magnificence, the ancient castle of Montalingham; and in a beautiful valley, little more than a mile from this baronial residence, rose the modest mansion of Josiah Primrose, one of the people commonly called Quakers: the exact regularity of the building, the order and neatness of the grounds, were perfect emb'ems of the quiet spirits which reigned within. The father of Mr. Primrose had left New York with an immense accumulation of wealth, acquired by mercantile speculations, which had succeeded, and with his only son, then in infancy, fixed his abode in this spot. He had been educated in the most rigid manner; those finer feelings of the heart, which from some traits in his character, might have done honour to humanity if suffered to expand, were contracted and chilled by precise austerity. He married him, at an early age, to one of his own persuasion, and soon after paid the debt of nature, bequeathing him his whole possessions, without one generous passion to gratify. The fair friend, whom he had made the wife of his bosom, had a superior mind, and more elevated sentiments. "Thinkest thee, Friend Primrose," she would say, with rather an arch look, "that thy broad-brimmed hat, or the little close, pinched cap of thy Miriam, will lead her or thee one step nearer heaven? Verily, verily, I tell thee, no; and that our community regard too much the outside of the platter, but consider not the foulness that lieth hidden within."

She was the mother of two amiable children, and as their father left them solely to her guidance, without any other concern, than keeping them strictly to their religious duties, they received rather a liberal education: her daughter Miriam, to a lovely figure, united the sweetest disposition, and the gentlest manners. An intimacy, not very common with people of their reserved profession, was established between them and the inhabitants of the neighbouring castle; and the young Miriam, being much beloved there, often shared the lessons of wisdom from the instructive lips of Lady Montalingham, who educated her own daughters. Her free access to such elegant society, im-

proved those talents with which nature had blessed her, and gave her a vivacity, which, tempered by her innate softness, rendered her a truly pleasing and estimable female character. She was usually distinguished, wherever she appeared, by the appellation of the accomplished Quaker: yet, so modest was her demeanour, and so strict her piety, that even the most severe of her own people approved her conduct. Vanity is inherent, we believe, in the female heart: Miriam's intimacy with the ladies of the castle gave her a blameless pleasure in dress, which her mother easily allowed; and it was not uncommon to see her white frock decorated with a broad sash, her straw hat tied with ribbons, and her fine flaxen hair in ringlets: these little infringements procured Friend Primrose the title of the "gay sister;" perhaps she was not altogether undeserving of it, for she would look with pleasure at her daughter joining the ladies of the castle in the lively dance; but this was, indeed, unknown, and frequently, the modest, unpretending woman would say, with an inquiring eye, "Surely, surely, Friend Montalingham, this must be innocent, else thee wouldst not permit it in thy presence." "Are we not told," Lady Montalingham would reply, "that innocent cheerfulness is pleasing to Heaven; and that they are neither true nor judicious promoters of religion, who dress her in such gloomy colours?" By such softening arguments, Lady Montalingham was sure to procure her favourite a participation of all the innocent amusements of the castle.

Josiah Primrose, the brother of Miriam, possessed all those virtues that give dignity to human nature; the most unaffected piety without bigotry, justice without severity, and mercy and tolerance without weakness; though compelled by a strict father to follow the rigid tenets of a persuasion, whose principles are good, but clouded with many errors, his philanthropy was unbounded; and he considered himself as a member of one vast body, whose charities should be distributed to all in distress; without confining them to one set of people, merely because they happened to be of the same religious opinions: his understanding was good

and highly improved, and when he wished to enjoy superior satisfactions, he went to the castle where he was sure to find the purest benevolence and exalted friendship, with all the refinements of sense; but the young Josiah found an attraction above all others, drawing him to the castle; for the fair Madeline he felt more than a brother's affection; there was a congeniality of mind and similarity of sentiment, and the attachment strengthened with their years till they both reached maturity, when they were the dearest friends.

Lady Montalingham had established a school in the village; and one fine morning she walked to the valley to solicit a subscription, and on being announced, was desired to enter: she found Mrs. Primrose seated at work, and the gentle Miriam by her side copying with her pencil a branch of roses which lay on a table before her.—“Sit thee down, Friend Montalingham,” said Mrs. Primrose, while the quiet smile which beamed on the mild countenance, displayed the serenity which dwelt within; “thee hast pleased me much by this unceremonious visit; verily I feared that which thy people call politeness would not have allowed friendly intercourse, but gladly I find thee art above it.”

“Indeed, my dear Mrs. Primrose,” replied her ladyship, “true politeness so much talked of is little understood; it is congenial with delicate minds, excludes formality, and consists in an easy attention to the wishes of others; it is equally remote from ceremony and low familiarity.”

“Thee hast well defined it, friend,” said Mrs. Primrose; “and now practice thine own principles; throw aside thy shawl, I pray thee, and share our dinner; Josiah walketh out with his son, but will soon return.”

When all were assembled round the Quaker's hospitable board, Lady Montalingham explained the advantages of her school; it being an asylum for the aged, and affording education and clothing to the young:—“I know you are charitable and humane,” she continued, “and entreat your contribution.”

“Thee art a faithful servant to thy Maker,” said Mrs. Primrose; “and he who marked and applauded the widow's mite, will reward thee.”

“And thinkest thee,” interrupted Mr.

Primrose, “that we ought to aid thine undertaking; verily, thee knowest that the poor of our people trouble not thee nor thine?”

“We are all the children of one great and good Parent,” said Lady Montalingham, “and equally the objects of his care.”

“True, neighbour,” said the Quaker, “but all his stewards do not equally their duty; didst thine eye ever behold one in our simple habit hang on thy door for food? were thine ears ever assailed with their whine for charity?”

“When the poor ask our assistance, we seldom inquire their faith; nor can we assert that none of your persuasion ever begged for alms; for the neatness of your modest attire could not be discerned through the rags of poverty.”

The Quaker wished not to extend the argument: he highly appreciated the characters of all at the castle; and he closed the subject by saying—“Thee hast gained thy point, Friend Montalingham, and while thine asylum stands, it shall have a supporter in Josiah Primrose.”

In uninterrupted peace and pleasing intercourse, several years slipped away; the young people of the castle and valley reached maturity, rich in every mental grace and personal qualification; Josiah's attachment to Madeline was firm and decided; but it was unreturned and hopeless—and yet it continued unsubdued by time and circumstances: he had refused to unite himself with a rich daughter of his people, and provoked his austere father to meditate sending him abroad: meantime an unaccountable gloom seemed to gather round the inhabitants of the castle; and the sensible gentle heart of Madeline found her chief solace in communicating her unquiet anticipations to her sympathising friend, Miriam Primrose. One morning they were indulging in a melancholy walk in the most retired part of the castle grounds, when they were rather startled by the sudden appearance of a gentleman, who, bowing with respect as they past him, took the direction of a private road to the castle; he wore the artillery uniform, and had a crape round his arm and hat. As this gentleman is the hero of our tale, it may be necessary to give a short sketch of his history.

Captain Adolphus Glanville was de-

scended from an ancient family, whose respectability had survived its pecuniary means of supporting it; and the young man's relations, conceiving a military appointment the most likely method to be relieved from his complaints, at the age of sixteen he received his first commission; he possessed strict honour, amiable manners, and a fine figure; and he was universally esteemed as a soldier, and respected as a man of worth and integrity. In country quarters, a young lady of independent fortune, saw and loved him. Glanville was twenty-two, and with an unengaged heart, felt no reluctance in accepting a young creature with a tolerable fortune; though not a fond lover, he ever treated her with tender complacency; and with a mind more sensible and refined, domestic happiness might have been established; but no sooner had she escaped from the watchful care of her guardians, than forgetful of her duties, she indulged in every kind of dissipation. Her husband strove to lead her back to the quiet paths of propriety, but in vain—she proved incorrigible; and though she accompanied him to America, she unblushingly owned that love of change was her only inducement.

Glanville was attacked by a fever: with looks of affection, softened by illness, when slowly recovering, he begged her one day to stay with him, she coolly replied, "Not to-day; I assure you I am engaged with a party on the water; I trust the fortune I brought can afford to hire a nurse." She would listen to no further remonstrance: she left the apartment, never more to enter it; the pleasure-boat was driven out to sea by a sudden squall, several bodies were cast ashore; but that of Mrs. Glanville, after the strictest search, was never found. Her husband mourned her early fate, while his friends thought he had some cause rather to rejoice. Miriam's frequent visits to the castle produced an intimacy with the modest maiden; and before either understood the nature of their feelings, they became devotedly attached to each other: in vain poor Miriam struggled with her guiltless passion, still the form of Glanville would obtrude—his faith, her father's, his rigid tenets; true, her mother did not confine all righteousness, all perfection to her own sect, and she might have sanctioned her daughter's attachment. Things were in this uncer-

tain, and, we may add, unhappy situation, when Glanville, who had been several months a visiter at the castle, resolved to know his fate; and as Josiah was his confidant, he set out on a walk to the valley, intending, through his mediation, to acquaint Mr. Primrose with his proposals for Miriam. In mediative mood he had passed a Chinese bridge which led to the valley, when he found himself in a wood that bound the gardens of the mansion; the shades of night were surrounding him, but the moon was rising in all her silent majesty, when, as he advanced through the trees, in a little rustic temple which stood on elevated ground, he perceived a glimmering light; it might be Miriam; he quickened his steps, and was ascending those leading to the building, when a shriek was heard, followed by groans, as if from one in pain: he advanced, and beheld a figure extended on the earth, with a man's foot stamping on it. A blow was aimed at the prostrate victim, which Glanville received on his shoulder: another assassin raising his arm had laid him with the dead, but drawing a small sword from a stick which he usually carried, he parried the blow, and plunged the weapon into the villain's breast. The accomplices raised the body, and fled, while Glanville knelt by the unfortunate stranger; but who can describe his horror—his anguish, when he discovered in the one he had rescued, the brother of his beloved Miriam, the excellent unoffending Josiah.—"My friend—my preserver!" he cried, in faint accents, "Miriam——" he could add no more; for enfeebled by loss of blood, he became insensible; and in that state, Glanville, though writhing in the agony of his own wound, supported him home; and as the door was opened, both fell clasped in each other's arms. The family had waited supper for Josiah, and his unusual absence had occasioned painful anxiety; the opening door had brought Miriam to the hall, and when she beheld the two beings dearest to her on earth, pale and covered with blood, and, as she supposed, lifeless, she shrieked, "My Glanville—my murdered Glanville!" brother she would have added, but she lost all remembrance in insensibility. They were both tenderly, anxiously attended by Miriam and her mother. Josiah's wounds were pronounced neither mortal nor dangerous,

Glanville's shoulder was dislocated, and a fever ensued; at length both were convalescent. Josiah could give little information of the accident, but as his pockets were emptied, the attack was attributed to robbers. Glanville had perfectly recovered; but excessive weakness and spitting of blood, occasioned by the violent blow on his stomach, still afflicted Josiah, for which the physicians ordered him to a milder climate: this arrangement suited not his wishes; but the despair of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, who welcomed any pretext to separate him from the fascinations of Madeline, at length prevailed. He left the valley, but not before he had cemented eternal friendship with Glanville, by a promise to sanction, and promote his wishes with Miriam, who in his presence plighted vows of constancy to each other. The departure of Josiah, and the hopefulness, the despondency of Miriam, which visibly began to undermine her delicate constitution, so affected the declining health of Mrs. Primrose, that in language soft as, if an angel spoke, the mother would fold the melancholy girl in her arms, she would tell her of her faith, the blessings which attend obedience to parents, the pleasures of friendship, and would describe the illusions of passion. Miriam listened with much attention; tears were her answer, deeper suffering the consequence. "Oh, Josiah Primrose!" cried the sorrowful mother, sinking at her husband's feet, yielding to the strong impulsive feeling of the moment, "husband of my youth—husband of my heart, bereave me not of my children; I am about to leave thee, Josiah; soon, very soon, thee wilt close my weary eyes; and when I lie cold in the earth, thee Josiah, wilt in bitterness deplore thine obduracy, yield then: my husband, give thy daughter in holy marriage to Glanville; his principles are great and good, with him her faith will be secure, and thee wilt behold her persevering in that modest simplicity of life, we deem the most unerring."

He heard this with an immoveable expression of countenance; at length he spoke—"I may lose thee; yea, wife of my bosom, I may love thee; but will not lose my God; thee may'st fall, but never shake my firmness; let me hear no more, for as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, the hour that maketh Miriam the

wife of a husband beyond our pale, the bitterest—I curse not, but the God of light will punish!"

"Cease, cease! thou man of sin!" said his wife. "Oh, Source of being, universal God! let thine all-pervading spirit illumine the benighted mind of him who dares to circumscribe thy wondrous goodness—confine thy unbounded mercy to a scanty few! Oh dawn, auspicious morning, with a light shall lighten our darkened path that ne'er shall fade, when earth shall be dissolved, the mountains melt away, the chain of being broken, distinctions lost, and glad creation in one general voice without those forms which dim devotion here, shall hail and praise thy excellence to never-ending ages!"

Miriam had contrived to have one secret interview with Glanville after her brother's departure, and then meekly resigned to suffer, devoted all her time and attention to soothe her declining mother. In these hallowed duties her mind acquired a holy calm, and when discomfort could prevail, the thought, and it was comfort, that each moment takes away a grain at least from the drear lead that's on me, and gives a nearer prospect of the grave.

The lapse of a very few years produced circumstances most unexpected, vicissitudes unanticipated, and events disastrous in the families that have employed our pen: a change came over the castle and its inhabitants, and the gloom of sadness overwhelmed the retirement of the valley. Sir Charles Montalingham had become security for a brother officer endeared to him by early associations, and long military intercourse: his friend speculated deeply; his schemes failed, and the lands, and also for a time the liberty, of the too-confiding baronet, were forfeited. His property was brought to the hammer, and purchased by Josiah Primrose, the austere, opulent Quaker. Lady Montalingham's heart was broken; she died. Sir Charles declined, he sunk gradually in health and spirits, and was ordered by his medical attendants to try a milder climate. His excellent daughter Madeline, who had married Mr. Glendinning, a young man of high family and splendid fortune, ever fondly devoted to her father, attended him to Lisbon; but grief lay too heavy at his heart, dear remembrances pressed too heavily on his mind, for climate to affect; he was beyond the reach of human consolation; and

knowing his beloved child secure in the bosom of honour and happiness, had but one earthly wish—to be laid in the grave of his wife, in the vaults of his ancestors.

"Farewell, myson, take my darling from these feeble arms. She is an angel, that will bless her husband as she has blessed her father. May the God of consolation preserve and guide you through this perilous world, and may we meet in purer regions never to part again." He expired in his daughter's arms without a groan. Surely the end of the good man is peace! how silent his passage, how quiet his journey, how blessed his death! No misery unrelieved, no talents misapplied, no error unrepented, no wealth abused, disturb the solemn moment; but the soul, reposing on Almighty mercy, wings her mystic flight to future worlds.

The shades of night were descending, when, with slow and heavy pace, the hearse containing Sir Charles's remains, attended by Madeline and her husband, entered the valley of Montalingham: a dense fog precluded every object from their view; and a low wind, stealing through the apertures of the carriage, sounded in their ears like the passing sigh of nature to the memory of Montalingham. The gates of Mr. Primrose were closed; the servant rung and knocked, reverberating echo returned the sound, but no one appeared; a stinging-nettle and the deadly nightshade grew by the threshold. "Cheerless plants," exclaimed Madeline, "ye were not wont to rear your noxious heads around this dwelling." At length a servant appeared; Josiah Primrose was asleep.

"Our business is urgent," said Mr. Glendinning; "we will wait till he awakes."

"Thee mayst leave it, then, in writing; for Josiah Primrose communeth not with strangers," answered the domestic, and the doors were about to be closed, when a maiden of the household, who recollected Madeline, obtained them admission. They entered the veranda; remembrance crowded on Madeline; she looked around; "All are gone: nothing left," she exclaimed, as Mr. Primrose appeared. A chilling gloom hung over his heavy eyes, his face was pale and emaciated, and his bending figure was supported on a staff. After a cold salute from him, Madeline said, "I intrude on your solitude, Mr. Primrose, with the request of my dying father."

"Then thy father is departed," interrupted he.

"His hallowed clay rests at your gates."

"Oh, he is happy," rejoined the Quaker, while something like a sigh was stealing from his heart, which severity chilled ere it could be respired. To spare the feelings of Madeline, her husband addressed him, "As the proprietor of Montalingham Castle, I present Sir Charles's last request to be laid at the side of his deceased wife: will you have the kindness to give the necessary orders?"

"Kindness and I have parted for ever," he replied in hollow voice: "yes, for ever: but the dead—I war not with the dead. Deposit the body, and never interrupt my hours again."

"Yet hear me," cried Madeline, in a beseeching tone; "your wife——"

"She sleepeth in the dust."

"Dear Josiah?"

"He returneth soon; now depart."

"Yet once more—my Miriam?"

"Name her not!" and the Quaker's wasted frame shook with irrepressible passion: "name her not! her ways are wickedness, her path destruction, and her steps lead down to hell; forsaken by her father and her God, like unto Cain she wandereth upon earth, marked. But I curse not—yet, bitter as is my heart, so keenly bitter will be yet her portion."

Madeline appeared fainting, while her husband, shocked, exclaimed, "Poor erring mortal," and supported her from the presence of the austere sectarian.

Their melancholy business over with the rector, at whose residence they were received with a warm welcome, Madeline's inquiries were answered, respecting all that had occurred since she and her family were driven from the protecting roof of the castle: it was left uninhabited, the lands let out, and only the gardens were kept in order by a man, who gained subsistence from their produce. After the death of Mrs. Primrose, poor Miriam resolved to devote her days to her father, and, if possible, subdue her fatal love for Glanville: she had entreated, and at length commanded him to depart, and no more to tempt her to forsake her duty; but still, unknown to her, he remained in the neighbourhood, and watched her steps: meanwhile, poor

Miriam felt the extremity of wretchedness; her mother dead, her brother absent, her friends dispersed, without solace and without sympathy, still she might, strengthened by her piety, have succeeded, but that her father, groaning beneath the load of many self-created sorrows, imposed such severe restraint on her, that life became a burthen. She was one morning deploring her relentless destiny in the gloomiest recesses of Montalingham forest, when Glanville overheard her, and kneeling at her feet, conjured her, with resistless tenderness, to save him from despair, and make herself happy; and he recalled her mother's sanction and blessing, her brother's wishes to remembrance: to be brief, Miriam yielded, and became the wife of Glanville. Upon their return from the borders, they forced themselves on the presence of their father. It is true, he imprecated not curses, but, like St. Paul with the offending copper-smith, it amounted to the same.

"Lord, in the day of thy wrath, forget not the bitterness of a father's heart."

She fell at his feet; he spurned her, and the gates of the remorseless father were for ever closed on his imploring daughter. Her meek and filial heart long mourned his harshness and unrelenting obduracy; but the kindness of her husband, and the hope of her brother's return, restored her to tolerable tranquillity. She had become the mother of a little girl, whom she named Madeline; and, on her friend's return to England, she soon discovered her residence, when their early friendship was renewed, and the most satisfactory hours of both families were passed in mutual intercourse with each other. They had engaged a beautiful and commodious residence on the banks of the Thames for the summer months; the river flowed smoothly at the bottom of the garden behind the house, and with books, music, and their pencils, they never found the longest day too long.

One morning the ladies were at work, their children rolling on the carpet (Mrs. Glendinning had a little boy), and Mr. Glanville and his friend were fishing, one of the servants entered, saying, a lady desired to speak to Mrs. Glanville; she was introduced; she was tall, very handsome, with an air of hauteur, which imparted severe expression to every fine feature of her face: on entering, she desired to know which of the ladies

called herself Mrs. Glanville? Madeline felt surprised, but that mode of address having been familiar to Miriam among her own people, calmly replied, "Thou beholdest her in my friend."

"Where is Mr. Glanville?" demanded the stranger.

"He angleteth near the garden, verily, he catcheth a fish even now," said Miriam, looking through the window.

"Indeed!" interrupted the visiter sarcastically, that element seems particularly bountiful to him, though I fancy it has restored a certain sort of fish to-day, that he will find more difficult to manage than any one he has ever hooked."

"Thou speakest in parable, I will call friend Glanville, perchance he may comprehend them."

"Perchance so," replied the lady.

'Had the infernal gulph opened and disclosed its fiery horrors, Glanville had felt less dismay; casting one fearful look at the stranger and exclaimed, "Oh, Providence!" he sunk on the nearest chair. Fatal conviction flashed on the mind of Glendinning and his wife: Miriam sat pale and apparently calm, while the lady said scornfully—"You are certainly very grateful to Providence for restoring to you a wife, after supposing her three years dead;" but, however, return me my fortune, and you may go with your Quaking trumpery where you please." Only Glendinning had the power of speech; "Retire, madam," said he, "you shall have every justice, but do not offer insult at the shrine of virtue."

"Indeed, sir, I shall not retire; my husband being here, makes it my home, nor will I leave him an opportunity to abscond with his Quaker, and deprive me of my right."—"Unkind, inhuman woman, this is my house." Glendinning was interrupted; the trembling Miriam arose, Madeline would have assisted her, "Fear not," said she, "my righteous purpose will support me;" when kneeling at the feet of Glanville, she thus addressed him—"Beloved of thy Miriam's heart, let the voice which hath so often pleased thee, now soothe thy perturbed spirits to composure, and let the happy learn from our fate not to exalt in blessings which hang on the hazard of an hour. We have walked in the paths of peace together, no guilt profaned our moments, for we believed our union sanctified; then let the sweet reflection soothe thy soul; thee art not comfortless, only to me it was a

work of darkness ; black were the auspices ; a father's reprobating voice exclaimed, ' Forbear ! ' friends exulted over my fatal vows ; for I was a disobedient child : and now I behold the bitter wish descendeth on my devoted head ; betake thee dear, dear, Glanville, to the help-mate of thy first affections, while I, forlorn and desolate, like the poor prodigal, return unto a father's dwelling, and with a contrite heart exclaim, ' I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy child ; but accept me as the lowest of thine hired servants,' that by penitence and sad days and nights, I may expiate mine offences. Yet never, Glanville, can I forsake thy loved image, yea, I will cherish it till death ; in innocent prayer will sanctify it, and in serene regions we shall meet, where the holy tie will be perfected, and we rejoice in the presence of eternal love for ever." Her sleeping infant caught her eye, " for that poor orphan I also have a home ; Glendinning take her, she is a Madeline," rising then from her knees, she impressed a soft kiss on the cold hand of Glanville, saying " Fare thee well, fare thee well."

The wretched husband started from his seat, he ventured one look around, the sight was insupportable, and shrieking with despair, he rushed from their presence." " Save him, save him ! " cried Miriam, falling lifeless into Glendinning's arms. Madeline followed him to his apartment, where he had flown ; he had fallen on his knees, holding a loaded pistol to his head, while his lips moved in silent prayer. Madeline feared to advance, but dropping at the door in the same attitude, she cried " Stop ! "—the pistol fell. " Eternity ! Glanville ! oh, Glanville ! if thou canst not bear thy *trials here*, force not thyself upon a Power that can make them gnaw thy spirit evermore, unaltered and the same ; he who, self-destroyed, dies to shun his fate, may find the will, to which he bids defiance, may doom the soul to feel its agonies through endless ages."

Glanville seemed passive, he looked around mournfully ; " My heart," said he, " is cold and desolate, and Miriam comes not now to warm it, all is dark. Pity me—sure, what man can pity, Heaven can forgive." She had taken up the pistol, " Do not take it from me," his voice was beseeching and meek, and he repeated, " Do not take it from me."

" Poor Glanville ! " resumed Madeline, " would you destroy Miriam, who cherishes the hope to meet you in a happier world ? " He appeared to recollect, " Yes, yes, take the pistol, I am safe, quite safe, and feel well now ; I will lie down, and when I awake, will think upon your arguments : yes, conviction may have reached me, and mercy pardon desperation." Madeline then taking the pistols with her, left him.

Mr. Glendinning had attended the new-come Mrs. Glanville to a neighbouring inn, promising to send her husband to her. Madeline found her friend Miriam sitting with her child upon her knee ; a sweet serenity was diffused over her countenance, and taking her friend's hand, she soon yielded to a quiet slumber ; and while Madeline sat watching her, and meditating on the uncertainty of human happiness, it may be necessary to account for the unwelcome appearance of Captain Glanville's first wife.

The pleasure yacht in which she had embarked having been driven out to sea, she was taken up when clinging to the wreck, by an outward-bound East Indiaman, and was treated with kindness and respect by the ladies on board ; on her arrival in India, she formed a liaison not very respectable with an officer of high rank, but his lady at length joining him, Mrs. Glanville thought proper to return to England. Her husband would have never been sought by her if he had not possessed her fortune, and recollecting the name of his agent, to him she went, and from him had the information of his marriage with the modest Friend, and their place of residence : love had never been the inmate of a bosom so governed by degrading passions, but she anticipated a malignant pleasure in being able to interrupt their innocent enjoyments ; and though a re-union with her husband she knew to be impossible, she resolved to pay her fatal visit, and enjoy her fancied triumph.

In less than a quarter of an hour the repose of Miriam and the deep thoughtfulness of Madeline were disturbed by a dismal shriek, and Miriam's own maid rushing into the room, crying, " My master ! my master ! the sword is in his breast ! " The child fell from Miriam's arms, and darting from her seat, stopped not till she reached the expiring Glanville, who had taken advantage of Made-



line leaving him to execute his fatal purpose: her maid passing the door heard him fall, entered the room, when seeing the husband of her beloved mistress fallen and bleeding, she sent forth the shriek, and flew to her presence. As Miriam threw herself beside the bleeding body of Glanville, he raised his dying eyes to take a last look of her angelic face, feebly pressed her hand, smiled, and his agonized spirit fled to the presence of that Being whom the compassionate heart will hope would not reject him.

When Miriam beheld the last breath of separating nature leave his lips, the extremest point of sorrow struck her heart, though a few minutes before she was calm; hope upon the wings of faith bore her beyond the limits of mortality, when in a brighter state she should meet her Glanville. Now, wrapped in a shroud stained with self-shed blood, was the last look she feared ever to have: sensible to all her wretchedness, she hung over the body; "Poor, poor Glanville," she cried: "oh, Madeline, though lost to me on earth, I hoped to have met him with an angel's joy in the bright courts above; but now his fatal arm hath raised a barrier even stronger than death; no penitence can absolve him, for there is no repentance in the grave. Poor soul! didst thou not start on entering eternity? to rush unbidden on a world of saints, and of accusing angels? oh! could prayers, could ceaseless anguish through a weary life avail—but no, all beyond the hour of dissolution is fixed by power immutable, the awful fiat passes, but whither go my thoughts?—I—I——" She soon was seized with faintings, and in a few hours was delivered of a dead child, when feeling the springs of life running low, she collected all her strength, and addressed her mourning friends, "I thought to seek a father's arms," she said, in feeble accents, "to have implored his pardon," a faint red tinged her cheeks, as she added, "his blessing; but a kinder Parent calls me to repose, peace is dawning on my soul, angels are waiting to guide me to realms of bliss, there, beloved Madeline, shall I meet thee and thy husband, and thank thee for protecting my poor child: cherish her, she hath no name but thine, she hath no friend but thee; and when thee lookest on her smiling face, think on poor Miriam, who so much hath loved thee: when my Josiah

returneth, give him the dying blessing of his sister, from thy lips the offering will be sweet; say that, when trembling on the verge of life, I had no friend but thee to close my weary eyes—say, when my heart had ceased to beat, I had no friend but thee to lay me in the dust—say, for my child, I only ask him to remember her name is Madeline: now, my friend, my precious friend, my Madeline, fare thee well! dearest Glendinning, fare thee well! thee art so happy, I cannot wish thee happier until all meet above." Exhausted, she sunk on her pillow, but soon recovering, with an angelic smile, and in accents fainter and fainter, she said, "Bless! blest thee! Heaven.——"

Her lovely face wore every vernal charm, her eyes serenely closed, while her meek spirit, guided by waiting angels, ascended to the mansions of everlasting repose. "Blessed friend! sweet companion!" exclaimed the weeping Madeline, kissing her cold, yet charming face; never more shall I be cheered by thy affection, nor soothed by thy sweet tongue; but I will love, will guide thy orphan baby, and make her like thee."

Most religiously and tenderly did she and Mr. Glendinning perform the promise given over the corpse of the early-fated Miriam. Josiah Primrose returned in time to close the eyes of his father, and no more; he was past speech, and his son was informed that he fell the victim of his own severity and despair. Such baneful bigotry, are the triumphs! Ponder well, ye parents—ponder well, ye children; who dare decide whether disobedience in the one, or maledictions in the other, be most offensive in the sight of Him who judgest righteously.

In a private cabinet belonging to the old Quaker, Josiah, when examining his father's papers, found a note to the following effect: "Son Josiah, though severe, thy father would be just; I pray thee, then, restore unto Madeline the castle and lands of Montalingham. I understand she nurtured a daughter of the damsel who was thy sister; something therefore belongeth unto her. Thee hast wealth, more than needful; pray thee make it a greater blessing unto thyself than did thy father.

"Thine, Josiah, in the spirit of truth."

The village, the mansion in which Miriam and Glanville had expired; appeared a desert; every sound seemed the

echo of their dying groans, and they resolved to bid the scene adieu for ever : but previous to their departure, in a remote niche of the church, in which their remains were interred, to secure the hallowed spot from disturbance, Mr. Glendinning ordered a plain marble monument to be erected, with the following inscription :

“Sacred to the memory of  
Adolphus and Miriam.

Friendship consecrates their hallowed dust.

Fear not piety to drop a tear.

Fear not virtue to breathe a sigh.

Innocence and misfortune marked them for their own.

And ever as beneath this humble stone,  
May one kind grave unite each hapless name.”

#### MORAL.

Let parents consider that there are two obligations—honour from children, and with it obedience ; and from themselves, a constant remembrance that the divine precept commands “every man to do unto others as he would be done unto.” If these two rules were strictly observed, the world would rarely be conscious of disobedience

on the one hand, and the most offensive cruelty on the other. If an individual by following his own will, (a will wherein none is deeply interested but himself, whether man or woman,) contrary to the opinion, inclination, or wish of a parent, commit a marriage act of disobedience ; (presuming there existed nought of solid objection, but simply the acting contrary to an arbitrary rule ;) the same will hold when a parent’s choice is required to be the will of the child—that also is negative disobedience, when his will is not complied with. In this tale, as often in the events of life, the child’s act of disobedience is made to be the cause of that misery, which would have been the same to the young couple, had the most unequivocal sanction been given by the parents. The only difference would have been, that Mr. Primrose, the father, free from self-blame, might have still made a happy home for his distressed children, and departed this life with some hope of Heaven in the next. This bartering of souls in wedlock, a scheme of the evil one to sow discord in the world, and fill it full of misery, must be most offensive to a God of charity and love.

## LINES,

ON AN EDITOR PROMISING HIS READERS TO SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS FROM  
PERSONS LONG DEAD.

Man of might and magic power,  
Whence, oh whence, thy fearful dower ?  
Canst thou summon from the grave,  
Comrades of Cambuscan brave ?  
Or dost merely wish to know,  
Doom of *thine* when SENT below ?  
Sure thou’lt tell a fearful story !  
Are thy spirits Whig or Tory ?  
Haste to let us have their papers—  
Will their *blue-lights* make our tapers ?  
If they come from Pluto’s furnace,  
Pray, good sir, don’t let ’em burn us :  
Let the *misses three* stand by,  
Milk and water to supply ;  
Should there fowler business be,  
You have yet another P.  
Trust me, he will do right well,  
For the thing which them befel.  
But the matter to complete,  
Give us soon a well-fill’d sheet  
Of Hygeian and Plutonian lore ;  
I would sell you magazines a score :  
And sure it cannot blacker be,  
More vile in taste, more foul to see,  
More full of malice, hatred, rage,  
And now you have a *common PAGE* !  
So pray, great sir, your promise keep,  
And rouse de *Trueba* from his sleep,  
And force the *Eremit* to tell  
How matters go in heaven and \* \* \* \*.

## ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine and Museum.*

[We publish this letter as sincere, but not as partisan friends, of every public improvement.]

Sir,—The excellent taste you have ever evinced for the improvement of the metropolis, and the admirable style of criticism with which you have discussed the important subject of the choice of the models for the Houses of Parliament, convince me that you will not be insensible to the deplorable state in which certain parties have united to leave the nave of the venerable and magnificent church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. The public have looked on with deep interest for several years past at the efforts which have been made to save this splendid edifice from destruction, and they have witnessed the masterly manner in which the tower, choir, transepts, and Ladye Chapel have been restored. It is now, however, a subject of deep grief to me, to have to inform you, that the long-wished object of completing the whole of the structure, has for the present, at least, been defeated. The zealous conservators of the sacred pile, accompanied with the best wishes of many of the wise and the good throughout the British empire, have had their proposal for restoring the nave rejected. They intended that this, the only remaining dilapidated part of the building, should be renovated in accordance with the style of the original structure, and under the direction of Mr. Henry Rose, the parish surveyor, be adapted with the beautiful choir and transepts to the purposes of divine worship, affording accommodation for 1659 persons, besides room for 700 parochial children; and this, too, in a parish containing a population of 19,000 souls, and having in it no other established church to which the poor as well as the rich can resort. The most solemn pledge, founded upon accurate and indisputable calculation and professional skill, was given, that a rate of 3*3*/*4*d. in the pound for a limited number of years would be ample to accomplish this great work; but a union of parties, some for pulling down altogether the whole edifice; some for building a new church upon the site of the present nave, (not in accordance with its style,) and some advocates for the voluntary system of contribution, all united to reject the just, moderate, and, I may add, necessary application made to them. In vain was it argued that the present proposal would accomplish it on the plans produced, both in point of number of sittings, warmth, hearing, and seeing, all that could be effected by the

building of a new church (for which in some other part of so large a parish there was admitted to be also a necessity.) In vain was remonstrance made against political brawlers and church destroyers, they were deaf to argument, and they unfortunately succeeded in defeating the measure. Two days' poll took place; and although 253 inhabitants, chiefly the most respectable, and friends of church and state, whose aggregate rental amounted to upwards of 4000*l.* per annum more than their opponents, yet the latter brought up 431 inhabitants of all classes, and gained a majority against the reparation of the dilapidated nave, which therefore remains in its desolated state, a reproach to their misguided views.\* The poll took place on the 7th and 8th of June. Such acts as this requires the watchful attention and assistance of every lover of his country and friend of religion, to stem the torrent which now threatens to sweep away and destroy our ecclesiastical establishment, and the choicest monuments of the works and genius of our forefathers.

If you look around, in the environs of the metropolis, at the new churches and chapels, hideous incongruities assume the name of modern gothic, lean and mean, with spits for spires, and button-holes for windows—would not one suppose that there existed not a pure model within a hundred miles of the metropolis? In pity then, sir, to the moles and bats that devise and patronise such pert structures, exert your influence that the finest church in the metropolis may not be left desolate, and then, peradventure, some person connected with the arts may happen one day to open his eyes, and after looking at it be inspired to devise structures in better taste than these wretched specimens of modern gothic.

With this wish, I subscribe myself,

One of the Restorers of the  
Ladye Chapel, and a constant reader of the *Lady's Magazine and Museum*.

\* We would strongly recommend all parties to reconsider the subject coolly, as an object of national, if not of higher interest, and we hope yet to see the restoration effected, and let there be a monumental stone, with this inscription—  
"RESTORED by the parish, to the glory of God, as the bond of future union."—*Ed.*

## Literature, &amp;c.

*Chances and Changes : a Domestic Story.*  
3 vols. By the Author of "Six Weeks  
on the Loire." Smith, Elder, and Co.

We are happy to greet a second time the approach of a great favourite of ours, whose first edition was welcomed with our warmest approbation, fairly won by intrinsic merit. More than a twelvemonth has passed since forgetful in its pages we were reading for review, we were only alive to its acute perception of character and charming style ; whilst we feel convinced that the preference of the present age for the mental alcohol of Byronic romance will have a most pernicious effect on the rising generation. Such domestic novels as "Chances and Changes" can be put into the hands of a girl of fifteen, with the perfect certainty that she would draw delight and instruction from its pages, instead of the mental poison which some works supply. We have before entered into a more close analysis of the construction of this work, therefore we will now take leave of it with our best wishes, and a few farther extracts than our limits formerly permitted.

"It is impossible to be very busy and very unhappy at the same time. Catherine soon forgot that she was alone. She ordered dinner early, and the instant that it was over she began her plan of operations. The hours flew by unperceived, on the wings of occupation, and evening came as unexpectedly as it had seemed to do, when she had her sister to talk to, and her little niece and nephew to play with. She had just mounted on her music-stool, to measure the length of the windows, when she fancied she heard the sound of wheels. She stopped, and listened—

"Surely, Margaret," said she, 'I hear a chaise.' I hope my father has not been taken ill."

"No, miss, it can't be measter, for Cmsar keeps sic a barking—it's moast likely carrier, it's just about his time."

"Then very likely it may be, and I hope he has brought me my books," said Catherine, making a fresh effort to raise her hands high enough to hang a breadth of chintz from the top of the window ; but whilst she was so doing, and just as Margaret was saying she knew it was the carrier, for she could swear to his step, the door was thrown open, and in walked a tall man, wrapped up in a military great coat, trimmed with fur, and braided, and frogged, in all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of modern fashion.

"Catherine immediately descended from her elevation ; not quite able to suppress a smile, as she thought of the ridiculous figure she must have made on it, half hidden in folds of drapery, which, sweeping to the ground and covering the stool on which she was standing, prevented the cause of her heightened stature from being at first discovered. She however advanced to

meet the stranger, who looked pale and fatigued and who, she perceived, on looking more narrowly at him, wore his left arm in a sling. He bowed with easy grace, and after expressing himself unfortunate in not finding Mr. Neville at home, begged leave to inquire how long his absence might be protracted. Catherine replied she was expecting him every instant, and requested that in the interval she might give orders for the horses to be put into the stable. The 'Unknown' chose however to keep them in waiting, nor would he even lay aside his great coat, though he condescended to throw himself into the chair, which Margaret, after she had cleared it of its share of lining and fringes, had respectfully handed to him.

'Catherine was somewhat ashamed of the confusion in which the room appeared ; for she was aware that men make no distinction with respect to the cause or nature of a litter ; they see something that they fancy looks uncomfortable, but what it is, or how long it may continue, they never think of ascertaining. Margaret, however, soon put every thing to rights, and then, bringing in the candles and tea-things, greatly relieved her young mistress by giving her something to do ; for she could scarcely find a word to say to her unexpected visitor, who looked very grave and very ill ; and though he occasionally addressed himself to her with an air of politeness, and even of interest, yet he seemed greatly to prefer remaining silent, with his large dark eyes fixed on a wood-fire, which threw such a vivid light upon his sallow complexion, as made it look altogether ghastly. Tea, however, seemed to have the effect of a cordial on him ; the expression of uneasiness in his countenance gradually abated, and Catherine would have begun to feel quite at ease in his presence ; but she heard the rain and sleet patter against the windows, and she could not help thinking of the horses and post-boy ; she ventured to say something in their behalf to her guest, but he, opposite to the full blaze of the fire, and his great coat still buttoned, said that it was not at all cold, and that a little waiting would do neither the horses nor the driver any more harm than it would the chaise. 'All machines together, I suppose,' thought Catherine, 'in his estimation. How Amelia would have disliked this man if she had been here !' This reflection, as well as all the reflections which it might have involved, was, perhaps fortunately for him who had given rise to it, interrupted by the well-known regular trot of the grey pony."

The manner in which this grand tempered gentleman ejects his friend from the possession of Catherine's apartment, after he condescends to be in love, must be admitted to be very well done.

"As soon as ever Hamilton had closed his room door, an indescribable feeling of dissatisfaction, at the thought of being once more under the same roof with Catherine, diffused itself over his breast ; but in thinking of her it suddenly came into his mind, that she must have given up her own apartment to Halston ; for he

was well enough acquainted with the topography of the house to be certain that there were no more spare bed-rooms in it, than those occupied by the Bartons and himself; and he as suddenly resolved that if Catherine's apartment were indeed destined to admit any other occupant than its lawful mistress, Halston, at all events, should not be the occupier.

"Her dressing-glass would take fright at his long nose poking against it," said he, as he seized his portmanteau, and gathered up the things he had scattered about the floor; "and well it might; it is used to very different reflections."

"In a minute he was at Halston's door, and found his *compagnon de voyage* in the act of binding a broad ribbon round his head, in order to keep his hair as he had previously arranged it, that is to say, as he did many other things, the wrong way.

"My dear fellow," said Hamilton, "when you have settled your brain-belt, you must come along with me. I want to show you something in my room."

"But perhaps I don't want to see it; he! he! he!—what is it?—a ghost, or a rat, or a pretty face! he! he! he!"

"Aye! there you've guessed it. Come, make haste."

"By-the-bye, talking of pretty faces, what a silly fellow you were to tell me so much about the old parson, and so little about his daughters. Egad! I like your notions of retirement! he! he! he! with such companions I would turn hermit to-morrow."

"Don't tell them so, Hally, for fear they should forswear the world in a hurry. But what do you think of Mr. Neville?"

"Oh, he's a venerable; a better-looking old fellow than my old Big-wig was, that hummed Greek and Latin into me."

"That *tried* to do it, I suppose you mean."

"He! he! he! well it would have been all the same by this time—Greek and Latin are so thoroughly out. The Persic and Moslem are the things. Egad! I should like to have the teaching of them to that delicious little prude, that sate next me at dinner; I would be her Bulbul;—who is she?"

"Mr. Neville's eldest daughter, and wife to the young man Catherine speaks so affectionately to, and calls Henry."

"Well, she can't help that," said Halston, "it wouldn't be fair to try her by such a standard. Yet the girl would make a figure at Almack's, as well as the best of them; her eyes and complexion would astonish some of our fashionables, after all; and then what a head she has!"

"Aye, it would be worth changing with, would it not Hally?" said Hamilton: "inside and out it would be a good bargain; but come now, pray, my dear fellow, finish swathing your own skull, such as it is, and come along. Now don't begin with your eye-brows, for I swear I will not wait another minute."

"So saying, Hamilton hurried Halston off: and when he had got him into his own room, he pushed him towards the glass. "There," said he, "give me your opinion of the pretty face I promised to show you—you may look at it till I come back, for I am going to bring you your gim-cracks."

"What do you mean?" cried Halston.

"I only mean," replied Hamilton, returning almost instantly with Halston's portmanteau, "to change rooms with you, for I hate moreen curtains, and you are not fond of dimity."

"No more I am; one wakes too soon by half in those cursed white beds. I like a scarlet or a crimson the best; the more positive colour I have about me the better I look."

"Ah, you will look very captivating in this, I dare say, when you are fast asleep. You are like old hock, you look best in green."

"And so saying, Hamilton wished his friend good night, and left him to meditate upon the theory of colours, as far as it concerned coats, curtains, and complexions.

"Hamilton had no sooner shut himself securely into the room from which he had so dexterously contrived to eject Halston, that he looked round it with feelings almost amounting to reverence. The perfect neatness of its arrangements, the unassuming witness that it seemed to bear to the innocent and rational pursuits of her to whom it belonged, all struck so forcibly upon his mind, that he was overcome with a tenderness which seemed to spiritualise him in the purity of her that inspired it.

"Dear Catherine," he exclaimed, as he pressed to his lips a book of devotional exercises, which he found on her toilette table, and which opened of itself at a discourse on self-examination, "How 'sweetly good,' how 'innocently gay!' Of such a woman well may it be said, that 'the believing wife shall sanctify the unbelieving husband!'"

### *Rhymes for the Romantic and the Chivalrous.*

By D. W. D. Whittaker and Co.

This is not a volume in which a reviewer has to search long for a specimen poem that will do credit to the pages of a carefully selected periodical; the difficulty is to choose from among the rich store of true lyrics which we find gemming its pages. Not often does so *elegant* an exterior possess such intrinsic worth. It is, in truth, a book of beauty, quite worthy of being placed in the boudoir with the most splendid of our annuals. The vignette, by Wichelo and Finden, is a perfect piece of art, both in design and execution. The design of the frontispiece certainly does not accord with our taste; yet Finden has handled the graver as well as could be expected with an untoward subject.

The lyrical portion of the volume is of a very superior cast to the commencing metrical tales. We could hazard our critical reputation on the guess, that the latter are earlier productions, and the author does not show taste in making them companions of the brilliant and beautiful things ranged under the head of lyrics. Many of these would be easily arranged to music, as they are brief, full of spirit and fire, and written under the guidance of an ear which is accurate in accentuation. We like the following song in praise of an amusement which we cannot help thinking more in

consonance with the manly spirit of our island nobility, than the turf or the ring,\* polluted as these are with the sordid spirit of gambling trickery; besides, that sailors are better companions than grooms and jockeys;—

## YACHT SONG.

Hurrah! for that ocean gem, the Pearl,  
The gallant bark of our British earl;  
Is there the vessel would match with her?  
She must fly like the courser that feels the spur.

With a cloud of sail on each bending spar,  
And the spray from her sharp bows flying far,  
And a snow-white wake left for roods behind,  
She glides o'er the wave like the sweeping wind.

When the sea is smooth as the cloudless sky,  
And the breezes of summer nearly die,  
O'er the waveless water still gently borne,  
She moves like a maid on her bridal morn.

When the waves are like hills, and the winds are loud,

And the sea flies fast with the sable cloud,  
She meets the swift billow, and roves the main  
Like a conquering chief on the battle plain.

She is all that a vessel should ever be,  
The pride of the port, and the ark of the sea;  
She is fast in the tempest, and fast in the calm,  
In the race of the swift she has won the palm.

O well did they learn her perils and pace,  
When they followed her on in the fruitless chase,  
As from thralldom, proud of her prize, she bore  
The fairest girl of the Grecian shore.

Hurrah! for that ocean gem, the Pearl,  
The gallant bark of our British earl,  
There is not a vessel of war or peace,  
To match with that bark on the coast of Greece."

There is also pretty imagery in the  
"Fairies' Gathering:"—

## THE FAIRIES' GATHERING.

O where, O where do the fairies meet?  
They meet in their forest-hall,

With a pavement of verdure beneath their feet,  
And pillars of oak-stems tall;

Where bough clasps bough, and the foliage weaves

A shadowy dome from its emerald leaves,  
And the cope-screen forms each wall;

Where the glistening planets are peeping through  
For lamps, like drops of Moim's diamond dew.

And when, O when do the fairies meet?

They met when the moon is strong,  
On the wood's green sward, and the lake's broad sheet,

When the trees cast their shadows long;  
They met at the noon of the summer's night,  
When the glowworms, the stars of the ground,  
are bright,

And the bird chirps its vesper-song;  
When o'er the morass, with their torches lit,  
The merry wild meteors in revel flit.

And why do the fairies meet?—They meet  
To dance round their mazy ring,  
And list to the nightingale's wood-notes sweet,  
When those minstrels of midnight sing

\* See our correspondent's letter last month,  
and some awakening comments in this number.  
—Ed.

To the moon; and to drink from their blossom-bowls,

The nectary dew-drops that feed the souls  
Of the fairest flowers that spring;  
And they meet to torment with malicious mirth,  
And to laugh at the doings of foolish Earth.

Many people may find truth in the following pretty lines:—

## SONG.

She wrote no word—she sent no scroll,  
Though moons had past since last they met;  
He could not think it in his soul,

That one like her could e'er forget.

Ah, foolish one! for long he shed  
The bitter tear, and mourned her dead!

He little dreamed that absence parts

Those fragile links, by which love binds

The vain desires of fickle hearts,

The wandering aims of empty minds—

And he was in a foreign land,

And other suitors sought her hand.

Released at length from duty's throne,

Again he trod his native clime,

And found the maid once called his own,

Another's bride—and from that time,

Woman hath only been a term

For fickleness, and faith unfirm.

Perhaps the last we quote is the best:—

## THE LOVING-CONFESSOR.

He hath donned the confessor's gloomy gown,  
From his graceful shoulders the folds hang down,

They hide his sword, and his glittering vest,

They hide the jewels upon his breast,

And who would know 'tis Don Carlos now

With the monk's grey cowl o'er his noble brow?

He hath friends in the priests of St. Jago's shrine,

For they love his revels, and ruby wine;

So the maid he hath striven so long to win,

To the mock-confessor will say her sin,

Her bashful lips may impart to his ear

Even more than was meant for a monk to hear.

And the loveliest lady of Seville's town,

Who deals forth death with her slightest frown,

Whose smile is honour, and life to all,

Now sits in the lone confessional;

And her lover learns what she would not own

To her secret self—and what none have known.

Ha! ha! there is none like a gallant bold

To bring to confession the maiden cold;

And the Donna Lucz, the over-coy,

When she proves the pure, and the perfect joy

Of a worshipped bride, will forgive and bless

The art that hath made her at length confess.

Many others would give pleasure to our readers, which we have read with great satisfaction. The "Kentish Bowmen," the "Pole Star," the "Ear-shell," the "Forest King," and the "Heather Wreath," but we have already exceeded our limits for quotation.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Nos. 19 and 20.  
An Historical and Descriptive Account  
of China. In 3 vols. Vols. 2 and 3.  
Oliver and Boyd.

We thought very highly of the first volume of this history of China, reviewed at

page 348 ; but the second is one of the most entertaining books we ever read ; and we begin to be of opinion that the general curiosity of Europeans, in regard to the domestic routine of the Chinese, has occasioned such a mass of information to be gathered, "here a little and there a little," that the individual detail of Chinese life is now more minutely developed than that of any nation of the east. The learned conductors of this work have, in the discussion of Chinese literature, availed themselves of the labours of Stanislaus Julien ; in this matter we have anticipated them, as our readers will remember that two or three years ago we translated a curious ballad from Stanislaus Julien's specimens of Chinese poetry. It was partly illustrative of female life, and therefore it attracted our attention. For this reason we prefer now presenting our readers with an extract, descriptive of the life of a Chinese female, drawn from the works of a Chinese authoress, and most judiciously transferred to the pages of this volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. The detestable manner in which females are treated from the cradle to maturity, we think, must make the name of China abhorrent to every woman. Crippled and imprisoned as the China ladies are, the painful distortions of their feet, inflicted by the odious jealousy of their tyrants, it seems, does not exonerate them from domestic slavery. One shudders at the female infanticide authorised by the fiendish laws of this overpopulated and over-civilized state ; yet the fate of the poor baby who shrieked for three days, dying by inches and neglect and famine, was perhaps enviable in comparison with that of females permitted to attain woman's estate. As for the slavish creature who writes on the subject, it is evident that she feels for her own individual sufferings, but has not the least sympathy for the miseries of the rest of her sex ; indeed, in a passage which will be too extensive for our extracts, we find that this venomous China *blue*, recommends a still more cruel yoke to be laid on her miserable sex. There is no doubt that such an atrocious system has the natural effect of making the female character malicious and mischievous to a fearful degree ; still, Mrs. Pan-hoei-pan had better have pointed out the main-spring of the evil, than recommended greater severity. Our extracts will make our English ladies thankful that they were born in this our Christian land.

"Even the celebrated female writer, Pan-hoei-pan, strongly inculcates on her sex their own inferiority, observing that they hold the lowest rank in the human species, and that the least exalted functions ought to be, and in fact are, assigned to them.

"A girl from the moment of her birth experiences the sinister influence of these maxims. Whenever a supposed necessity impels parents to the crime of infanticide, a daughter is selected as the victim ; and those who escape this fate are by no means treated with the tenderness shown to male children. Dr. Morrison makes a curious quotation from a native work, which seems accurately to describe the different treatment of the two sexes.

'When a son is born,  
He sleeps on a bed,  
He is clothed in robes,  
He plays with gems,  
His cry is princely loud,—  
But when a daughter is born,  
She sleeps on the ground,  
She is clothed with a wrapper,  
She plays with a tile,  
She is incapable either of evil or good ;  
It is hers only to think of preparing wine and food,  
And not giving any occasion of grief to her parents.'

"Even Pan-hoei-pan refers to an ancient custom, that when a female infant was born, she was left for three days upon some rags on the floor, and the family went on without taking the slightest notice that any new event had occurred. After that period some slight ceremonies and rejoicings took place. This is applauded as a useful warning to woman, indicating the contempt which she must expect to meet with through life. 'Fathers and mothers,' says this writer, 'seem to have eyes only for their sons ; their daughters they scarce deign to look upon.'

"The education of beings having such an humble destination must of course be very limited. The first principles of morality, with skill to perform the necessary household tasks, ought, according to the soundest ethical writers, to comprise the whole circle of their studies. One author, indeed, referring to the frequent complaint of the husband that he finds very little gratification in the society of a partner whose mental resources are so small, seems to advise that he should teach her something, and encourages him by the remark, that even monkeys can be taught to play on lutes ; but in this instruction nothing intellectual can be intended, since he concurs with other moralists in declaring that she ought never to open a book. It must at the same time be remarked that several females who have obtained high literary eminence, and bequeathed learned works to posterity, particularly Pan-hoei-pan herself, are held by the people in peculiar esteem. Nay, in two of the most popular novels, the heroines are represented as having reached great distinction by their wit and learning, and thus rendered themselves objects of general admiration. One of them composes a piece of poetry, which is published with a notice, that the youth who shall produce a corresponding one to the same rhymes will be honoured with her hand. This step, extraordinary as it may appear to us, is highly approved, as a most happy mode of finding a husband of congenial character. To account for such anomalies must, to a foreign writer, be very difficult ; and we shall only observe, that, amid the varied impulses that sway the human mind, similar contradictions are not very unusual. In China, for instance, as in ancient Rome, while celibacy is generally held in disgrace, peculiar honours are nevertheless rendered to the few

who voluntarily embrace that state," and strictly fulfil its duties.

"As soon as a young lady has reached the age of ten or twelve, she is, in all families of any rank, placed in a state of the strictest seclusion. Her chamber from this time must be her sole abode; her mother and a few female friends her only society; and, with the exception of her nearest relations, she ought never to be seen by an individual of the other sex. Once to have been beheld by a youthful admirer, is considered an indelible blot on her reputation. A company of ladies, when in motion, are described as resembling a procession of nuns. The custom of covering the face does not indeed prevail as in Mohammedan countries; but a peculiar reserve appears to be felt with regard to the hands, which are carefully concealed from view by sleeves of extraordinary length. Mencius, the philosopher, while inculcating the strict separation to be maintained between the sexes, was pressed with the question, whether, if he saw his sister-in-law drowning, he would not take hold of her hand in order to save her? His answer was, that in such an emergency the principle of decorum might be violated; but that a general rule should not be tried by so extreme a case. It appears, however, that the fair inmates of the domestic prison are not without expedients to enliven its solitude. Sometimes two mirrors skillfully placed, one facing the door, will enable them to observe all who enter or go out, without the hazard of being themselves perceived. A class of females go from house to house to amuse them, by the recitation of songs and tales. They announce their approach by a little drum, when they are admitted into the outer hall, and soon find their way into the inner apartments. Ladies claim also the privilege of going to burn perfumes in the *Fagodas*, when occasions must occur of seeing, and perhaps of being seen; nor do they hesitate to take the air in covered barks upon the water. Even when plays are acted in the great hall, many do not scruple to place themselves behind a lattice, where there are not wanting crevices, through which may be descried some portion of their persons; and occasional bursts of laughter attract all eyes towards that quarter. This, however, is, by strict moralists, decidedly condemned, and considered as the mark of a degenerate age.

"Another circumstance in which Chinese writers generally concur is, that this seclusion from the world does not in any degree abate the zeal of the fair for the embellishment of their persons, to which they devote a large portion of their leisure. Their ideas of loveliness are peculiar, and often fantastic, and they hold in the very highest estimation a delicate and slender form. This appears above all in their endeavours to reduce the foot to a preternatural smallness,—an effect produced by checking its growth in the natural direction. From the period of birth, all the toes, except the great one, are doubled down beneath the sole, so that at the age of maturity, the whole fore-part of the foot appears as if amputated, while the remaining portion is swelled to an unnatural bulk. Mothers, who are so careless in every other point relating to their daughters, bestow

extreme diligence in bandaging, and guarding against every attempt which the child might make to relieve herself from this painful pressure. As soon, however, as the latter is able to comprehend the vast importance of the object, the martyrdom necessary for attaining it is cheerfully submitted to. These deformed parts are termed 'the golden lilies;' and if a lady ever breaks through the prohibition against displaying her person, she presents her feet as the surest darts with which a lover's heart can be assailed. They indicate, moreover, the rank of her who completely undergoes this mutilation; for it is not attempted at all by the labouring class, and by others who have not an entire command of time the effort could only be crowned with imperfect success.

"Some have ascribed this preposterous custom to the jealousy of the men, who thereby seek to check that propensity to gadding abroad to which the sex is represented as prone; but there seems little ground for this conjecture; the laws, which deal often with much smaller matters, are silent with regard to this usage, and leave it entirely under the sway of fashion. It does not, in fact, prevent motion, and that even with some degree of speed. *Le Comte* assures us, 'walk they do, and would walk all day long, with their good will.' The slender base upon which they move, however, renders it impossible that 'grace should be in their steps,' and allows only a hobbling and tottering gait, which has been compared to the waddling of a Muscovy duck. Another tradition, which refers the origin of this custom to the example of a celebrated imperial beauty, though not fully authenticated, seems rather more accordant with the usual march of fashion. To the means of embellishment we may add that of painting the face! for, though the author just quoted questions, whether the practice be general, there is no doubt that it prevails to a great extent, rouge being mentioned among the customary presents made to a young lady on her marriage. Extreme delicacy appears to enter into the Chinese idea of a perfect beauty. The heroine of the '*Fortunate Union*,' is compared to a web of the finest silk; her waist, it is said, 'like a thread in fineness, seemed ready to break.'

"Though young women are secluded from the world, it is deemed right to inform them that their characters, nevertheless, may be perfectly known; and that no one can expect to be married unless she has the reputation of possessing such qualities as will make her a good wife. With this view, they are told, that they ought to be quiet, industrious, timid, and constantly by the side of their mothers. To speak loud is, in a young lady, to speak ill. 'What a fine hope for a family,' exclaims a moralist, 'is a maiden with lips of carmine and cheeks of paint! The more she strives to make herself an idol, the less will she be worshipped. If she laughs before speaking, walks languishingly, and gives herself affected airs, she is fit only for the theatre.' He thinks it necessary also to insinuate, that in vain will the roses of her lips and the lilies of her complexion eclipse the lustre of the morning and of the spring, if the fire of anger mount up and inflame her eyes."



"The young wife, we are told, soon finds her situation far from being improved by having quitted the paternal roof. The degree of thralldom in which she was there held was liberty itself when compared with the house of bondage into which she now enters. She is bound to render unqualified submission to one who views her as unfit to be a rational companion, and scarcely belongs to the same species with himself. The fair Pan-ho-pan instructs her sex, that they owe to their husbands an obedience, 'without exception of times or circumstances, extending to, and exercised upon, every thing.' Be he agreeable or disagreeable, he is her chief, her master, her companion, her only one, her all.' This subjection, however, might be felt as in some degree natural, and probably tempered with the exercise of affection; but there is another yoke which presses still heavier, and is harder to be borne. The mother-in-law, so long as she lives, is complete mistress of the house,—entitled to treat the young wife as a servant, and even as a slave. The Li-ki expressly states, that a daughter-in law can have nothing personally belonging to her; nothing which she is entitled to give or even to lend; whatever she receives as a present must be taken to her mother-in-law, when, if not accepted, it may be modestly received from her as a gift. That lady, if every thing commanded by her be not strictly fulfilled, may both inflict chastisement herself, and command her son to follow the example. Even the sister-in-law assumes air of superiority over this new inmate, who, according to an author quoted with applause by Pan-ho-pan, ought to be 'nothing in the house beyond a pure shadow and a simple echo.' According to a maxim of higher authority, it is better to make a wife weep a hundred times than a mother sigh once. A friendly moralist remarks, that it is hard for female pride thus to bend beneath one, and yield precedence to another, of her nearest relations. The series of miseries which the sex endures are forcibly depicted in the following poem:—

"What a dismal condition is that of a woman! her lot is in the hands of the husband to whom she has been given away. Scarcely is she united to him when she must follow him as a slave does his master. Entering into his family she loses her own. So bitter a separation pierces her heart; her eyes become fountains of tears. She receives her mother's last adieu without hearing it from the excess of her grief, and no one sympathizes with her. Even her brothers and sisters return none of her sighs; while she beats her breast in the magnificent chair where they have shut her up, instruments of joy resound on every side. Her forehead is adorned with jewels and flowers; her ears are loaded with pearls; gold and embroidery shine in her dress: this is the last effort of her parents' tenderness. The porch of her husband's mansion is adorned with silk flags and garlands of flowers, yet within she often finds only poverty and indigence. I found worse, poverty and pride; a sour step-mother, an infirm father-in-law, seemed to contrive how they might make me feel that I was come only to serve them; while their

daughter, seated like an invited guest, spent the day in preparing and putting on her dress. The lowest household labour made the sweat flow from my forehead. I was obliged to rise before morning; and when night had extended her deepest veil, the hour of rest for me was not yet come.

"I became a mother; this was a new weight added to my yoke of iron. If I watered with my tears the countenance of my child, I was unwilling to afflict my husband, and concealed them before him. My children increased my trouble; they were frozen with cold, and I had nothing to cover them; they cried to me for *Bread!* they disputed for my breasts, and found them dry. How often have I taken up a cord to end my sorrows. Oh, my son! oh, my daughter! my tenderness for you made it fall from my hands, and the idea of leaving you orphans appeared more frightful than all my griefs. How little did it cost me to cut my long hair, and sell it to relieve you! I would have sold myself had it been possible!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"The female sex, that oppressed and despised portion of the species, are almost exclusively the victims of infanticide. Life is usually extinguished by immersing the head of the infant in water; but sometimes a large dish is merely placed above her, and she is left to die a lingering death. Navarrete saw one who had remained three days in this condition; she was parted only by a few boards from her mother; her father, grandfather, and grandmother, were constantly passing the spot; yet her cries, which pierced the heart of the Missionary, 'could make no impression upon those monsters.' He obtained permission to take away the child; but she was past recovery, and died in a few days, after severe sufferings. Still there have not been wanting native authors who have raised their voice against this enormity. Dr. Morrison quotes one of high reputation, who tells his countrymen that the 'drowning of daughters is a most wicked thing,' and declares the perpetrators to be 'worse than wolves or tigers.' Unable, seemingly, to impress upon them the value of the sex upon other grounds, he reminds them, 'if there were no daughters, there could be no mothers.' Notwithstanding these precepts, certain it is, that the law, otherwise so rigorous, does not take the slightest cognizance of this crime, nor ever subject those guilty of it to punishment. Amiot even charges the government with inviting to its perpetration; for every morning, before it is light, wagons traverse the different quarters of Pe-king to receive the dead infants. They are all conveyed to a particular place, and those in whom there are any remains of life, are said to be nursed and educated. The dead are deposited in a huge crypt or vault, and quicklime is thrown upon them that the flesh may be speedily consumed. Once a-year the bones are collected, and burnt in presence of commissioners sent by the Li-pu board. The ashes are thrown into the river, the Bonzas uttering a prayer, that the next life may be longer and happier than the unfortunate one which had so quickly closed, and that these remains may serve as materials for the formation of other beings. Amiot suspects that this

process is partly prompted by the dread that the skeletons may be applied to some unhallowed use, either of magic or sorcery, or is connected with the absurd idea, that a mixture of them improves the beauty of porcelain. The missionaries at Pe-king appear to have obtained such details as to justify the belief, that the number of infants destroyed was upwards of 3000 annually. This proportion, if supposed to extend over only half the empire, would give a very large amount."

We must pass by without commendation the amusing specimens given in this volume of the Chinese hieroglyphic writing, nor the admirable portion devoted to the statistics of this country. The selections from the maxims of Confucius, convince us that the attainments of this great civilizer as a literary composer, have been overrated by Europe. He was, in all probability, the first person who awakened a savage aboriginal people to the excellence and beauty of moral truth. No doubt, Confucius was a beloved instrument in the hands of the Most High; but to us who are used to the full blaze of revealed truth in Scriptures, the celebrated maxims of Confucius appears as truisms, little calculated to command attention from an intellectual people. One and one alone of these, though without any pretence to religion or morality, strikes us as witty and original:—

"To feed one and not to love him is to treat him as a pig."

The third volume is by its nature more useful to men than attractive to women; notwithstanding, under the heads navigation and commerce, much amusement may be gathered; the zoology is extremely entertaining: we think among the other abhorrent practices of these over-civilized brutes, the murder of their poor domestic creatures, cats, and dogs, is most hideous; and the perusal of the following passage is almost as shocking to us as the murder of female babes:—

"Du Halde observes, that it is 'a very good diversion to see the butchers, when they are carrying dog's flesh to any place, or when they are leading five or six dogs to the slaughter-house; for all the dogs in the street, drawn together by the cries of those going to be killed, or the smell of those already dead, fall upon the butchers, who are obliged to go always armed with a long staff or great whip, to defend themselves from their attack, as also to keep their doors close shut, that they may exercise their trade in safety.'

"The Chinese, according to Meyen, eat almost everything that comes to hand. 'Upon the streets of the city, but particularly on the large square before the factories, a number of birds are daily exposed for sale, which amongst us have not yet gained much repute for flavour; among others, hawks, owls, eagles, and storks. To a European, nothing can have a more laughable effect than to see the Chinese arrive

with a carrying-pole, supporting two bird-cages, which contain dogs and cats instead of birds! A small thin sort of spaniel appeared to us to be most in request; they sit quite downcast in their temporary dwellings when they are brought to market, while the cats make a dreadful squalling, as if conscious of their fate."

On the whole, we make no scruple in declaring, that this history of China now complete, is the best production of the periodical libraries we have yet seen, and will gain much renown for the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

### *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane.*

SMOLLET'S translation: illustrated by JEAN GIGOUX. Part I. Dubochet.

Here French art and English type go hand in hand, we think greatly to the advantage of the public; for this edition of "Gil Blas" is a perfect treasury for the woodcut connoisseur: we own, we prefer our own style of comic design to Gigoux, yet English art must be benefitted by the introduction of the broad and daring effect of the French blocks,—there is a constant aim at bold originality in these designs of Gigoux; sometimes the attempt is baffled, but frequently the critic is gratified by the complete success of the vignettes. The Departure of Gil Blas, page 14, is good; the Parasite, page 19, first-rate; the Arrest, the Issue from the Cavern, the Monk and Mule, and above all, the Escape with Donna Mercia, and the Conversation, in the next page, are capital.

The figure of Rolando, though a fine broad work of art, ought to have had a page to itself, it is too large for a vignette. The initial designs are beautiful, and on the whole it is a publication of great merit, likely to form a good example to English art, if the succeeding numbers are equally sustained.

### *We shall meet again. Original Pieces in Verse and Prose.* Totham.

We are glad to meet this old friend, though with a new face. It is a collection of religious essays and poems, chiefly by the same contributors that supported its elder sister—"Remember me!" There are many well-known contributors to its well-filled pages; we think our readers will be well satisfied with the following:—

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Long had the eastern sages waked, to keep  
Their heaven-directed vigils; on the height  
Of solitary cliff, or lofty tower,  
Watching the courses of those radiant orbs  
Of living light, whose sparkling myriads gem  
The darkly beautiful array of night,  
Confused to slight observers; yet to eyes

Vers'd in celestial science, every star  
Shining sublime, distinct, and differing  
In brightness from the rest; and each adorn'd  
With some particular glory of its own.  
From glowing sunset to the deep serene  
Of sable night, the rapt Chaldeans gaz'd  
On that resplendent train, 'till blushing morn  
Surpris'd them, still unwearied at their task!  
And the first planet, glimmering on the brow  
Of dowy eve, beheld their silent watch  
Once more resumed; 'till in the azure east,  
With brighter beams adorn'd than ever shone  
To mortal eyes midst that celestial choir,  
They saw the long-expected star arise,  
Portentous of an infant Saviour's birth.

*A Letter to the Directors and Subscribers  
of the General Cemetery Company.* By  
G. F. CARDEN, Esq. the founder. H.  
S. Street. 15, Carey-street.

This letter statement was published for the occasion of the annual meeting, on the 9th of June, and particularly with reference to the new elections. Professedly the management declares for economy, but it seems that, contrary to every pledge of the original prospectus, and their own, so large a sum as £36,000 is about to be expended, as Mr. Carden shows (unnecessarily) in brick and mortar, for the making of vaults and brick graves. The letter strongly recommends Mr. Kendall's much approved and beautiful design, for which he received, as a competitor, 100 guineas premium from the company, as far back as the year 1832, the cost of executing which would only be £10,000. Whether guided by taste, or influenced by honour and just dealing, we hardly think the Directors will venture upon this bold, and apparently dishonest, and extravagant outlay of £36,000, in a cemetery which is considered to be finished, and on which some £50,000 have been already expended. Mr. Carden has given the Directors a hard bone to pick; but we shall delay further comment, in the expectation of having a counter statement; for there are several gentlemen named, who would not like to be reproached as defrauders, whose transactions in this company set forth, with most uncompromising accuracy, appear in a very questionable light.

*Arboretum Britannicum*, Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, the last entitled, *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*. Longman.

We are concerned when our limits will not permit us to notice this admirable work, number by number, as we did on its first establishment; it richly deserves more elaborate consideration than when we first received it, for Mr. Loudon is never content with fame, but is ever striving to effect some new improvement. We had considered *Arboretum* Latin sufficient to imply

*fruticetum*, therefore, the addition is not, in our mind, an improvement.

As to the merit of the number on which this additional name is imposed there can be but one opinion. it is excellent in every respect; the woodcuts have resumed their clearness and boldness. The Japan Gliditschia, the Eastern Oleaster, and the Flat-leaved Elm, are perfect patterns of excellence in wood-cutting; nor could we point out one cut in this number which is not very good; the *Ailantus Glandulosus* was in the spotty style which we love not. Many of the cuts in the double number are in this trifling style: we are pleased to see the free, natural leafing restored in the last number. The histories of many of the trees depicted are now to be found among the letter-press, they abound with valuable and entertaining information, and the marginal wood-cuts and descriptions of flowering shrubs, are features in the work which give us great pleasure. We think the large cuts of leaves of various trees, in their natural size, were scarcely needed, and not in harmony with the delicate finish of the rest of the embellishments; these occur, perhaps, for experiment, in the double number 18 and 19. We think their omission would be desirable, for a stranger opening the volume, would be struck with a coarseness that can be found in no other department.

*Magazine of Health*. Nos. 4 and 5. Tilt.

The Magazine of Health dabbles not in quackeries, its rules wisely inculcate the best way of keeping the human fabric in proper strength. We extract the following wholesome stave as a specimen of its spirit:—

"The soul and the body are so linked and joined together, as partners of each other's ill, and of each other's welfare, that the one cannot be affected without the other's being so too. They mutually influence one another, share each other's joys, and participate in each other's sufferings, until death breaks the bonds of their union asunder. Hence it is, that a diseased body makes a heavy drooping mind, and a wounded, disturbed, or restless mind, makes a youthful healthy body to languish and decay. The man who seeks for the health of his body, must procure ease, and rest, and tranquillity of mind. A man who is thoughtful to an intense degree, who is always or unseasonably employing his mind seriously and eagerly, whether in real or fictitious matters, disturbs and interferes with his other organs, enervates and interrupts them in the discharge of their functions, impairs his health, and hastens on old age. By how much the rational faculty is over-busy, or exercised at improper times, drawing the full vigour of the soul into the exercise of that faculty, and robbing the other organs of their necessary influential supply; by so much are the other faculties impoverished, and their duties languidly and imperfectly performed,

A close student's life is, therefore, most unhealthy: he is liable to many infirmities, and his life is necessarily short.

"The foregoing observations may be thus summed up:—

'It cannot but be, when the mind's not well,  
Its linked fabric must endure some wrong.

Drink sparingly;

Eat moderately;

Exercise your limbs:

Rise early from your bed;

Keep your mind tranquil;

Act temperately in all things,

And intemperately in none."

The rule is short; the life it leads to, long.

*Switzerland.* Nos. 23 and 24. By W. BEATTIE, M. D. Illustrated by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. *Virtue.*

This number (23) contains "Tell's Chapel and the Meadow of Gruth," which well exhibits the lake of Lucerne, and the reflection of the mountains upon its glassy surface, but not strikingly Tell's chapel. "The Wildkirchlein, or Hermitage, Canton of Appenzee." This is the first we remember to have seen of this description of Hermitage or secluded sanctuary in this present collection; many a mile have we paced to see a hermitage cut out of, and in a rock, of which the neighbourhood spoke in terms of divine sanctity. "Wetterhorn, Rosenlain," exhibits snow-clad mountains, and mountains covered with fir, peasant's hut and cattle, engraved with good effect by W. Taylor; the cattle are very well done, and the figures also.

"The Aar-fall at Handek," engraved by W. Woolnoth, is nobly executed, and in every respect good: reader, fancy yourself there, and there you may in reality be.

From Heaven above to earth below  
You see the foaming water flow;  
And watch the "Höll of waters" under,  
Swift as light, and loud as thunder.

The swain's midnight visit to his fair chosen one at page 88, is very feelingly and naturally told. We will not question Dr Beattie's knowledge of what took place formerly in Scotland, which gave rise to the popular Scotch "wooning" song, but we much question, whether any thing at all resembling the Swiss peasant's visits, exists at the present time in the 'land of cakes.' With the Swiss in this respect there is far greater latitude than the doctor prudently mentions, and much less than he alludes to with the Scot.

The 1st. plate exhibits "Lucern," engraved by Wallis, and one of the three extraordinary bridges built for the convenience of strangers in connexion with the town: they are, as stated at page 109, the greatest curiosities to a stranger. "The Hof-brücke" (here depicted) is 1380 feet in length, covered with illustrations of sacred history. Another comprises all the important events

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from the first dawn of liberty downwards, faithfully represented in oil colours, and tending to keep alive among the youth a knowledge of their heroic annals, and a spirit of independence. A third bridge is embellished with pictures from "Holbein's Dance of Death;" and a fourth, apparently of great antiquity, uncovered. This design is excellently true, and efficiently done. The next is "Lake Leman," engraved by W. Hill, in which great effect is given to a tranquil scene. Next follows "The Statue of Arnold Von Winkelreid, at Stantz, Canton Unterwalder," engraved by E. J. Roberts, a piece of very great merit; but we must here, as we have on several occasions, hint to the talented artist, that however excellent, in some departments, the faces and figures should be executed by some other hands; in this department, alone (and it is an almost exclusive art) they are deficient in power, and greatly so. As a whole, we repeat most sincerely, that this publication is one of extraordinary merit; but with attention to this branch it would be still nearer perfection, and in none other is there visible either hurry or carelessness. The last plate represents "The Gorge of the Tamina;" an awful pass, which marks at once the ingenuity and the daring enterprise of the Swiss. Mr. Wallis has done it ample justice.

*Stanfield's Coast Scenery.* Parts 9 and 10. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have travelled month by month with this beautiful work from beginning to the end, and can say with truth that we have seen few of the artistical periodicals of the day sustained with greater excellence all the way through. Stanfield's Coast Scenery soon deservedly gained a great name, but there was no flagging or falling off in consequence,—the last issue is still better than the first; and in support of this declaration we call to witness, the beautiful plates of Falmouth, the frontispiece engraved by Cousin, the exquisite sky and distance of the Martello Tower by Cooke, Wurbbarrow Bay by Appleton, and the Lands' End by Kernot, and the Crêves by Highams. There is but one plate in the two numbers that is not decidedly successful, and this is St. Pierre Port, by W. Finden: the printing of this plate is not good, and we are inclined to think the faults of undue blackness and hardness in the distance is a mannerism, that sometimes we have faulted in Stanfield's designs, though it has seldom occurred in this collection, which altogether is nearly perfect. We cannot bid farewell without a word of praise for the letter-press; it is full of entertaining and choice morsels from scarce books.

## HER MAJESTY'S SIXTH DRAWING-ROOM.

(Concluded from p. 44.)

## DUCHESESSES.

● **NORTHUMBERLAND:** Magnificent silver brocaded Irish tabinet, train and bodice lined with white satin, beautifully trimmed with elegant silver-sprigged tulle, with blonde and ribands; rich white satin petticoat, covered with tulle, trimmed with cerise and silver ribands. Head-dress, lappets, splendid diamonds.—**ROXBURGH:** Blonde over white satin; pale lilac satin damask train, lined with white, trimmed with riband and gold. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds.

## MARCHIONESSES.

**AVILFSBURY:** Blonde dress, looped with roses; rich pink satin slip; blonde body, sleeves to correspond; blonde train, over rich pink satin, trimmed with roses and blonde. Coiffure, feathers, splendid diamonds; lappets, rich blonde. COUTESSES.

**CHICHESTER:** Whitesatin, with blonde flounces, headed with tulle and satin bows; train and corsage, gray satin, richly trimmed with blonde, trimmed with roses and blonde. Coiffure, feathers, splendid diamonds; lappets, rich blonde. **CAMOGAN:** Train and bodice, green satin, lined with white, brocaded in bunches of gold flowers, elegantly trimmed with gold lama and blonde; petticoat, rich white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—**ROSBURY:** Train and bodice, lilac satin, brocaded with white, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and riband; rich white satin petticoat, deep blonde flounce. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—**LITCHFIELD:** White satin petticoat, on tablier in silver, edged with blonde, looped back with bows and diamonds; body, train rich lilac figured satin, trimmed with silver and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamond comb, ear-rings, necklace.—**KINROUL:** Superb Brussels point lace, over blue satin, en tablier, with Brussels lace, diamonds, pearls, and bouquets of blue convolvulus and silver wheat-ears; corsage magnificently ornamented with diamonds and pearls; rich blue satin train, embroidered with gold and silver, lined with white satin. Head-dress, splendid diamond comb, feathers, and point lace lappets; diamonds and pearls.—**CANWILLIAM:** Train and bodice, rich pink figured satin, lined with white, trimmed with point lace; beautiful white satin petticoat. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**HARROWBY:** White satin, with green satin and gold cordeliere; light green terry velvet train, richly trimmed; corsage a pointe, with rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and splendid diamonds.—**LICHESFORD:** White crapo over white satin; rich lavender figured satin train, lined with white, trimmed with riband; body and sleeves with blonde; diamond stomacher. Head-dress, toque, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.—**JERMYN:** Brussels lace, over pink satin; manteau and bodice pink figured gauze, lined with white satin garniture; pink satin riband, with bouquets of flowers; bodice and sleeves trimmed with Brussels lace. Head-dress, feathers and Brussels lappets, with diamonds.—**DE LAWARR:** White satin, embroidered with gold lama; white velours d'Afrique train, trimmed with Brussels lace. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds.—**KILMOREY:** Tulle blanc, embroidered with pearls, over satin; corsage and sleeves, trimmed with blonde; rich jonquil satin broche manteau, ruban et de perle. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—**SEBASTIAN:** Splendid Court dress, tulle lama argent, over satin; manteau noire bleu, richly embroidered; corsage a pointe, ornamented with dentelle soie. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls, diamonds.

—**DE SALIS:** Superb Court dress, velours de la Reine bleu; corsage, ornamented with Chantilly; dress, rich blonde a fleurs, magnificent blonde flounce, over rich blue satin, cheruse blonde. Head-dress, feathers, turquoises, diamonds.

## VISCOUNTESS.

**DILLON:** Train, rich pink brocaded satin, ornamented with satin; superior British lace dress, over rich white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets.

## BARONESES.

**LENZEN:** Blonde, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; rich lilac figured satin train, lined with gros, trimmed with riband and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, pearls.—**RUTZEN:** French blonde, a colonnes, over white satin, en tablier with wreaths of pink hyacinths and convolvulus, silver wheat-ears, and grapes; body and train, rich pink figured satin, trimmed with blonde and flowers. Head-dress, feathers, flowers, and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings to match.—**DE BLOME:** Blonde, over satin; manteau, green and white poulx de soie, with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—**D'OMPRIDA:** Tulle, in silver, over satin; train, embroidered satin, jaune faconne. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls, diamonds.

## LADIES.

**MAXWELL:** White satin, with Grecian tulle and bouquets of flowers; train, superb brocaded green satin, lined with white satin, ornamented with Grecian tulle and bouquets of flowers; blonde mantilla and ruffles. Head-dress, feathers, lappets and pearls, necklace and ear-rings, en suite.—**ELIZABETH MURRAY:** Tulle blonde, with rich satin under, beautiful pink satin train, figured white, trimmed with white and rose satin ribands; mantilla, sabots, and lappets. Coiffure, feathers and fine pearls.—**G. MURRAY:** Tulle blonde, under white satin; light rose satin figured white train, with white and rose ribands; blonde mantilla, sabots, and lappets. Coiffure, feathers and fine pearls.—**RAVENSWORTH:** Crape, embroidered with silk, trimmed with blonde and lilac-gray ribands; poplin train, figured white; mantilla, sabots, and lappets of rich blonde. Coiffure, ostrich feathers, diamond suit.—**ALDIS:** Pink satin train, lined and trimmed with white satin and blonde; embroidered crapo dress, with blonde and rosettes of diamonds, over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.—**H. BAGOT:** Tulle, with ribands and flowers, gold and blue; white satin under; train, oriental fabric, figured in gold; mantilla, sabots, lappets, superb Brussels lace. Coiffure, feathers, diamonds.—**WARR:** Tulle, over rich satin, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of roses, a lien of silver, body l'ancienne style, deep rich blonde; rich lilac and white figured satin train, with bouffants of tulle, looped with roses and silver. Coiffure, feathers and diamonds, lappets.—**YOUNG:** Embroidered crapo, over white satin, trimmed with silver lama; pearl-colour tabinet manteau, lined with white satin, and rich silver border; body and sleeves same; antique ruffles, and leontine broad blonde, with rosettes of silver. Head-dress, feathers, silver resille, lappets, and diamonds.—**BRIDGES:** Rich white broche silk, with blonde and bunches of riband; biche satin manteau, lined with white, trimmed with ruches of tulle and satin roses; corsage and sleeves as manteau, trimmed with blonde. Silver resille and plume.—**DE TASELY:** White satin, silver and blonde garniture; manteau, su-

perb green satin, ombroidered in silver. Head-dress, plume, lappets, diamonds.—D'ORSAY: Elegant embossed tulle over white satin; Court robe rich brocaded lavender satin, with bouquets of geranium and laurel blossom; corsage Maria Stuart, trimmed with blonde. Head dress, feathers and diamonds; necklace and earrings en suite.—PRICE: Rich white satin petticoat and deep blonde flounce; blue broche satin train, lined with white satin, garni with bouquets of blush roses and forget-me-nots; corsage and sleeves Louis XIV.; stomacher, necklace and earrings, costly diamonds. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—CANNING: White crape dress, green and gold bouquets, over rich satin; manteau broche, green and gold, with blonde and satin garniture. Head dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—PILL: Dress broche, over white satin, rich garniture; superb white satin manteau, richly trimmed, looped with gold tassels; corsage ornamented with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls, diamonds.—LILFORD: Superb train maize terry velvet, embroidered with silver; body and sleeves a l'antique, trimmed with blonde; sabots of blonde; dress, rich white brocaded satin, with blonde and satin. Head dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—DEATHLY: Rich brocaded blue satin train, torsades of blonde and riband; body and sleeves a l'antique, with blonde and sabots; dress, tulle illusion, over rich white satin, trimmed with broad blonde releve en pointe. Head-dress, feathers, diamond wreath, diamond wheat-ears, lappets.—JONASSEN: Rich mauve brocaded satin train, with draperies of tulle illusion, blonde, and ribands; body and sleeves a l'antique; sabots costly broad blonde; white rich brocaded poult de soie dress, with blonde and satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and profusion of diamonds.—GRANT: Rich blonde robe, with flowers and ribands, over white satin; rich lilac satin manteau, lined with white satin, trimmed with flowers and blonde; mantilla and sabots rich blonde. Head dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds and amethysts.—ALLEN: Costly green brocaded satin train, with blonde, and riband; body and sleeves a l'antique, with blonde, lined with white satin; blonde petticoat, over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—STEPHEN: Pale-amber gros-de-Naples train; body and sleeves a l'antique, with blonde and white lilacs; blonde petticoat, over white satin, with white lilac. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, white lilac, blonde lappets.—CURRIE: Costume de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin, with tulle and blue flowers; rich blue satin train; Chantilly body and sleeves, Bertie and sabots. Plume, blonde lappets, brilliants.—STUART WORTLEY: British blonde, over white satin, trimmed with white satin riband; mantilla ruffles British blonde, violet satin manteau, lined with white silk; garniture orange-coloured satin, festooned with arcs of satin riband. Head-dress, plume ostrich feathers, lappets blonde, ornaments, diamonds, pearls.—LEMLEY: Manteau and bodice rich blue brocaded satin, lined with white ditto, tulle and satin garniture, French blonde, rosettes of blue satin riband; bodice and sleeves trimmed with rich French blonde lace; petticoat rich French white satin, garniture tulle and blue satin riband. Head-dress, panache of ostrich feathers, lappets, diamonds, and chrysolites.—S. KEN: Mais crape, over rich satin slip; body a la jeune France, with blonde; superb silk train, elegantly trimmed. Coiffure feathers, pearls, lappets.—L. CRIVE: Train and bodice magnificent pink satin, lined with white, beautifully trimmed with blonde and ribands; petticoat rich white satin. Head-dress, plume, blonde lappets, and

diamonds.—C. LEGER: Train and bodice magnificent lilac and white figured satin, with blonde and ribands; petticoat rich white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—L. PERCY: Rich figured ducape, with tulle and blue ribands; mantilla, sabots blonde lace; train, blue satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets. C. and M. HILLS: White crape, with blonde and riband; train rich figured white Irish tabinet, lined with silk, with ruches of tulle, intermixed with cockades of pink riband. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—GORDON: Train and bodice beautiful sky satin, lined with white, trimmed with tulle, bows of riband, and profusion of blonde lace; petticoat rich white satin with ribands. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—BUTLER: Train and bodice splendid maize silk, lined with white, trimmed with blonde net and ribands; handsome mantilla and sabots; petticoat white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.—S. NEEDHAM: White crape, over rich white satin, with blonde; manteau rich Pompadour, broche feuille de rose, garni de ruban. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearls.—S. MORTIMER: Court dress, poult de soie rose faconne, with point lace; dress, rich white satin faconne. Head-dress, feathers, point lappets, diamonds.—WHITNEY: White figured satin, with satin garniture, rich Chantilly en tablier; magnificent brocaded velvet manteau. Head-dress, blonde toque, plume, lappets, profusion of diamonds.—DUFFIN: Blonde over white satin; superb lilac figured satin manteau, lined with rich white satin; corsage ornamented with blonde. Head-dress, plume, lappets, and diamonds.—ROBE: White tulle, splendidly embroidered with gold and colours over rich white satin; body and sleeves mantilla and sabots superb blonde; train, rich watered silk, superbly ornamented with gold. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and amethysts.—G. CLINTON: White tulle, with bouquets of silver flowers over rich white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with silver; blonde mantilla and sabots; train, gold coloured satin, lined with white, trimmed with silver. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, yellow topaz.—C. CLINTON: The same. Pink topaz ornaments.—DES Vieux: Rich maize broche velours des Indes manteau, with Chantilly blonde, looped with satin riband rosettes; corsage and sleeves same, splendidly trimmed with blonde and diamonds; petticoat white satin, volante superb blonde. Head-dress, lappets, feathers, tiara diamonds; necklace and earrings en suite.—C. SCOTT: Dress, tulle over white satin, with pullings of net and flowers, body a la jeune France, deep-fall rich blonde branches, a la Clotilda; train, rich poplin, handsome trimming net and flowers. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, and pearls; blonde lappets.—SOUTHAMPTON: White velvet, a l'Reine Adelaide, with rich Brussels lace, a pointe a la loeline, with rich blonde manches, a la Louis XIV; blonde sabots; train, velours blanc a la Reine Adelaide, with ruche and riband. Coiffure, feathers, pearls, and diamonds; blonde lappets.—FOLLETT: Rich white figured satin, with wreaths of jasmine and white roses, festooned with rosettes of satin riband; train, rich green and white figured satin, lined with white satin, with blonde; rich blonde mantilla and sabots. Head-dress, plume, lappets, pearls.—JAMES O'BRIEN: White brocaded dress, garniture de ruban et fleurs; mauve satin manteau broche en blanc et garni de ruban; blonde mantilla. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers.—C. FRIZNOY: Rich gray figured silk train; blonde mantilla and sabots; white crape petticoat over white satin, trimmed en tablier with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—TAINLESTOWN: White sa-

tin petticoat, embroidered with gold; manteau, green and white brocaded satin; bodice and sleeves, with blonde; mantilla, subots blonde. Head-dress, diamonds, and lappets.—**DICKENS**: Tulle petticoat, embroidered in gold lama over white satin; train, corsage lavender and white rich broche satin, all round with blonde, lined with white gros; mantilla, and sabots superb Chantilly. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pearls.—**MACDONALD**: Brussels lace, over white satin; train, body, sleeves, gray satin, lined and trimmed with point. Head-dress, feathers, amethysts.—**DICKSON**: Court dress, a la Huguenot, white gros-de-Naples; tunic body, sleeves blonde, pink and white Provence roses; train, pale rich pink satin, lined with white satin. Head-dress, jewels, lappets, and feathers.—**E. FOLLY**: White satin, with tulle cerise bouquets silver wheat, cerise flowers; body a l'Isoline, sleeves, rich full of blonde; train, oriental cerise satin, embroidered in silver, with puffings of tulle, looped with silver. Coiffure, feathers, diamonds, with lappets.—**F. BENTLEY**: White crape, over rich satin slip, satin and blonde trimming; manteau, superb green satin, and rich garniture. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.—**W. PARKER**: Blonde, over white satin; manteau, superb sky blue satin; corsage a pointe, with blonde. Head-dress, plume, lappets, turquoises, diamonds.

#### MISS RESSER.

**DELAPE**: Brocaded blue satin, with blonde stomacher, diamonds and turquoises; train, blonde and silver; bandeau, rubies and diamonds, diamond tiara, necklace, earrings.—**C. ANCHUT**: White brocaded pou de soie, with bouquets of heath and almond blossom; bodice, magnificently ornamented with blonde and flowers; costume a la Louis XIV.; manteau, rich figured pink satin, lined with white ditto, garniture en rouleaux; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**S. RYNDOLDS**: White crape, silver lama siecle Louis XIV.; under white satin; splendid figured blue satin train, blonde and silver; mantilla, sabots, lappets rich blonde; coiffure, feathers, beautiful pearls and diamonds; diamond earrings, necklace, Sevigne.—**ALDIS**: Figured white silk, with blonde; train, rose satin, white satin rouleaux; head-dress, court plume, lappets, diamonds and pearls.—**A. W. BISHOP**: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., garni, pale pink satin, lined with rich white satin, superbly trimmed with Chantilly; dress, splendid figured French blonde; mantilla and sabots, same; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, pearls.—**H. C. HOARE**: White crape of splendid embroidery en colonnes, over rich white satin; stripes of white brocaded riband down skirt; body and sleeves with blonde; train, white gros d'Orient, with satin, blond bows, white brocaded riband; head-dress, plume, lappets, diamond ornaments.—**F. LORTUS**: Blonde over white satin, richly trimmed with blonde and pearls; rich satin train; broche, l'inc and primrose, with blonde, lined with white satin; head-dress, plume and blond lappets, diamond ornaments.—**FOX MAULE**: Tulle petticoat, embroidered in gold lama and pearls, over rich white satin; train and corsage, elegant colonnade, white satin, broad gold lame, edged with pearls and gold braid, lined with white gros; mantilla and sabots, rich broad Chantilly; head-dress, feathers, lappets, brilliants, pearls.—**GLEN BRYNARDSON**: White crape petticoat, embroidered in gold lama, over white satin; train, rich colonnade broche mauve satin, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with blonde and satin rouleaux; sabots, mantilla, superb Chantilly; head-dress, feathers, lappets; ornaments, diadem,

earrings, necklace, superb brilliants.—**BWRIGHTSON**: Rich white figured satin, trimmed with ruches of tulle and satin riband; train, rich blue satin, trimmed with blonde; rich blonde mantilla and sabots; head-dress, plume, lappets, diamond ornaments.—**ADMIRAL LAWTON**: Rich white satin dress, volant de blonde et d'or; rich green poul de soie, manteau trimmed with gold; blonde mantilla; head-dress, diamonds, topazes, feathers.—**M'LEAN**: White crape dress, brodie or et blanc; splendid white satin manteau, jolie garniture du ruban; blonde mantilla; head-dress, pearls and feathers.—**ASULIV**: Rich white gros d'Atrique corsage and sleeves, with blonde and flowers; superb blue satin train, with blonde, &c.; head-dress, lappets, feathers, diamonds.—**J. SELBY**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), rich white blonde, with pearls and fleurs du Bresil; rich white satin train, looped with tassels of pearls; body and sleeves with Chantilly; plume, lappets, brilliants.—**S. WILSON**: White satin dress, embroidered colonne et bouquets de fleurs; body and sleeves, with diamonds and blonde; train, rich emerald tabinet, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—**BRYANT**: Blonde over a rich satin slip, ornamented with pearls and satin garniture; a superb manteau of white satin, faconne a fleurs, ornamented with rich blonde; head-dress, ostrich plume, blonde lappets, pearls, and diamonds.—**BLUNT**: Brussels point robe, over white satin, with flowers and gauze riband; manteau, silver gray Irish poplin, with Brussels point and gauze riband; mantilla, and sabots, Brussels point; head-dress, feathers, point lappets, magnificent Oriental pearls and diamonds for head and stomacher.—**R. COCKRELL**: Rich blonde robe, with roses and lilies of the valley over white satin; rich pink satin mantua, lined with white satin, with flowers and blonde; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; head-dress, feathers and lappets; jewels, rich topaz, diamonds.—**MEYNELL**: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), white moire train, embroidered in gold; dress, rich white satin, blonde flounce; corsage, with blonde and brilliants; head-dress, feathers, lappets, brilliants.—**B. CHALONER**: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), rich white satin train, with blonde; dress, white crape over white satin; blonde mantilla and sabots; head-dress, feathers, lappets, brilliants and amethysts.—**CHANNON**: White satin, embroidered in silver; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; magnificent manteau, white satin, with rouleau of silver lama, and bouquets of marabouts; head-dress, feathers, lappets; prairie of diamonds.—**PFECHILL**: White blonde a volan, over white satin, blonde and riband trimming; train, white satin with amethysts; head-dress, feathers, amethysts, diamonds.—**STONAR**: Blonde, over white satin, superbly trimmed with blonde; train of rich pink satin, with wreaths of tulle.—**RUSHOV**: Rich blonde robe, over white satin, with blonde and gauze riband; rich figured lilac satin manteau, lined with white silk, trimmed with blonde; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; head-dress, feathers, lappets; ornaments, diamonds and precious stones.—**PORTER**: Blonde robe, over white satin, with blonde and gauze riband; rich figured green satin manteau, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and riband; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds and precious stones.—**YOUNG**: Tulle over satin, embroidered in silver, trimmed with bouquets of pink roses mixed with silver; manteau of green Poonah muslin spotted silver, lined with white satin, embroidered with broad silver border; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, Leno-

tine and ruffles of broad blonde; bouquets of pink roses and silver; head-dress, feathers pearls.—**ROUND:** Habit de Cour (XVII. siècle), pink damask satin, trimmed with pink rosettes; body and sleeves Berthe et sabots, Chantilly; dress, white moire poulte de soie; plume, lappets, brillants.—**G. WELBY:** Tulle, over rich white satin petticoat, with bunches of pale blue flowers and white satin ribbons en robe; beautiful brocade blue and white train, lined with silk, ruche of tulle, satin rosettes; corsage and sleeves, Maria Stuart, blonde lace, and ruffles; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, pearls, pearl necklace.—**SHERIFF LAINSON:** Richly embossed train, lilac and white satin, lined with white, trimmed with blonde and riband; corsage, Maria Stuart; antique sleeves full trimmed with blonde; head-dress, superb diamond, feathers.—**MALBY:** Superb figured white satin, ornamented with blonde; violet satin manteau a la reine, with fine blonde and mat-ot; sabots and Berthe of blonde; head-dress, feathers, pearls, amethysts.—**PEGU:** Train and bodice of splendid blue figured satin, lined with white, trimmed with profusion of blonde, mixed with ribands; petticoat, rich white figured satin, elegantly trimmed; head-dress, plume, lappets, diamonds.—**C. SHAW:** Train and bodice, green satin, trimmed with ribands and blonde lace, lined with white satin; petticoat, rich white figured satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**S. CARRY:** Train, rich ruby satin du serail, with torsades of blonde and riband; body and sleeves a l'antique, with costly blonde and sabots; superb blonde dress over a rich white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, profusion of diamonds.—**BURK:** Rich brocade pink satin train, with noude voiles; body and sleeves a l'antique, richly ornamented with blonde and sabots; superb blonde dress a colonnes, over superb rich white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.—**WINDSOR:** Embroidered crape, with rich azure satin train; superb blonde and noude of blue satin and silver; mantilla, rich blonde, clasped with diamonds; head-dress, feathers, diamonds.—**H. ERLE:** Tulle over satin, trimmed with pinks, roses, and jessamine; manteau of pink broche silk, lined with white, trimmed with tulle and riband; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, with rich blonde and roses.—**GEN. GROSVEKOR:** Elegant Court dress, feuille de rose figured satin, lined with rich white satin, blonde and satin trimming; superb white satin trimming; head-dress, plume, lappets, pearls, diamonds.—**MICHELL:** Brussels lace over superb satin, with bouquets; manteau, rich etoffe faconne; corsage, lace, silver cordeliere; head-dress, feathers, Brussels lappets, splendid diamonds.—**G. BURNABY:** Lace, rich pink satin train, lined with white satin, trimmed with swansdown and blonde; feathers, lappets, pearls.

#### MISSES.

**DOYLE:** Dress and tunic white muslin, Turkish border of beautiful flowers, embroidered in gold and colours; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, with gold and Brussels point; manteau lilac satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds.—**BRIDGES:** Rich white satin, with tulle illusion and bouquets of mixed geraniums; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, Leontine and ruffles of blonde; manteau primrose satin lined with white, and trimmed with geraniums. Head-dress, feathers, and blondelappets.—**SUTTON (two):** Costume de Cour (moyen age), dress, white tulle Grec, over white satin, with bouquets of pink wild roses; train rich white satin; body and sleeves with Chantilly. Plumelappets.—**ASBOTT:** Embroidered white crape, over white

satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train rich pink satin, lined with white gros, trimmed with net and riband. Head-dress, feathers and pearls.—**C. ASBOTT:** embroidered white crape, over white satin, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train rich white figured gros, lined with satin, trimmed with net and flowers. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds.—**WYNN:** Clear muslin, over white satin, trimmed with lace and wreaths of roses; train clear muslin, lined with pink silk, trimmed with lace and roses. Head-dress, plume and lace lappets, pearl ornaments.—**PORTER:** Blonde robe, with Bengal feathered flowers, over white satin; manteau rich white satin, lined and trimmed to correspond; mantilla and sabots rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearl ornaments.—**SMYTH:** Petticoat figured blonde, over white satin, richly ornamented with blonde lace and riband; manteau, lilac satin embroidered with pearls, trimmed with blonde; corsage with pearls and deep blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets and pearls.—**SMITH:** Petticoat figured blonde, over white satin, with blonde lace and riband; manteau rich green satin, embroidered with pearls, trimmed with blonde; corsage ornamented with pearls and deep blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pink topaz.—**BRANK:** French blonde, over white satin; lilac satin bodice; train richly trimmed with pearls, blonde, and bunches of lilies. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, necklace, ear rings, &c.—**CATION:** White crape, over white satin, embroidered en tablier, with bouquets of dahlias and other flowers; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, leontine and ruffles superb blonde; manteau of rich cerise and white broche satin, ruche of tulle and rosettes of white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets.—**HORG JONESTON:** White tulle, over white satin, with bouquets of flowers; body a l'isoline, with rich bonde; sleeves a la Jardiniere, with sabots of blonde; train superb satin, white ground, rich stripe of pink and gauze, trimmed with tulle and riband. Coiffeur feathers, diamonds and blonde.—**GEORGINA CURTIS:** Habit de Cour (XVII. siècle) white satin, with blonde tulle ruche; body and sleeves Berthe et sabots Chantilly. Dress of white tulle over satin, with bouquet de cote. Plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brillants.—**GUILLEMIN CURTIS:** Habit de Cour (XVII. siècle) poulte de soie paille, trimmed with blonde tulle ruche; body and sleeves avec Berthe et sabots of Chantilly; dress tulle de fantaisie over satin, bouquet de cote. Plume, lappets, brillants.—**FOLLY:** Tulle over white satin, with bouquets of wild convolvulus; train rich blue satin, lined with white, body and sleeves Louis XIV., with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets.—**KER:** White tulle over rich satin with flowers; body a l'isoline, with handsome blonde; train rich pink with puffings of Greek net and rouleau. Feathers, pearls, lappets.—**HOGY (two):** Petticoat dentelle de soie, with roses over rich white satin corsage and train of satin faconne rose et blanc, a ruche d'oeille; rich blonde mantilla and ruffles, looped with white roses. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, ornaments of pink topaz.—**H. HADGEMER:** Tulle over rich white satin, en tunic, with bunches of blue and white marabouts with silver grapes; corsage and sleeves Louis XIV., handsomely trimmed with blonde; train, white velours des Indes, rosettes of blue satin riband. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, turquoises, necklace and earrings en suite.—**CROSBIE (two):** Train and bodice, straw-coloured satin, lined with white, beautifully trimmed with tulle riband and blonde lace; petticoat white satin and tulle, elegantly trimmed with lilac flowers and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**EDON:** Embroidered



## *Her Majesty's Sixth Drawing-Room.*

white crape dress, superbly trimmed with blonde, over rich white satin; train rich Irish tabinet, lined with white, trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**PERIN**: Train and bodice splendid pink satin, lined with white, and handsomely trimmed with blonde lace and ribands; petticoat beautiful blonde lace over pink satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls.—**WALPOLE**: Train and bodice rich figured white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribands, petticoat tulle rich white satin, with ruches of blonde and flowers. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**KERR**: Rich pink satin, with point lace; train pink satin, lined with white, richly trimmed with point. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**DILLON**: A figured green Irish poplin, with train torsades of blonde and riband, body and sleeves a l'antique, with blonde and sabots; dress, white rich brocaded poul de soie, trimmed with rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets.—**BAGOT**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), white crape dress, trimmed with white and silver bouquets; train blue gros des Indes, lined with white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Plume of feathers, blonde lappets, brilliants.—**SARRIN**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), white Irish blonde dress over white satin; train rich brocaded pink and white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—**BENISFORD**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), dress white Indian silk, brocaded green and gold; train rich mauve watered silk, trimmed with gold lama; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Plume, lappets, brilliants.—**L'ARSOND**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), white Indian silk, brocaded green and gold; train rich mauve watered silk, trimmed with gold lama; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly. Plume, lappets, brilliants.—**BAILLE**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), white tulle dress, over white satin, with ivy and wild roses; train rich white velours d'Athènes; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly. Plume, lappets, and brilliants.—**STURCHAN**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), splendidly embroidered in gold lama; train white satin, richly embroidered over in gold bouquets, border in gold; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly. Plume, lappets, brilliants.—**BLACKWOOD**: Blonde over white satin; train rich white satin, corsage a la point trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls.—**YOUNG** (two): Tulle over white satin, with bunches of convolvulus, and bows of satin riband; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, Leontine and ruffles of board blonde; manteau of straw colour, poul de soie, with ruches of tulle and bunches of convolvulus. Head-dress, feathers, pearls.—**PARKER**: White crape over a rich satin; train pink poplin, satin garniture; corsage ornamented with rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls.—**BALLOU**: Blue silk train, blonde mantilla and sabots, petticoat tulle over white satin, trimmed with blue polyanthus. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, pearls.—**CAMPBELL**: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., rich pink satin train, with fullings of tulle and roses, blonde mantle sabots, tulle petticoat over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, necklace, tiara of perists and enamel.—**DES Vaux**: Tulle over rich white satin, en tunic with ruche of blonde, with bouquets of mixed geraniums; corsage a la point; Mameluke sleeves; train jonquil velours des Indes, ruche of blonde and bouquets. Head-dress, lappets, feathers, pearls, necklace, ear-

rings.—**IRBY**: Tulle over white satin, with ruche of blond en tunic, looped with bouquets of geraniums; corsage a la point, Mameluke sleeves; train rich white satin, trimmed with blonde, looped en festoon, bouquets. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, pearls, necklace and earrings.—**HYGINS**: Tulle over rich satin, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of roses, with relief of silver body, ancient style, deep rich blonde; magnifique train of rich lilac and white figured satin, handsomely lined with white satin, bouffants of tulle, looped with roses and silver. Feathers, diamonds, lappets.—**BEARCLARK**: Tunic silver lama over rich white satin trimmed with blonde, looped with bunches of red and variegated carnations; Mameluke sleeves, corsage a la Elizabeth; train broche pink satin, with small bouquets in colours. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds, pearls; necklace, earrings en suite.—**PRINCE**: Tulle over white satin, trimmed with heath and wild roses; train, pink satin, with blonde ruche, lined with white silk. Head-dress, plume, lappets, pearl ornaments.—**CRISTON** (two): White satin, with blonde; train, peach blossom satin, lined with white satin, trimmed with tulle, blonde, and satin. Head-dress, plume, splendid blonde lappets, diamond and pearl ornaments.—**LLOYD**: Habit de cour (XVII. siecle), rich pink satin, garni ruban et fleurs; bodice and sleeves, blonde mantilla and sabots; dress, tulle de Cambridge, ornamented with bouquets of flowers, over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, pearls, lappets.—**MACDONALD**: White crape, trimmed with blonde, bows, ponceau satin; train, white velvet, with satin stripes, garniture satin. Head-dress, plume of scarlet feathers, diamonds.—**BLANCHARD** (two): Crape, over rich white satin, superbly ornamented with Turkish embroidery, gold and colours; corsage a la point; Mameluke sleeves, deep blonde; train, rich white velours des Indes, looped en festoon, with bouquets of pale roses. Head-dresses, lappets, feathers, diamonds.—**ESKINE**: (Siecle Louis XIV.) white crape dress, bouquets of blush roses over rich white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train, superb white satin. Head-dress, plume, lappets; pearl ornaments.—**MALCOLM**: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), rich blue glace gros train, festooned with bouquets blue and silver, blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticoat over white satin, en tablier, bouquet of blue and silver. Head-dress, feathers, lappets; diamonds.—**DILLON**: (siecle Louis XIV.), rich figured white satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticoat over white satin, trimmed with fancy flowers. Head-dress, feathers, lappets; diamonds.—**JONSSON**: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), rich blue broche train; blonde mantilla and sabots; petticoat, figured white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets; diamonds, pearls.—**F. JONSSON**: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), rich white satin train, trimmed round with bouquets of convolvulus and honeysuckle; blonde mantilla and sabots; blonde petticoat, over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets; diamonds, pearls.—**F. IRBY**: Blonde, over white satin; manteau blue silk, with mixed trimming of tulle and flowers; mantilla and sabots blonde. Head-dress, splendid plume of blue and white ostrich feathers, lappets; diamonds, pearls.—**CECILIA IRBY**: Blonde, over white satin; manteau figured white satin, with riband and pearls; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, white ostrich feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls.

## HER MAJESTY'S SEVENTH DRAWING-ROOM.

### HER MAJESTY.

Elegant tulle, richly embroidered in silver; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; rich silver tissue train, with handsome silver border, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. (The whole of British manufacture.)

#### H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Beautiful tulle, over white satin, magnificently ornamented with diamonds and pearls; rich mize train, figured satin, tastefully trimmed with satin and blonde, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. (The whole of British manufacture.)

#### PRINCESS BREZENHEIM.

Habit de Cour (Hongrois), pink watered silk robe, a queue, richly embroidered in silver lama; apron and epaulettes in tulle, embroidered in silver; body laced with pearls, and trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, pink and silver bows, veil and brilliants.

#### DUCHESSES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.** White tulle, over white satin, richly trimmed with gold fringe and ribbons to correspond with train; train and bodice of white Irish tabinet, brocaded with gold, lined with white satin, and trimmed with gold fringe, mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

**HAMILTON.** Handsome Brussels lace, over rich gold colour satin slip; corsage and manches a la Maintenon, richly trimmed with Brussels lace and Brussels ruffles; rich white watered gros-de-Naples train, richly embroidered with gold, and lined with rich white satin. Head-dress, handsome white ostrich feathers, Brussels lace lappets; diadem and bandeau costly diamonds; earrings and diamonds dejeuner.

#### DOWAGER DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

White satin petticoat, richly embroidered in bouquets of gold; embossed green satin robe, tastefully ornamented with ribbon; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, panache of feathers, blonde barbes, with profusion of diamonds.

#### COUNTESSES.

**STANHOPE.** Habit de Cour (moyen age), tulle dress, richly embroidered in gold and colours; train of rich corse and white satin broche blonde; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **SEBASTIANI.** Court dress, cerise gros d'Afrique, richly embroidered in gold bouquets; corsage elegantly trimmed with gold and rich blonde; superb white satin dress, embroidered to correspond, and ornamented with splendid diamonds. Head-dress, elegant plume of ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, diamond necklace, and earrings. **POULETT.** Very rich white French satin dress, handsomely trimmed with satin ribbon and pearls; train, rich blue French satin, trimmed with blonde and pearls. Head-dress, diamonds, pearls, and feathers. **MEXUONOVU.** Rich black brochet satin, corsage and sleeves a l'antique, trimmed with black blonde, Venetian sleeves to correspond; black satin manteau, trimmed round with ruches of tulle, and

cockades of satin ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets, with Roman pearl ornaments.—**JENSV.** Costume de Cour (a la fille d'Artois), superb silk train, elegantly trimmed with deep blonde and rouleau of silver; body same: sleeves a l'isoline, with superb full of blonde and diamonds; tulle skirt, over white satin, trimmed, en tunic, with net, intermixed with lilac flowers and rosettes of silver; rich silver band at the sides. Head-dress, coiffure, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—**WEMISS AND MARCH.** White satin front, magnificently embroidered in rich gold lama; stomacher embroidered to correspond: manteau and bodice, rich blue and white lavender satin, lined with white satin, surrounded with garniture of gold lama, edged with French blonde lace; bodice and sleeves elegantly trimmed with gold lama and beautiful French blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, French blonde lappets, profusion of diamonds and emeralds; necklace and earrings en suite.—**BROWNLOW.** Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich tulle Grec dress, embroidered in gold lama, en tablier et riche bordure; tulle Grec train to correspond with the dress, lined with white satin; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, embroidered en suite. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

#### VISCOUNTESSES.

**BIRSFORD.** Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin dress, embroidered in pink en tablier, trimmed with blonde and ribbons; pink velours epingle train, broche a bouquets; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—**ASHMOOK.** Tulle, over white satin petticoat, handsomely trimmed with tulle and ribbon; azure blue satin train, trimmed with tulle and ribbon: mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, white feathers, diamonds, and rubies.

#### LADIES.

**ADILIZA MANNERS.** Lilac crape over white satin, trimmed as a robe with silver lama, and noues of lilac satin ribbon embroidered in silver lama intermingled with silver wheat; manteau and bodice rich perruche and white brocaded satin, surrounded with garniture of satin and silver lama, festooned with noues of satin ribbon edged with silver lama; mantilla and ruffles handsome French blonde lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds, pearls and rubies.—**LOUISA FORBES.** Handsome tulle, over white satin, richly embroidered in gold lama and floss silk; manteau and bodice pink figured satin, lined with white ditto, surrounded with garniture of tulle and satin, and gold lama; blonde mantilla and ruffles. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and lappets of French blonde; ornaments, diamonds.—**JANE CHARTERS.** Tulle, over white satin; handsomely trimmed with blonde and satin, bouquets of mixed flowers: bodice and sleeves to correspond, handsomely trimmed with French blonde lace; gros d'Athens manteau; colour vert of lune, lined with white satin, and surrounded with garniture of satin, edged with French blonde lace, festooned with noue satin, edged with blonde. Head-dress, os

feathers and French blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.—**J. STEWARD**: White satin, trimmed with blue flowers and ribbon; train and bodice rich blue satin, lined with white silk, and trimmed handsomely with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—**CHETWOOD**: White crape, embroidered, over white satin, with brocade ribbon down skirt; body and sleeves trimmed with rich blonde, decorated with bouquets of convolvulus; lilac gros d'orient, train trimmed with satin blonde, and bows. Head-dress, plume, lappets, and pearl ornaments.—**G. BENZIE**: White satin, trimmed with French blonde and satin ribbon; mantilla and ruffles of French blonde; train, celeste Oriental, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and celeste satin. Head-dress, plume and blonde lappets, with pearl ornaments.—**ROSE BOUGHTON**: Brocade satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, emerald green satin; train, ornamented with shaded ribbon. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, fine point lappets, and diamonds.—**KINLOCK**: Tulle illusion, richly embroidered in bunches of flowers, brocade pink satin train, trimmed with pink roses and ribbon; dress and train finest blonde. Head dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.—**M'GUIRON**: Dress embroidered, over white satin, Adelaide coloured satin; train, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; corsage a la Sevigne; mantilla, sabots, and epaulettes of deep blonde. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, amethysts.—**SHERBOURNE**: White crape, embroidered in silver, over white satin: train and bodice black satin, trimmed with black point lace and ribbons. Head-dress, blonde lappets and diamonds.—**ACTON**: Habit de Cour (moyen age), white poul de soie dress, trimmed with tulle and ribbons, fastened with brilliants; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; white tulle train, embroidered in silver lama. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets and brilliants.—**JONK RESSIT**: Rich grey satin train, richly trimmed with ribbon and blonde en torsade; body and sleeves a l'Egyptienne, ornamented with blonde and sabots; white crape dress, over rich white satin, trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.—**J. CAMERON**: Habit de Cour (moyen age), white crape, embroidered in silver lama a colonnes; pink and white brocade satin train, trimmed with silver lama; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—**G. COCKBURN**: Petticoat of blonde net, embroidered, en colonnes, with floss silk, over white satin; canary and white brocade satin manteau, lined with white satin, and garniture of blonde and ribbon round it; body trimmed with blonde lace, and deep ruffles. Head-dress, feathers, blond lappets, and diamonds.—**E. COURTENAY**: Blonde lace petticoat, tastefully trimmed with blonde and pearls; celestial blue figured silk train, ornamented with pearls and ribbon, lined with white satin, body elegantly trimmed with blonde, and ruff in the style of Queen Elizabeth. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and pearls.—**ANNA MARIA COURTENAY**: Rich white satin petticoat, ornamented with bouquets of wild roses and blonde net; rich pink paglin train, lined with silk, trimmed in

festoons with ruches of tulle and ribbon; body same, with deep blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. (The whole of the dress of British manufacture).—**C. LESLIE**: Rich figured white satin petticoat, tastefully ornamented with draperies of tulle and bouquets of mixed flowers; rich peach velours train, lined with white satin, and garniture of ribbon and flowers; body full trimmed with blonde lace and ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and pearls.—**C. NIELD**: White satin, handsomely trimmed with blonde: rich silk robe, brocade in bouquets of roses, tastefully ornamented with blonde; corsage a la Marie Stuart, studded with diamonds. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds; necklace and earrings en suite.—**SEYMOUR**: Costume, jonquille satin manteau, lined with white, superbly trimmed with silver and violet satin; corsage and sleeves a la Louis XIV., in gold, silver, an violet, ornamented with antique point lace; dress, rich white satin, trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, point lace lappets, ostrich feathers, and brilliants, interspersed with violets; ornaments, brilliants and amethysts.—**C. FLETCHER**: Costume de Cour (a la fille d'Autois), a white silk, trimmed with a deep flounce of blonde; sleeves a l'Isoline, ornamented with blonde; train en Pompadour satin, tastefully trimmed. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds and blonde lappets.—**L. HAIGUAN**: White blonde, over rich white satin; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde; white gros velours, handsomely ornamented with ruche of tulle and white ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pearls.—**SIMPLEY**: Lace, over white satin, handsomely trimmed with Brussels point lace; blue satin train, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feather and diamonds.—**TYNHAM**: White figured satin, with deep lace flounce; corsage and sleeves granade satin, trimmed with fine Brussels point; point lace mantilla; granade satin train, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ermine. Head-dress, point lappets, feathers, and rich suite of pearls and diamonds.—**JONKILL**: Magnificent French blonde dress, a colonnes, over rich white satin slip; superb diamond stomacher; rich French blonde mantilla; blue celeste satin train, trimmed with blonde, looped with bouquets of yellow flowers. Head-dress, diamonds, arranged with a diamond tara; feathers and lappets.—**D. GORDON**: White satin; green satin train, figured and trimmed with ribbons of two colours; mantilla and sabots of Brussels point lace. Head-dress, feathers, suite of emeralds, and diamonds.—**DUNN**: Blonde, with white satin under dress: Oriental fabric train, figured in gold, lined with white satin, trimmed with a rich chef of gold; mantilla, sabots, and lappets, of sylphide blonde. Head-dress, feathers, and suite of large pearls and diamonds.—**MACLAINE**: Superb blonde lace dress, over white satin; train same, trimmed with silver lama; body and sleeves composed of blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, rubies, and blonde lappets.—**G. CHOLMELEY**: White gros-de-Naples dress, trimmed with ruches of tulle, tastefully intermixed with bows of pink ribbon; train, brocade pink silk, ornamented with pink riband; Court tucker, ruffles, and lappets of superb point lace. Head-

dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls.—**CAMPBELL**: Tulle, trimmed with ribands and blue and silver flowers; splendid maize-coloured satin train; mantilla and sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, fine pearls, and diamonds.—**MARY LONG**: Rich brocade maize satin petticoat, with flowers in bouquets: train and body, green Pompadour silk; sleeves and body, style of Charles IX., trimmed with point lace. Head-dress, feathers point lace, lappets, and diamonds.—**ROBNEY**: Tulle illusion, over rich white satin slip; rich brocaded silk train, trimmed with blonde; mantilla and ruffles to correspond. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets, with jet ornaments.—**MONTFORT**: Blonde, under white satin, with superb mais brocaded satin train, richly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, lappets, and brilliants, diamond earrings and necklace.—**RODD**: White crape, embroidered with gold and colours, over rich white satin slip; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with gold and ribbon; mantilla blonde lace sabots; rich white moire train, splendidly brocaded with gold and floss silk. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds.—**A. PEELE**: White dress, embroidered with gold, elegantly trimmed with blonde; white satin train, embroidered with gold, and looped with gold tassels; corsage profusely ornamented with gold and rich blonde. Head-dress, ostrich plume, blonde lappets, and diamonds.—**DUFFERIN**: Court dress, lavender figured satin, with rich blonde trimming; corsage a pointe, ornamented to correspond; rich blonde dress, over white satin slip. Head-dress, an elegant ostrich plume, blonde lappets, diamond necklace and earrings.—**M. D. CHRISTOPHER**: India brocaded gold dress; green figured satin train, brocaded in gold, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and gold flowers, with profusion of diamonds. Head-dress, costly diamonds, lappets, and feathers.—**PALMER**: Tulle, over white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde, with bouquets of convolvuluses; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, with leontine and ruffles of broad blonde; white satin manteau, trimmed round with ruffles of tulle, and bouquets of variegated convolvulus. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets, with opals and diamonds.—**J. SCOTT**: Costume de Cour (a la fille d'Artois), white crape, over white satin slip; sleeves, a l'Isoline, trimmed with blonde; white satin train, elegantly trimmed, a la Huguenot. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—**PYNE**: White satin, brocaded in gold bouquets; corsage and sleeves trimmed with gold lama; train of yellow satin, with garniture of gold and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, and brilliants.—**GRAVES SAWLE**: Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin, with deep Chantilly blonde flounce; rich pink and white brocaded satin train; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—**SMITH**: Habit de Cour (moyen age), white crepe lisse dress, embroidered in bouquets of gold and coloured flowers, over white satin; rich paille et blanc brocaded satin train; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—**G. MIRROR**: Costume, rich pink gros d'orient train; blonde mantilla and sa-

bots; tulle petticoat, over satin, trimmed, en tablier, with blonde and bouquets of roses. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; pearls.—**POLWARTH**: Costume, broche satin train, blonde mantilla and sabots; white ducape petticoat, handsomely trimmed. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; diamonds.—**DILLON**: Costume, rich yellow figured satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; white petticoat, handsomely trimmed. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; pearls.—**CHURCHILL**: Figured white satin petticoat; robe with double rows of rich point lace; body and train green velvet; mantilla and point lace ruffles. Head-dress, black velvet resille, with splendid diamond sprays, and tassels, and feathers; diamonds.—**G. BATHURST**: White gros-de-Naples, embroidered in floss silk; rich blue figured silk train; trimmed with bouffants of tulle and ribbon. Corsage a la Sevigne, with rich blonde gothic mantilla sabots and epaulettes. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

#### HONORABLE MISTRESSES.

**STANLEY**: White satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbons; train and bodice, figured maize satin, lined with white silk, and trimmed with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.—**CANNGREY**: Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich white brocaded satin trimmed with Brussels point; train Pompadour, damas broche a bouquets de couleurs; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, Brussels point. Head-dress, plume of feathers, Brussels lappets, and brilliants.—**B. THOMPSON**: Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin; emerald green figured satin train, body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, emeralds, and brilliants.—**WEST**: Crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold lama and silk, over rich white satin slip; deep blonde flounce; rich broche lilac ducape train, lined with white satin, and garniture of tulle and ribbon; mantilla and sabots of rich Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.—**MILNES**: Dress white satin, elegantly embroidered with deep border of silver, intermixed with pearls; corsage and sleeves rich black satin, with leontine and double blonde ruffles, manteau black satin, lined with white, with border of black and silver roses, intermixed with tulle. Head-dress, feathers, with broad blonde lappets, and a profusion of diamonds.—**DEMOISELLE RAFF**: Habit de Cour (moyen age), white poulx de soie; rich velours des Indes bleu de ciel train; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

#### HONORABLE MISSES.

**FLOWER**: Tulle, over white satin petticoat trimmed with pink rose and tulle rich pink satin train, body and sleeves a la Louis XIV. Head-dress, white feathers, and pink topaz.—**MOZZON**: Blue crape, over satin, trimmed with ribbon and tulle; train and bodice rich figured blue satin, trimmed with ribbon; mantilla and sabots of point lace. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—**STUART**: Blonde, over white satin, trimmed with bouquets of ribbon and lilies of the valley; corsage and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; rich white

brocaded, train silk lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls; blonde lappets. OLIVIA STUART: Crapo, over white satin trimmed, en tablier, with bouquets of ramilla and jasmine, corsage a point, and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde and esprits, train of rich satin broche, trimmed and lined. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls, blonde lappets.—COLONEL RUDD: Habit de Cour (siecle XIV.) figured blue satin, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with satin rouleau and tulle; Chantilly blonde dress, over white satin; mantilla and ruffles of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, resille, with blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

MISTRESSES.

W. MOORE: Costume de Cour (a la d'Artois), white crape dress, trimmed with blonde, and embroidered in silk; sleeves a l'Isoline; rich pompadour silk, train, elegantly trimmed. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—ELLION: Rich brocaded pomona green satin; train, trimmed with satin; body and sleeves a l'antique, richly ornamented with blonde and sabots; brocaded white satin dress to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, and blonde lappets.—HUBERT: White tulle dentelle, over white satin, trimmed with lilac flowers and silver wheat; corsage and manches a la Maintenon rich lilac and white brocaded satin, trimmed with deep blonde lace; rich lilac and white brocaded satin train, lined with white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde lace and ribbon. Head-dress, handsome white ostrich feathers, rich blonde lace lappets; costly diamonds, and pearls.—ST. JOHN: White crapo over white satin slip, trimmed with roses and silver wheat, rose colour velvet corsage, and manches a la Maintenon, trimmed with rich blonde lace; train lined with satin, and richly trimmed with silver lamé. Head-dress, white feather; blonde lace lappets, diamonds and precious stones.—C. WOMBWELL: Costume, rich torquoise satin manteau, lined with same colour, trimmed with bouffants of Brussels net, interspersed with nœuds of ribbon; beautiful white broche satin dress, with deep flounce of Brussels lace; corsage and sleeves a la Louis XIV. with ruffles and mantilla same as flounce. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and brilliants; ornaments, necklage cross, and earrings to correspond.—BLACKWOOD: Costume, cerise poplin train, superbly embroidered in gold shamrocks; lined with white gros de Naples, ornamented with gold and nœuds of cerise ribbon; tulle illusion dress, trimmed to correspond, with corsage and sleeves a la Louis XIV. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and white chrysanthemums, with diamonds.—CHICHESTER: Blonde en tablier, over white satin; rich green damask satin train, trimmed with blonde, lined with white gros de Naples; body and sleeves of siecle de Henri IV.; sabots and mantilli of blonde.—J. LINDSAY: Point lace over rich white satin; mantilla and ruffles, rich point lace dress; white poult de soie train, trimmed en draperie and bows of white satin, and lined with white silk. Head-dress, feathers, and point lappets, with diamond ornaments.—ACKLAND: White crape petticoat, embroidered in ribbon and floss silk, over white satin; corsage, sleeves and manteau (du siecle de Louis XIV.) rich pomme verte figured silk, trim-

med with Chantilly blonde; deep ruffles and berthe of blonde. Head-dress, ostrich plumes, blonde lappets, and suit of pearls and emeralds.—STRACEY: Tulle embroidered over white satin, ornamented with amethysts and ribbon; rich maize satin train, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; corsage, stomacher of amethysts, finished with fine blonde; sabot to correspond. Head-dress, blonde toque, white ostrich feathers, birds of Paradise, lappets, and diamonds.—BLAND, JUN.: Real blonde over white satin, superbly ornamented with fine blonde and diamonds; rich white satin train, trimmed with blonde and fine blush roses. Head-dress, feathers, lappets and bandeau of diamonds, ornaments, diamonds and pearls.—ROUND: Costume de Cour, a l'antique, pink damassee satin; body and train trimmed with pink roset and pink and white roses; moire silk jube, a colonnes; mantilla of rich blonde, Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.—ORWAY CAVE: Habit de Cour (siecle XIV.), pink and white damassee silk, elegantly trimmed with white blonde; tulle ruche, rosettes of pink ribbon and pearl upon corsage, sleeves, and ceinture; Chantilly blonde dress over white satin embroidered with gold; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—BOWES: Figured mauve satin train, lined, and looped in front with nœuds of ribbon; corsage a la Sevigne, richly ornamented, with deep blonde mantilla ruffles and epaulettes; white crape embroidered in floss silk dress, over white satin. Head-dress, a pearl resille, feathers, and blonde lappets.

MISSES.

JOHNSON: Dress, trimmed with ribbon, over white satin; blue figured satin train, looped in front with nœuds of ribbon; body a la Sevigne, ornamented with rich blonde; mantilla, sabots, and epaulettes. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.—POLE CAREW and CATHERINE POLE CAREW: Tulle, over pink and white satin, with garlands of blue and white forget-me-nots, en tablier, with bows of white satin ribbon; body and sleeves, costume Louis XIV., trimmed with blonde and flowers, rich blue brocaded silk manteau, lined with white satin, trimmed with flowers and ribbon, to correspond with dresses. Head-dress, white feathers, lappets, and pearls; necklace and earrings en suite.—COTTON: White satin petticoat, richly ornamented with beads; elegant figured lavender satin body and train; manchetts and mantilla blonde. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers; pearl and diamond ornaments.—LUCY COOPER COOPER: White blonde, over white satin; white figured gros-de-Lyons manteau, lined with white silk, trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, plume and blonde lappets; pearl ornaments.—DUTTON: White tulle, over white satin, handsomely trimmed with blonde and lilies of the valley; train and bodice, rich figured white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, feathers, turquoises, and blonde lappets.—M'GRIGOR: White embroidered blonde, over white satin; pink satin train, lined with white satin, looped in front with flowers and ribbons; corsage a la Montespan; blonde mantilla, sabots and epaulettes. Head-dress, feathers and lappets.—STRACEY: Tulle illusion, over rich white sa-

tin; white brocaded satin train, beautifully ornamented with white lilac and roses, enveloped in tulle illusion. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and gold flowers; yellow topaz ornaments.—ACKLAND: Grecian net petticoat, embroidered in white silk lama, over white satin, trimmed with roses and satin ribbon; corsage, sleeves, and manteau (du siècle de Louis XIV.) pink silk damas, manteau elegantly trimmed with ruffles confined with delicate roses, lined with silk; corsage and sleeves richly trimmed with Chantilly blonde and roses. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and pearls.—COCKBURN: Blonde net petticoat, embroidered with lillies of the valley in floss silk, over white satin; pink figured silk manteau, lined with white, ornamented with festoons of rushes of tulle and ribbon; body elegantly trimmed with blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and pink topaz.—F. SMITH: Habit de Cour (moyen âge), white tulle, over white poul de soie; white poul de soie train; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, in Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—ELLIOTT AND L. ELLIOTT: Trains of white brocaded Irish poplin, trimmed with satin; bodies and sleeves à l'antique, richly ornamented with blonde and sabots, white tulle illusion dresses, over rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde and satin ribbon. Head-dresses, feathers and blonde lappets.—S. SHEPPARD: White crape, ornamented with bouquets of flowers and nœuds du ruban, over white satin slip; rich lilac and white brocaded silk manteau; garni en blonde agrafée de coquilles de Venise; corsage et manches siècle Louis XIV.; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, feathers, pearls, and blonde lappets.—WOMANVILLE: Costume de Cour (à la fille d'Artois), white tulle, over white satin slip, trimmed with puffings of net and blue flowers; sleeves à l'isoline, with falls of blonde; blue figured satin train, trimmed with net and blue ribbons. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, pearls, and blonde lappets.—F. ROCHFORS: Costume de Cour (à la fille d'Artois), rich pink silk; sleeves à l'isoline; skirt superbly trimmed; trimmed white silk train. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and blonde

lappets.—BURKE: Habit de Cour (moyen âge), white tulle, embroidered en tablier; rich white satin train; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—MILNES: White crape, embroidered with floss silk, and garniture en tablier of tulle, white mixed flowers, and pearls; rich lilac brochet silk corsage and sleeves, trimmed with broad blonde and flowers; lilac brochet silk manteau, lined with satin, and trimmed with tulle and geraniums. Head-dress, plume of feathers, lappets, and pearl ornaments.—HALFORD: Tulle, over white satin, trimmed with bouquets of cerise roses and heath; corsage and sleeves à l'antique, with leontine and sabots of broad blonde; manteau straw-colour poul de soie, trimmed with ruffles of tulle and bouquets of cherry flowers. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.—EMMA BUCK: train and body of rich white gros de valours, lined with gros de Naples, trimmed with bouffants of tulle and blush roses; corsage à l'antique, full trimmed, with mantilla and sabots of dentelle de soie; petticoat of blonde tulle over white satin, ornamented with tulle and roses to correspond; ornaments of turquoise. Head-dress, court plume and blonde lappets.—LOWE: Court costume, rich white satin manteau, trimmed with tulle and wild roses; white tulle dress, over white satin, trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets; pearl ornaments.—ELZARD: White satin petticoat, trimmed with aerophane and ribbons; corsage, sleeves, and mantilla of blonde over maize gros de Naples; maize aerophane train, lined with gros de Naples, trimmed round with ruffles of lilac and maize. Head-dress, feathers, and blonde lappets.—WIST: Embroidered crape petticoat, over white satin flounce; mantilla and sabots, Chantilly blonde; rich broche peach figured gros de Naples train, lined with white satin, garniture of flowers and tulle. Head-dress, blonde lappets and feathers.—B. REYNARDSON: Tulle illusion petticoat, with bouquets of white flowers, over white satin; blue and white broche gros de Naples train, lined with white sarsenet; mantilla and blonde sabots lace. Head-dress, blonde lappets and feathers.

## Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, JUNE 27, 1836.

Your two charming letters, *ma bien aimée*, only reached me a day or two since, in consequence of my having been back and forwards to Fontenay-aux-Roses, for the last few weeks; only think, my *bore de marie* received them in due course, and omitted giving them to me. *J'étais bien colère je t-assure*, et je l'ai bien grondé aussi, mais je crois comme le chanson ait: "qu'il ne s'en souci guère." He says that I scold him so often, that he begins not to mind my being in a passion now; I have half a mind to try what I can do with him by substituting smiles for tears and frowns; this, I am aware, is the plan you would have

me pursue, for you know you were always preaching "patience" to me when we were together; but then, *ma chère*, recollect you are a model of conjugal obedience: your husband is about your own age, *ainsi*, more easily won—*tandisque le mien* is nearly old enough to be my *aïeul*, and is neither to be "said nor led." It is astonishing that they do not see their own defects; if they did, they would gladly suffer themselves to be led by their wives, surtout, when they are fortunate enough to possess such a clever sensible wife, as I flatter myself *M. de F—* does. Apropos—it is said that the Divorce Bill is to be brought again into the Chambers. A petition to this effect was

presented the other day, bearing upwards of three hundred signatures. Ne t'affraie pas, ma belle, I did not sign it.

I was delighted, mon amie, with your description of the exhibition at Somerset-house; tu sais bien comme tout ce qui a rapport aux arts m'intéresse. Our chronological and historical museum at the palace of Versailles is proceeding with much activity: it is supposed that it will soon be opened to the public; je t'en ferai les honneurs lorsque tu viendra à Paris. An equestrian statue of Louis XIV. is erecting in the grand court; a full length one of Napoleon, in the grand imperial costume, has been placed in the gardens near the orangery. The base of the pedestal on which the obelisk is to stand, has been placed in the centre of the Place de la Concorde; it is composed of a single block of granite sixteen feet in length, ten in breadth, and three in depth. Lord Yarmouth, the brother of Lord Seymour, le fameux boxeur, the present proprietor of the Palace of Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, has upwards of one hundred workmen employed in improving and embellishing his new purchase. His lordship will, no doubt, construct convenient places wherein to carry on his favourite and elegant amusements of cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and boxing: des occupations bien digne d'un nobleman! nos François ne s'amuseront pas comme cela! The celebrated General Allard has quitted Paris for Brest, whence he immediately sets sail for India. A grand marriage took place here a few days since, that of M. le Baron Mortier, Peer of France, and Minister Extraordinary from our court to the Hague, with Mademoiselle Léonie Cordier, niece to the deputy of that name. Horace Vernet is about to take his departure for St. Petersburg, where he is engaged to paint some pictures for the Emperor of Russia.

The Prince Talleyrand has been again seriously indisposed. On dit, that he sent off in all haste for his *coadjutrix*, the "Talleyrand in petticoats" (Princess Lieven), as she is called. It is certain that her excellency, accompanied by some other ladies of the "corps diplomatique," are gone on a visit to the Chateau de Valençay, where the prince is confined by illness. We have a most delightful singer here just now, a Madame Cresini; her voice is one of the finest *contraltos* I ever heard. She was at the last concert at the Tuileries; the king and queen were so pleased with her, that her majesty sent her a magnificent parure a day or two after by one of her ladies of honour.

A piece called "Le Diable Boiteux," from the old novel of that name, has been brought out with wonderful success at the grand opera. Victor Hugo's celebrated novel of "Notre Dame de Paris," has been dramatised, and is now in rehearsal at the

Academie Royale de Musique. Cette piece la fureur.

Thanks, ma chère, for your excellent receipts of the dentifrice, and the milk of roses; I shall try them. This reminds me of giving you my celebrated receipt for making "pommade de coucombres," which is in such vogue amongst us Parisiennes for beautifying the hands: take an equal quantity of the very best olive oil, and of the large white cucumber, which must be grated; mix them together, and then put them upon the fire au bain-marie, keep stirring the whole time; take it off the fire just before it boils, and strain through a cloth or sieve: repeat the same process six times, that is to say, add the same quantity of oil as at first, six times to the cucumbers that you have grated; take it off the fire each time before it comes to a boil, and strain it: put it in pots with a little melted hogslard poured upon the top to keep off the air; rub a little of this to your hands after washing them, and also at night when you should put on gloves. Cela donne une éclatante blancheur aux mains. Remember the cucumbers are not to be the little green ones eaten in England as salad, but the large white ones which are so good stewed with cream. This will give Mademoiselle Madelon some employment; I am glad to find that the pretty damsel is still with you. Maintenant veux tu que je te donne des modes?

The Hats have undergone no change in form since my last; they are still immensely large, too much so, indeed, for convenience: a pretty little *bihi* bonnet would be quite a treasure now; mais il faut suivre la mode. The fronts of the hats are worn *evasée*, and they are long at the sides; the crowns are neither remarkable for height, nor for being too low, but are well proportioned to the remainder of the hat. For grande toilette the pailles de riz are most worn; and next to them Leghorn are the most fashionable: these latter are either trimmed with white sarsnet or gauze ribbon, or with velvet ribbon—black, crimson, or brown. Those trimmed with white ribbon, generally have veils sewed on at the edge of the front; a satin ribbon is inserted in the hem of the veil. A few of these bonnets have a bouquet of field-flowers, but they are more genteel without: drawn capotes of poux de soie or crape; blue, pink, and white, are still de grande mode: they are always ornamented with flowers. Feathers are occasionally to be seen; but they are seldom so general in summer as in winter. We consider flowers better adapted to the belle saison.

Dresses.—White and coloured muslins have now nearly superseded all others, still some of our belles have not yet left off their mousselines de laine: these latter are mostly made, en redingote, to cross in front, and fasten down at the left side with bows of

ribbon: the dress and pelerine edged all round with a single or double lisere (piping) of one or two colours. The muslin dresses are for the most part made low in the neck. The corsage à l'enfant, which I described in my last, is one of the most fashionable; many are made with the fronts to cross, the fulness coming from the shoulder; and many are à châle, with a kind of revers that forms the châle, much in the style of the gentlemen's waistcoats, but that they cross a little at the waist. This make is very becoming to the figure: the corsage is half high, and frequently worn without a collar or chemisette, or any thing inside. There is still no decided fashion for the sleeves; some continue to wear the large plain sleeves that have been so long in fashion, with the exception that they have taken out all stiffening from inside; and that the sleeves hang in a most unbecoming manner: they might well be called manches à l'imbécille now, for they look shockingly; sans grâce, sans tonneur enfin. Many wear sleeves, as I have already told you, full at the top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist: others wear them in two puffs above the elbow, the remainder of the sleeve either loose or tight; and others have from three to six puffs all the way down. In fact, as I have before said, there is no absolute fashion for sleeves at present. We have none of those pretty muslins on coloured grounds which you mention, ours are all printed on white grounds. Small patterns are more admired this year than large ones. White dresses are, as usual, becoming very prevalent; indeed, they are prettier than any other at this season: besides, they can be so well varied with coloured ribbons. Ribbons inserted in the hems of the dresses, and in the ends of pelerines and scarfs, are in high favour.

*For Ball Dresses,* the sleeves are mostly in the new fashion; that is, flat, but puffed out with trimmings of gauze, tulle, ribbon, and bouquets. The corsages plain with draperies put on à la Séigné, are those most worn, and most becoming. Dresses made in the antique style, are not out here by any means; but you know that our grand reunions are over, now that yours are in all their gaiety and brilliancy. Well, I do think with you, that our plan is the most sensible.

*Hair.*—The braids on the top of the head are still in fashion; they are worn low, and towards the back of the head; the front hair either in smooth bands or in ringlets à l'Anglaise. A narrow band of black velvet ribbon, with a small gold clasp or a cameo in front, is much worn in the style of a Féronnière. Flowers are much adopted; in the evening, wreaths particularly.

*Lingerie.*—The pocket-handkerchiefs are worn with what is called a *revière* round in place of the hem, and a rather deep Valen-

ciennes outside, put on with some degree of fulness: what I mean by a *revière*, is several rows of open work close together. Manchettes (ruffles), were scarcely ever more general than at present: those for the morning are of cambric, made double, and stitched round like a man's wrist, without any lace; then we have them plain, with only the hem stitched, and a narrow lace outside. Some are beautifully worked; and in place of the hem a *revière* of open work. Flat sitting collars are preferred to all others. Clear muslin pelerines *font fureur* with low dresses. And some are double without collars, and others single with collars; they are trimmed variously: some with a rather deep lace put on full; others, with a small neat edging. Some, again, with a trimming of tulle, with an edging sewed to it: this trimming, if put on with only a slight degree of fulness, looks very well; but some prefer them very full and *tuyacé* with the Italian irons. Tulle scarfs, with a deep hem all round in which a ribbon is inserted, are very fashionable.

*Colours.*—For hats, white, pink, blue, and paille; for dresses, lavender, ecru, and pousière.

Maintenant ma très chère adieu, write to me.

Je t-embrasse bien tendrement.

L. de F.—

## DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No 13).—MORNING WALKING DRESS. —Toilette de promenade des matin. Hat of paille d'Italie (Leghorn), trimmed with crimson or black velvet ribbon, and ornamented with a bouquet of field flowers, and a veil. The hat is large; the front *envasée*, and descending low at the sides of the face; the crown is neither remarkably high, nor is it low (see plate); the garniture (trimming) is rather simple, being composed of crimson or black velvet ribbon; one row of the ribbon goes round the lower part of the crown, crosses in front, and descends at each side, to form the strings: a second ribbon goes round the upper part of the crown, and is finished in a large bow over the bouvet at back (see plate); the bouquet of field flowers is placed high at the right side of the crown: the bouvet or curtain is of gros de Naples, edged with narrow velvet ribbon. The veil of blonde; a few light puffings or bows of ribbon to match that on the hat are worn beneath the front: the hair is in smooth bands, brought low at the sides. Redingotte of jaconot muslin. The corsage is made à *châle*, with a *revers* trimming over, in the style of the shawl waistcoats. (See plate.) The back of the dress fits tight to the shape. The *revers* is rounded at back, and is sloped off towards the waist in front, in a manner most be-



coming to the figure. (See plate.) The corsage is *demi-montant* (half high), and is worn without a *colletette*. The sleeves are full at top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist. The dress crosses to the right side, and is trimmed all round with a narrow frill of itself. The side of the skirt that crosses over is rounded at bottom. The *re-dingotte* is fastened in front with a small ruby brooch, from which a gold chain depends; the watch, which is fastened to the other end of the chain, is hid beneath the ceinture. White parasol of broché silk, white kid gloves, black shoes, and silk stockings.

The dress of the sitting figure is of *poux de soie*.

(No. 14.)—*TOILETTE DE VILLE*.—MORNING VISITING COSTUME.—Laghorn bonnet; the shape of the one just described, with the difference that the front is more *erassée* than the other. It is ornamented with rich white sarsnet ribbon, edged with green (see plate), and a bunch of maize. Beneath the front is a full blonde border, with a small bouquet of roses over each temple. Dress of thin spotted muslin.

The corsage made with a little fulness in the lower part of the back; the fronts full, and to cross. (See plate.) The sleeves are in four puffs, separated by bows of lilac ribbon, and finished at the wrist by a ruffle, edged with narrow lace. A broad lilac ribbon is run through the hem at the edge of the dress (see plate), and inside it is a quilling of rather wide net, quilled in the centre. The corsage of this dress is not made quite high in the neck.

Mantelet scarf of black gros d'Antwerp, trimmed all round with very deep black lace. This is one of the most fashionable mantelets worn at present in Paris. The ceinture and bows of ribbon down the front of the dress are of sarsnet ribbon. A gold cross, supported by a narrow black velvet ribbon, which goes twice round the neck, takes off from the unfinished appearance which the want of a collar or chemisette might give to the costume. The gloves are of cream-coloured kid. Black shoes, and white silk stockings.

The sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

## London Fashionable Chit-Chat.

During the last month, my dear Leontine, London has presented the gayest and most crowded season ever remembered. Indeed, the beau monde have been making a dreadful toil of pleasure; for every body has been to five times as many balls and soirées as their stock of spirits could enable them to enjoy. Public amusements, on the other hand, have not languished; yet the brilliancy of the season has been chiefly confined to splendid private re-unions; and as you there hear the best professional artists, there is less occasion for seeking them in public. You have not informed me how you have arranged these matters this year in Paris; but the custom of introducing professional voices into the private circles has been the means of banishing all amateur performances from evening parties; amateur singing is, therefore, nearly silenced. This I do not regret on one account, as these exhibitions are apt to injure the delicacy of female manners; but I like a simple English ballad so much beyond the most striking Italian duo, that I grieve our native songsters are driven into the shade, although they cannot sing strains foreign to their utterance with full

I was present, the other evening, at the complimentary benefit given to Mr. George Jones, the American tragedian; it was most fashionably attended; all that was beau and belle in London, although it was the grand night of the Opera, might be seen at Drury-lane. He looks *Hamlet* well

—better, to my mind, than Charles Kemble or Macready: has studied the part deeply, and effected many new points, which told well, as proved by the earnest applause of the audience. The public have actually united to bring this gentleman on the boards of one of our great national theatres, though but for one night; and why is he not permanently engaged there? If managers disregard such a hint as this, they must be content to play to empty benches. The tragedy of "*Hamlet*" was followed by the fourth act of "*William Tell*," in which Sheridan Knowles, the friend of Mr. G. Jones, performed. The comedy of the "*Wonder*" concluded the amusements of the evening. The accomplished American played the part of *Don Felix*, having Mrs. Nisbett for his *Violante*; he was an excellent *Don Felix*. Some of the audience thought that his powers in comedy equalled his *Hamlet*; for my own part, I do not believe that either actor or dramatic writer can be truly great in performance or composition, without possessing talents in both departments. *Hamlet* himself is not without touches of comic humour; and the transition from playfulness to deep feeling is enchanting in authorship, in acting, and in conversation; for this reason, I always suspected that the two great Kembles, John and Sarah, would not have been (had I been of an age to have seen them) so much to my taste as Garrick; for they were *incapable*

of comedy. Before I leave this subject, I must inclose you a few lines, written in the theatre the night that the American performed, by a much better judge of acting than I am. These will give you a lively idea of the style in which the master character of Shakspeare was supported:—

TO GEORGE JONES, ESQ., THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN, ON HIS PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET.

Young stranger, let a minstrel tell  
How chastely, boldly, bravely, well,  
Thou, with a magic semblance true,  
Thou *Hamlet* that our Shakspeare drew

As he would wish, pourtray'd!  
How thou hast nobly won a name,  
And snatch'd a laurel-wreath from fame,  
Which cannot fall or fade!

Go on: thy progress on the stage  
Shall prove to an admiring age,  
If thou wilt give thy genius scope,  
Thou art indeed the drama's hope. H. E.

Our Vauxhall opened the early part of the past month, and it is said much has been done to increase its attractions. We have not, however, yet made up a party to go there; indeed, these few days past the nights have been too cool for such revelry.

At the King's Theatre, it has been the benefit season. On the 19th ult., Her Majesty, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria were present to witness the opera of "Anna Bolena;" a new ballad was produced, entitled "L'Amour et la Folie," and it duly sustained its second title, being in every respect full of love's incongruities.

Drury Lane Theatre has presented little novelty. The principal attraction has been Madame Malibran and the "Maid of Artois," on alternate nights. At other times the house has been almost deserted. Last Friday there never was any thing like the concourse of nobility and gentry. Madame Malibran will take her benefit on Monday, July 1st, and a few days after the house closes.

At Covent Garden Theatre a new operatic piece, called "The Sexton of Cologne," was produced on the 13th ult., from the pen of Mr. Fitzball; in one or two scenes it bears a close resemblance to "Romeo and Juliet." The music is by Mr. Rodwell. Many reminiscences of the Italian masters are intermingled in the piece. The scenery and appliances were all very imposing, and it went off with great success. The after-piece was the "Hunchback." This theatre closed on the 22nd ult., on which occasion "The Wife" and "The Sexton of Cologne" were performed to a very crowded house. The past, we believe, has been highly successful, and several distinguished performers are engaged for the ensuing season.

I see that a tragedy is announced by Bulwer, on the story of the tender forsaken La Valière, which Bulwer my infor-

mant saith not. Yet circumstantial evidence would bear on the fact that Edward is the man. Some artists and authors of high grade have that intense love for nature that they never work without a first rate model, and will sacrifice every kindly feeling for the abstract purpose of studying from life the agonized workings of the human heart in a state of mortal trial. You will remember the instance of the great Michael Angelo, who, in order to perfect his glorious picture of the Crucifixion, stabbed a man, and bound him, dying, on the cross, and scanned with cool minuteness the death struggle, and transferred every torture to the canvass fresh as it rose. For similar professional purposes, I suppose, has our contemporary painter of the human heart been tormenting as lovely a woman as La Vallière, without her faults, too, that he may note all the anguish of a true heart outraged by her first love. I wonder whether his subject will forgive him when he has finished his study. I well know I would not.

Of the morning concerts which I have attended this month, I have only time to particularize the two last; viz., that given by the Misses Elouis, and Signor Piazzri, at the King's Concert Rooms, on the 20th of June; which was very fashionably attended, and afforded a rich treat to the lovers of sweet sounds. It commenced with a brilliant harp duet, *encantante* by the two Miss Elouis. It was their first appearance in public, and some degree of diffidence was observable when they first took their seats, but when they caught the spirit of the melody, they gathered strength and power from every touch, till they appeared unconscious of aught save the thrilling notes they produced, till repeated bursts of applause exclaimed their grateful acknowledgments. These ladies are from Switzerland, but the youngest has decidedly an English face and manner. They were followed by Ivanoff, who sang in his very best style that divine Barcarole, "Or che in cielo," and was encored.

Then followed the Syren Grisi, who always beguiles me of my tears. She sang a duet with Rubini; "Scende nel piccol legna," from Rossini.

By the by, Grisi, who is so magnificent in her opera robes, is strangely negligent in her morning costume. Her pelisse full in the corsage was carelessly put on all on one side; her bonnet bent and somewhat the worse for wear, on the whole she was what you call *fagotté*. She sang divinely through, and her expressive features became the touching paleness of their natural hue, far better than the *couleur de rose* which they wear on the opera boards. To rouge a cheek like hers is as tasteless as painting a Grecian statue of Parian marble.

The two Lablaché's sang together effectively, and there was a charming quartetto by Salvi and Argioli, with Ivanoff and Piazzi. The fair Argioli sings like one of the celestial choir, from which her name is borrowed. She is a pretty, unaffected creature, but dressed, if possible, worse than Grisi. I cannot guess wherefore it is that there is so little regard paid to the business of the toilet by the female singers at morning concerts: I suppose they fancy it is in character to appear like the nightingales they emulate—birds of a shabby feather by day. Of the instrumental part of the entertainment there was a delightful fantasia on the clarinetto by Livrani; on the violin by Mori; and the harp by that interesting and highly-gifted creature, Amelia Elouis. On the whole, I think this has been the most attractive concert of the season.

The other concert to which I allude, was Madame Mazzioni's, at the Hanover-square rooms, on the 23rd of this month. Ivanoff, my great favourite of all the male vocalists, sang, with fine effect, "*Ah te fossi meco.*" Miss Cooper, a pleasing, unaffected girl, was much and deservedly applauded in "*Fatal Soffreda.*" We should have liked to have heard an English ballad from her.

Madame Malibran was announced, but did not make her appearance, to the great disappointment of those who regarded her as the attraction of the entertainment. The company were, I am sorry to say, inclined to give very serious manifestations of their displeasure on the occasion, not considering that poor Madame Mazzioni was the real sufferer, and could by no means prevent the perversity of the spoilt *prima donna*, in breaking her engagement, or more charitably speaking, in suffering from severe cold.

Madame Filoponzer performed in her usual splendid style on the violin; and a pale sickly Italian boy, looking like an over-drawn plant, gave some fine variations on the guitar, but looked as if he were playing his own requiem. I could weep when I see those juvenile musical prodigies brought into heated rooms, and their energies once relaxed, till the fine cord of existence is strained beyond its powers, and the living instrument is silenced for ever.

Notwithstanding the disappointment respecting the faithless Malibran, this was a very interesting concert; and that which pleased me much was the *Improvisamento* of Pistruci. If you had seen this singular being, you will need no description of the energy of his countenance, the fire of his eye, and the poetical wildness of his waving silvery locks.

I chanced to be present at a very large party on the night of the announcement

of the death of Lord Byron. Then it was that in tone and substance—one while in heaven—the next, in the depths of another world, when describing the wonderful talent of that incomparably gifted poet.

On this occasion he presented himself with a modest, but dignified mien, and requested that one of the company would give him a word, or furnish him with a theme.

A dead silence followed, and a party to whom I was known, begged me to name the theme. Now, as I have a truly English aversion of hearing my own voice in a crowded room, I merely suggested to the friend who applied to me, the word "*Ambizione!*" It was a subject to inspire an Italian bard. The eye of the Improvisatore brightened; he had no difficulties to encounter. He stepped to the piano, and spoke to the musician who was to accompany him. The pianist struck a few pre-luding notes. Pistrucci looked doubtfully, shook his head, and told him to try another *recitativo*. The next moment the right chord was struck, and the minstrel burst into song. Oh, what sonorous lofty sounds, and pompous images did he pour forth, accompanied with gesticulations as earnest, and looks so full of fire, that even to those who could not enter into the spirit of Italian poesy, there was a spell to attract and rivet the attention breathlessly, while he sang of the passion that led men to seek power and immortality, through dangers and deaths, chains, dungeons, storms, battles, heat, cold, hunger, thirst, to brave the wrath of kings, and either to lose a head, or win a circlet of gold, to crown it with regal splendour.

The two most splendid re-unions this season were the Marquis of Hertford's last public night, and the Charity Ball at the Hanover-square rooms. Nearly the whole of the nobility were at these parties. At the last, dancing was kept up till seven in the morning! What a wear and tear of beauty, you will say! for bright eyes and roundness of contour are soon destroyed, if they are wasted so extravagantly. Notwithstanding the size of the rooms, there was a terrible crowd: each lady had not on an average, more space to dance in, than she would have in her coffin. You arrange these things better in Paris. The married ladies were dressed most splendidly, blazing with diamonds; the dancing ladies very simply attired, chiefly in white. The fare provided for refreshments was of an ethereal and unsubstantial kind, chiefly *eau de groseille*, the lightest rose-water sherbets, and perfumed *eau de sucre*. If there were ices, my partner did not succeed in finding them for me; he assured me, on the word and vow of a duti-

ful cavalier, that there were none; the lady patronesses could not afford any from the funds of the charity, so we had to add the virtues of self-denial to the charitable capers we cut in galoppes. I did not even see the solidity of a sponge cake. I am glad this was the case. I wish the practice were universal, and then people who go to eat, and not to dance, would keep their distance, and not fill up doorways and dancing-rooms with their substantial persons.

I was also at one of the many elegant fancy balls given this season in Upper Seymour-street, by Mrs. Wenman Martin. I scarcely needed to be told the relationship borne by the husband of this lady to "the" king of Norfolk, Coke of Holkham, attracted from the gay scene around me, to the beautiful cabinet pictures and enamels that presented themselves on every side. In one of the boudoirs I saw Hollar's celebrated pen and ink portraits, that the closest inspection scarcely distinguishes from line engravings. Nor does Mr. Wenman Martin only patronise the works of deceased artists. I saw some exquisite cabinet copies of the works of Wilkie and other living painters, and some fine originals; but you will chide me for digressing into art when you wish to hear particulars of a ball: well, then, I saw no costume more gracefully worn than that of the for every thing around spoke of the spirit that pervades Holkham, and combined the style of the old English country gentleman, with the refinement and perfect finish of the routine of fashionable life in the metropolis. There was, too, the same magnificent patronage of the arts that makes Holkham proverbial in England. The house in Seymour-street is a London Holkham Hall, and my eyes were oft times *charmante maitresse de la maison*, who glided among her guests in her flowing Spanish mantilla, and train of the clearest blonde, doing her devoirs with winning kindness, and showing how much benevolence of manner adds to beauty.

How much I prefer historical costumes at fancy balls, to the peasant provincial dresses of France and Switzerland. I saw flirting about several pretty costumes of Normandy; but these are, after all, better fitting for the gay green turf of a *fête champêtre*. The costumes of George the Second and Third amused me, one or two had been actually worn by the grandmothers and great grandmothers of the ladies of rank who came in them. I saw fans that had been flirted with Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole; and had, perhaps, gone through the fan exercise described in the "Spectator" at which you and I have often laughed. I should think such venerable and experienced fans could of

themselves have gone through a complete course of antique flirtation without any assistance from the modern fair who held them. What a decided advantage have the military over all other gentlemen who attend fancy balls; their splendid uniforms add wonderfully to the glitter of the scene; but, alas for the navy, what could induce our sailor King to devise such a footman costume for the chiefs of the ocean? they look so ashamed of that horrid amphibious red collar, and their dress was the most becoming and meagre of all the destructive professions, as a utilitarian friend of ours calls naval and military officers! really the Greenwich pensioners are now better dressed than the rest of the navy. Why could not our sea-warriors have worn the same livery in which Trafalgar and Nile were won. A myriad of pardons I ask for naming them to a Parisienne; but you so long domiciled amongst us, that you may claim the honour of being half English.

You are amused at our frantic efforts to fall into the true Parisian style of sleeve. In evening dress the freaks are various; the ugliest and the most ungraceful are flat, made in the form of a round hand-screen, and nearly as stiff, and trimmed round with blonde. They flap in dancing almost audibly, and make a frightful outline. Then there are the stiff-pinchd sleeves, with elbow ruffles, looking as if the pictures of Lady Walpole, Lady Suffolk, or Queen Caroline I. had walked out of their frames from George II.'s era. They give the exquisite effect of narrow shoulders and square elbows to the female figure. I like the flowing Venetian sleeves best. In rich material they are noble; in transparent dress they are divine. Some are worn like the pattern of the at-home dress in January, looped up to the shoulder; others open on the shoulder with *nœuds de page*. No long sleeves are seen but on chaperons, and ladies who do not dance. The last ball I was at was a pink night—pink crape over white or pink satin was most prevalent; white muslin, I think, was the next in favour, and is certainly wore more than white crape, which I see is less in favour than it deserves to be. White was most worn at the Hanover-square rooms. The hair is higher than in the beginning of the month, dressed high and borne backwards, ugly and poking. I think the style unbecoming to every face not severely Grecian, and then it ought only to be worn with a circlet-bandeau, or gem *couronne*, low on the brow. Resilles of flowers, pearls, &c. are the rage; thanks to your evil example in Paris: but how any woman, having a fine head of hair, can consent to pack it under such a thing

as a *resille*, I cannot imagine. But what will not fashion do? I danced the other day in the same quadrille with a lovely, tall, fair girl, the daughter of Lady ——. I knew she had only come out the season before. She had tucked all her fair tresses under a white ribbon *resille*, bordered with white jonquils. This head-dress gave her the look of a young married woman, and added at least seven years to her age. The word *abandon*, startling, indeed, to English sense, but which in France you apply with such naïveté to the tie of a ribbon, and the trimming of a sleeve; and to the graceful finish of a perfect *toilette*, in England folk require to understand the true application of that most expressive French idiom. Our Ben Jonson knew it when he wrote that favourite song of ours:—

Robes loosely flowing—hair as free;  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me.

May I fly from fashion to the moon? In doing so I only obey the magic power of association of ideas, seeing that my cavalier at the supper quadrilles, at a ball last night, quoted them to me, the minute before he told me of the late wonderful discoveries our astronomer Herschell has made of the moonlings; how we got to the Moon in conversation I know not, I believe the gentleman was speculating whether the lunar ladies can ever be inspired with a taste for Parisian fashions. I should think not, seeing that he describes them as seen through his telescope with black bats' wings from shoulder to heel, and rather formidable ears and horns. I know not how far the *persiflage* of my partner may have carried him in description, but he is guiltless of inventing the groundwork of the discovery, as I see the inhabitants of the Moon are placarded all over London. I wait for further conviction before I believe, shrewdly suspecting the moonlings are a flight of flies hatched in some warm corner of the telescope, who have come out in June, and are disporting themselves, marvellously magnified by some perverse lens or other, over the unconscious face of Madame Luna, who I think is guiltless of sheltering such horrid frights as Herschell describes the Lunar ladies to be, in her refulgent bosom. We all know the story of the blue-bottle fly that got into one of the Herschell telescopes in the latter end of the last century, and subsequently got into D'Israel's clever Flim Flams. And there I think the moonlings would be safely deposited, if so be D'Israeli ever gave the world another edition of that clever satire.

Our Hyde Park Review on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, gave the greatest satisfaction;

the movements were not many, but those which were attempted were done with a tact and precision which elicited the warmest praise; and, contrary to *recent* custom, in these radical times, all the Royal Family who attended were enthusiastically cheered: the concourse of persons, fashionables and others present, was immense. You will not, I suppose, have your grand military spectacle this month, in honour of the three glorious days, turned at length into a signal for anarchy and confusion?

You have made no mention of the attack on the King (Louis Philippe's) life, and so you think I am indifferent on the subject, less so than if it had been an attempt on the life of Madame La Reine. Do not rely upon my intimacy with your ambassador here, the news came to me as soon as could be expected, but I like to have our own authentic statement. Have you seen the would be assassin? the ball it seems was found in the lining of the Royal carriage. It was a most providential escape. I am not disposed to think any plot is hatching on account of this new hazard to which royalty has been exposed; let me know what is thought in your circles next time you write.

Your exhibition of plants is admirably arranged. There they can be seen with satisfaction distinctly. How different it is with us at our *horticultural fete*. The nobility and gentry attend in tens of thousands, the *foules* (crowds) move here, move there in masses, and the garden presents a lively, gay, and animating scene—but, as to the purpose for which they assemble, was there ever any thing so opposite in the execution. Ask any one of them what they have seen—I know their answer would be, that they had scarcely seen any thing of the show. The plan pursued, is to have at a very humble height several rows of plants put conically back to back under dark awnings, one person, or two at the most only at one time who are nearest can see them; from those behind the exhibition is shut out from view. The passage way is narrow; the pressure and heat intolerable. Without, the cords of the awnings are ever in the way of persons passing—and this is the *show of plants*. Fashion supports the place, but there cannot exist any real love of the beauties of Nature's garden on the part of the management, or long and almost endless ranges of plants would gird in the walks on almost every side, and the *whole* garden would be one grand and interesting exhibition. How shall I help to remedy this evil? I had not the least pleasure in the exhibition itself, and yet cannot withdraw from its expected attractions.

You will laugh to think that I went to Ascot races after writing such a tirade against the practice; but you know I cannot inform you of what is going on, unless I am here,

there, and every where, when a woman can be consistently seen. I was vexed to think my letter to you should have been printed. Some one must have opened it after I had sealed it. Well, to Ascot we went, and the assemblage of company on the grand day was greater than ever. Our gracious King was, as usual, justly entitled to the adjunct of most gracious, and I never saw His Majesty look in better health. Nothing daunted by a very heavy fall of rain, the company continued on the ground until a very late hour, happy and jovial. As I had said so much against gambling, Lord —— prevailed upon me to go into the rooms under the grand stand devoted to play. Oh, such a scene of eager votaries. Some fifty men around, whilst others were waiting for a place at the table. There were no fewer than six or eight table-men assisting the cash-taker.

Whether Lord —— did it to vex me, or is a little given that way, he would try his fortune; and, after various success, lost a considerable sum, whilst his neighbour took up his ten, or twenty pounds gain, during several turns of the ball (at Rouge et noir) and quietly walked off. I do not wonder at the temptation, being successful; there is not even the necessity for shame, at being seen in St. James's, Crockford's, or the some hundreds of gaming booths at Ascot and Epsom. What degeneracy! What fatal destruction of honest principle! A young friend told me that a thimble-rig man, one who plays with peas and the thimble, in answer to a remonstrance, said to him, "Why, Sir, what is there worse in this, than in betting on horses, &c.?" How just the remark, it is all gambling; whether the young lady begin by betting for one, or a dozen pair of gloves, upon 'a chance'; for a new 'silk dress,' or an opera-glass; or hazard that sum which would have purchased either, at a gambling table; in either case there is but a winner and a loser. However, I was determined to set about and work a reformation, so that there will, I EXPECT, be no gambling in future. Lord ——, my companion, has a large circle of young friends of his own age, and his lordship is much looked up to by them, as well as being a regular attendant at church. I thought it a good opportunity to have him awakened by a suitable discourse at St. George's, Windsor. It was strange that in the presence of Royalty, in the town of Windsor itself, then filled by hundreds of the gayest of the gay, who had devoted the whole week to incessant pleasure, that such a congregation should have to listen to a discourse against pleasure and against gaming. The discourse was divided into several heads. "Dissipation of time, dissipation of income, dissipation of thought, whilst the love of man was wholly dissipated in the breasts of those who were devoted to pleasure."

"The man or woman who is pursuing one continued round of pleasure, eats, drinks, and sleeps, without one thought of God. In his family a lover of amusements, leaves behind him an aching heart to his wife and his children. Every family delight is distasteful to his mind, he cannot rest during the day, and at night he hungers and thirsts after excitements; what makes a gamester? I do not mean a professed gamester? What can be the temptation to a man of rank and education? To the young man this artificial system of excitement, if success attend him, makes him so ever after, that he cannot tear himself away from it. He no longer knows the delights of intellectual society, his mind is prepared to exult in his own triumph and in the disappointment ruin of his associates. Last of all, and when nothing is left him, the gamester, unable to bear up against his fate, an outcast from his quondam friends, falls a sacrifice by his own hand. Thus low pleasures, and the pleasures of high life, are equally full of excitement; the love of amusement delays all by the way, but the strong man will not be driven out without a stranger; and let me, my brethren, entreat you to make these a stranger to the love of God."

Independently of the races, there had been a ball at the assembly-rooms, on Friday, which was the very gayest and most delightful thing imaginable. You know I like a gay and innocent party of this kind. My best description of it, is, that it resembled, in costume, the Woolwich artillery balls, and, until the very last, there was a constant supply of the best of every thing. After quadrilles, waltzes, and supper, the gay gallop was danced with eagerness, and then the country dance, which has now become so fashionable, since the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria set the example, with about a stream of forty couple in one set, until day alone lit up the apartment. It might have been 6 o'clock in the morning before the ball was over on the Saturday. It was well for the fair, beautiful girls who were present, that there were no mirrors, or glasses, to show them their tired looks—to the pleasure-hunting of these and such like (with their partners), the clergyman, not with austerity, like Mr. Close at Cheltenham, but with true Christian spirit, must have, in part alluded, when he said 'he was speaking of one of those poor thoughtless creatures, who devoted to a life of pleasure, is toiling day after day, and night after night, in one train of uninterrupted pleasure.' It was evident in the foregoing, he alluded to the late sad event connected with race-betting.

The whole discourse was admirably worded, and delivered with the kindest Christian feeling; you would have liked it. Lord —— looked serious at this appeal to his generous feelings, and could not readily forget his once companion, Berkeley Craven. I, however, had not done with him, and put on his table a pamphlet, the substance of which is the following. You will peruse it, with in

great interest. The writer is, I glory to say, a particular friend of mine. Do all the good you can in promulgating the views taken in it. Read this at the general meeting of our gay literary friends, some of whom have a hankering that way. Here it was an awful crisis. I have since set the whole clerical body preaching against dissipation and love of extreme pleasure. I forgot to tell you that the young Etonians, as usual, rowed for a gold cup; thus is there constant excitement, even from earliest youth till every hair is grey.

"Our friend Contract treated us royally last night," said Mr. Day to his wife, as they were both *trying* to relish their breakfast, after a supper at two o'clock in the morning; and a feverish sleep of four hours, 'uncommonly well—quite *en prince*—I never tasted finer hock, nor ever saw tables more elegantly arranged—every thing the best of its kind, and not too much of any thing. But we kept it up *rather* too late,' he continued, pushing away his cup, half filled with coffee, between which, and the hock he had been regaled with, there seemed to have arisen some trifling disagreement.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Day, 'with plenty of money, it is easy enough to give splendid entertainments.'

"It is so," responded Mr. Day, but if I had my friend Contract's wealth, I should be puzzled what to do with it—in fact, I could not spend it; and what with the labour and anxiety of getting it as he does, and the additional trouble it would cost me to get rid of it, I should become one of the finest practical specimens of the vanity of riches that a moralist could possibly desire for an illustration."

"That's the way you always talk," replied the wife, twisting herself into an oblique position in her chair. 'I have no patience to hear you. It was just the same when you had only three hundred and fifty pounds a year, and when you were raised to seven hundred; and it is the same now that you have a thousand, which is the highest you can hope to attain. If it had not been for me, you never would have asked for promotion, but remained stationary at three hundred and fifty pounds all your life.'

"Mr. Day was precisely what he has described himself—a man contented by nature with his lot—and made a philosopher rather by his position in society, than by reflection or precept."

"Man, we are told, is an imitative animal; and so is woman. But this propensity to copy, never shows itself in a desire to be as poor, as humble, or as afflicted as our neighbours. Therein we are all of us religious observers of the tenth commandment; and therein *only*, it is to be feared. If we compare the world to a huge mountain, we shall see every one toiling and panting to climb up to those who have attained the summit; none willing to return to those who have been left behind. And it is fit it should be so; life else would stagnate, and our minds become paralyzed for want of stimulus and exertion."

"Among the most intimate of Mr. Day's friends was Jonathan Contract, Esq., of Pre-

mum House, in a beautiful suburban hamlet. In the same village, Mr. and Mrs. Day occupied a pretty little residence, with a pretty little garden, kept a pretty little pony chaise, and in the whole ordering of their establishment, maintained a miniature resemblance of the style which belonged to ten thousand a year: in other words, they, or rather Mrs. Day, took their tithe (not in kind, but at a composition) of their friend Contract's style, and sorely did it grieve that worthy woman to think that she could do no more. Mr. Contract was an eminent stock-broker, who made 'money like dirt,' as good Mrs. Day was in the habit of remarking as often as she tried, which was every day, to engage Mr. D. in the same mode of manufacturing it. 'I cannot imagine what is your objection,' she would sometimes remark; 'you see how Mr. Contract does it.' 'No, I do *not* see how he does it,' interrupted Mr. D. placidly—'I only see that it is done.' 'Well, that is all the same,' rejoined his spouse. 'Not quite,' replied Mr. D., taking his quiet pinch of snuff—I certainly see a great many things *done*, which I should not know how to do myself.' It is no wonder therefore this good lady sometimes lost her temper.

"Had Mr. Day been gifted with the somewhat rare faculty of diving into men's characters, he would have been at no loss to understand the alchemy by which his friend turned into gold whatever he took in hand. It was that alchemy for which the world has various names, fortune, chance, good luck; but for which philosophy has only one—talent; a fool may be rich, because a fool may inherit other men's wealth; but how seldom does a fool *construct* a fortune! more commonly, it is beyond his skill to keep one that comes into his possession ready made."

"Mr. Contract was one of those men, the current of whose mind flows at a considerable depth below the surface: its existence was known, consequently, not by a constant ripple of small thoughts on the top, but by the unexpected throwing up of vigorous ones, when its course was fretted by difficulties or obstructions. It was possible to have daily transactions with him for months together, if his affairs were calm and sunny, without the least suspicion of his being any thing more than a shrewd, sensible man of business, with the polish of refined society showing itself on all occasions, and a cast of thought, as well as of expression, indicative of a cultivated intellect. But, view him in seasons of difficulty, when rapidity of decision requires to be united with accuracy of judgment, self-possession with energy, and the power of influencing others without being influenced by them, you would find him suddenly transformed, as it were, though in reality he would be nothing more than drawn out to his natural dimensions. As a man endued with great muscular strength only exerts it when a giant's force is necessary, so Mr. Contract, on ordinary occasions, passed for no more than he seemed; while, on trying ones, he became all that we have described. It matters little where the lot of such a man is cast. Be it where it may, he is sure to make subservient to his purposes the circumstances by which he is surrounded, either by shaping *them* to his ends, or *his ends* to them."

"With this gentleman and his family, Mr. and

Mrs. Day were in habits of the closest intimacy, the pretty little villa of the one being situated not more than half a mile from the splendid mansion and extensive grounds of the other. But never did Premium House become a subject of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Day—never was its fair domain mentioned, with its costly furniture, its splendid decorations, its valuable library, its works of art, and its general magnificence—without eliciting from her incessant regrets, that her husband would not ‘speculate a little,’ in order that they might ‘live like their neighbours.’ For years had \* Mr. Day withstood these importunities. But what will not time effect? There came at last a gentle yielding, a little giving way, which showed itself in (what had never been witnessed before on the part of Mr. Day) a short but serious conference as to how they would spend five thousand a year, *supposing* they had it. The ‘*money bill*’ being thus brought in, as it were, Mrs. Day provided an *appropriation clause* without any difficulty, and went to bed that night with a dark green-bodied chariot and a pair of greys, in which she intended to go to the next party of Mr. Contract’s, as vividly in her mind as if they were already in the coach-house and stable. Mr. Day, in short, was fairly worried into what his wife called a spirit of enterprise, but what in his case might be more justly termed, a resolution to hazard the calm and tranquillity of thirty years, for the chance of shining out, in the evening of his life, with the cold brightness of a setting sun in winter; for he was beyond the age, even had he not been disqualified by nature, for enjoying any other mode of existence than that in which he had so long enjoyed real happiness. The Rubicon, however, was to be passed. He had ‘screwed his courage to the sticking-place,’ and determined forthwith to consult his friend Contract upon the best method of putting an end to his present felicity.

“To the hermit and the philosopher not daily mingling with their fellow men, it might appear inconceivable that a rational being should be thus moved; that any thing should make him

Forget the comforts that by use he knew,

And hope to find that novelty had more.

But man is proverbially discontented, easily tempted by the hope of *forbidden fruit*, and ready at the call of the deceiver, to risk all he has of good, for the desperate chance of gaining something better.

“He called upon Mr. Contract, whom he had not seen for two or three weeks previously. His reception was as cordial as ever, but there was not the same cheerful aspect, the same flow of buoyant spirits, nor the same elastic animation of manner, which he had been accustomed to observe in his friend. A skilful reader of the human countenance would have discerned at once in this change, the difference, the vast difference, between the excitement produced by a multiplicity of important, but prosperous affairs, and the anxious, harassed, care-fraught appearance which denotes not only the magnitude, but the complexity and disastrous threatenings of some impending evil; and the dullest observer could hardly fail to

\* We positively know a ruined family, where such is the plea by the husband for having speculated.—Ed.

remark the bitter smile that slightly curled the parched and quivering lip, and the dimmed lustre of the eye, that had evidently passed, if not a sleepless, certainly a watchful and unquiet night, as Mr. Day said, ‘Well, Contract, I am come to borrow a golden leaf out of your book—I mean to make *my* fortune in Spanish!’ Turning a penetrating glance upon his friend, from beneath his closely knit brows, as if he would search for some further meaning in the words that had been uttered, ‘Are you serious?’ said the stock-broker.—‘Quite,—and in a hurry to begin,’ replied Mr. Day laughing.

“‘How is this, my friend?’ rejoined Contract; ‘we have known each other for some years, during which not only have you never thought of such a thing as now seems to possess you; but you have positively once or twice resisted direct overtures from myself, to engage in small but safe speculation; and yet, just at this particular moment, you come to me as a volunteer. It strikes me as odd,—very odd,—repeating the words with marked emphasis, while his look still wore the same scrutinizing character, though his features began to relax into a half playful expression.

“‘Every thing must have a beginning, you know,’ replied Mr. Day.

“‘And an ending,’ \* added Mr. Contract, in a subdued tone, speaking to himself rather than to his friend, as he turned round to see who was entering the room. It was his servant with a letter.

“Mr. Contract looked at the direction, then at the seal, and flung it unopened on the table. ‘And so,’ he continued, resuming the conversation with Mr. Day, as he leaned with folded arms against a window which opened upon the terrace of his garden, while it was evident his thoughts were intently fixed upon other matters; ‘and so, my friend, you would fain make a plunge into the troubled water where I have been buffetting all my life?’ ‘I don’t know what to say about the plunge, but I am disposed to paddle a little along the margin of these troubled waters, as you call them.’ This figurative reply failed to reach Mr. Contract, so utterly was he absorbed in other thoughts. When, however, the voice had ceased, he seemed to remember that something had been addressed to him which perhaps required reply; but he could make none, and was weary of the conversation, for he was impatient to get into the city; and moreover, there still lay before him that unopened letter—unopened, because he had a presentiment that no mortal eye ought to be upon him while he perused its contents. With some abruptness, therefore, he ended the interview, promising to think of what his friend had been saying.”

“It would be unjust to exclude from this catalogue a description of persons who are to be found wherever *unfortunate* shows itself; and the greater the evil, the more obtrusive is their long-sighted wisdom. The persons to whom we allude boasted of having foreseen, for the last twenty years or thereabouts, the identical catastrophe here attempted to be delineated. They had always set their faces against foreign speculation; they had always predicted that it

\* We believe to the credit of the craft, that the most respectable or substantial brokers do their utmost to dissuade the over anxious beginner.—Ed.



must end in a general crash; and now, behold! they had proved true prophets. Such a prophecy, with a quarter of a century to run, has every chance of fulfilment. And there is, we suppose, a pleasure which none but prophets know, in prognosticating evil; since these telescopic sneers were evidently not more delighted with the fruition of their vaticinations, than with the amount of misery which was involved in them; for while they shrugged their shoulders and exclaimed, 'We knew it would be so,' they could find no pity for those who, in spite of being forewarned, persisted in being undone. Carrying their heads aloft, with an air of undisturbed self-complacency, they looked on, and coolly triumphed in their exemption from the common calamity.

"These were the consolations of men who might call themselves *Christians*; sadly contrasting with the *conduct* of one who was *not* a Christian; of one who prayed not in that creed, but who, nevertheless, could make a just estimate of noble dealing, and be ready to requite it with a kindred spirit. We might not choose to go to the synagogue for our religion; but neither will we ask what is his religion, whose actions proclaim that, in the hour of calamity, his heart is touched with manly and generous sentiments.

I ask not what the kind man's creed,  
Who checks the tear about to start;  
Turk, Hindoo, "*Israelite indeed*,"  
Religion animates his heart.

"As the tide of devastation rolled on, there were daily and hourly increasing manifestations of its destructive progress. Haggard countenances and oppressed hearts began to show themselves, with the languor and morbid irritability produced by nights of sleepless anxiety. The dismay at what was approaching became stronger and more general; none could wholly resist the infection; distrust insinuated itself into every mind, and there prevailed a suspicious watching of each man's movements; a sifting of each man's words for hidden meanings and intentions, lest unworthily bestowed confidence, or a too credulous reliance upon appearances, should aggravate circumstances already sufficiently afflicting.

"Occasionally, and for a brief interval, gleams of sunshine would burst forth, irradiating this scene of gloom and sadness, when Hope relumed her torch, and smiling looks grew warm upon the cheek; but then came some unexpected blow, which dissipated all these cheerful anticipations, and rendered the returning despondency still more hopeless and profound.

"It was painful to witness the inroads which this state of suffering was making upon the habits and feelings of individuals. The usual hour for closing the business of the day was no longer a signal for returning home. Home had ceased to be the source of those serene delights, the expectation of which sustains a man through the toils he undergoes. Alas! what is home to him, who carries thither a vulture-secreet gnawing at his heart, which it is mercy to keep from others while he can; but, to do which, he must deceive those whom he has never yet deceived. Is that a home to which its master knows he is the messenger of sorrow, if his tongue speak the tidings that are upon

it? Is that a home to which the husband and the father goes a ruined bankrupt, and looks upon his wife and children, who are yet ignorant of what they must soon learn, and finds, for the first time, that he has no answering gladness in his bosom for their gladness; no share in what they think they still possess; no responsive feeling when they dwell upon scenes of future happiness? He sits within the circle of his holiest affections, disunited from them all, and listens to discourse which turns upon pleasures that are to come, with the miserable consciousness that he has a tale to tell, a single word to pronounce, which shall no sooner pass his lips, than anguish becomes the portion of those whom it had been his pride and pleasure to surround with every substantial and refined enjoyment.

"It was not moral discipline alone, neither was it constitutional energy of character merely, that enabled Mr. Contract to sustain the shock. Amid all the toil and care which he had given to the accumulation of wealth, and amid all the seductions of pleasure to which the possession of it had exposed him, he had found time to remember, that, besides the riches of this world, there were the treasures of another to be carefully sought after. He never forgot, in the moment of brightest success, that the precept of inspiration teaches us so to use our wealth as though we had it not, and that instability and vanity are its essential characteristics. He did not, like Esau, suffer the vain boast to enter his heart, that he had gotten all by his *own* quiver, and his *own* bow. The value of *this* wealth, and the wisdom of having acquired it, were now brought to the test. His family, too, were partakers of the soothing influence of such principles, for under him they had been trained to an habitual observance of religious duties, and a constant feeling of their deep importance.

"But, alas, for poor human nature! Nurtured in the silken pleasures of the world, its many delights and pleasant things engrafted upon us, how sharp is the separation, how ill we bear the rude tearing of them away; and how we bleed at every pore, in spite of all the aids that religion and philosophy can impart! We may be patient, but we are also sorrowful; we may be resigned, but we are also dejected; not a murmur may escape our lips, but are we not full of sad thoughts for the present, and sadder fears for the future? Oh! could we look into the heart that is most meek and submissive under affliction, what evidence should we behold of the storm that had passed over it! Uprooted hopes, blighted prospects, scattered joys!

"And what was Mr. Day about all this time? Learning a lesson that would be useful to him for the rest of his life, by unlearning one that had cost him some trouble to acquire. He had heard from sympathising neighbours and acquaintance, who felt no surprise at the circumstance, however much they might be distressed at it, that his friend had been utterly ruined by rash and imprudent speculations. The intelligence was garnished, as usual, with those felicitous touches of invention which never fail to embellish tales of this kind in passing from mouth to mouth. Some declared that Mr. Contract had absconded to America;

others, with some ingenuity, had provided for him in the new police; while others, with more charity, had consigned him to the madhouse or the grave!

"False delicacy prevented Mr. Day from calling at Premium House during the prevalence of these rumours, lest it should be thought he was seeking to pry into his friend's situation, from motives of impertinent curiosity. One evening, however, he resolved to overcome these scruples, and set forth to visit a mansion where he had so often shared the splendid hospitalities of his friend; and with anxious hope, rather than with any decided expectation, of finding the reports of the past week exaggerated.

"It was a beautiful evening in the early part of June—one of those glorious evenings, when, after a sultry day, there breathes from the golden western sky the light fanning breeze which plays so deliciously upon the exhausted frame. Nature herself seems to rejoice in the approach of such an evening; while the spirits of man, as if instinctively attuned to the same gentle influence, throw off the burthen of the by-gone day, and yield themselves up to luxurious enjoyment."

"The letter which Mr. Contract had received, and which he opened immediately after his friend had left the room, justified his worst forebodings. He learned by its contents, that the occurrence of a particular event, an event he knew to be inevitable, would involve him in liabilities beyond even what *his* ample fortune could meet, and that in a few days he would have to determine whether he and his family should be reduced to beggary or —, but his mind spurned the alternative. He felt that he *could* face want, but not dishonour. There lingered in his heart, however, in spite of the terrible conviction that to retrieve his affairs was impossible, a vague hope of something that might yet happen to ward off the impending blow. It is often thus! in the most disastrous trials of fortune, we do not utterly abandon ourselves to despondency. Our conversation, indeed, may savour of this feeling, but our actions belie our words: with the language of despair upon our lips, we continue to struggle; and what prompts this struggle, but the hope of still overcoming or mitigating the calamity we fear?"

"It was so with Mr. Contract. He left his home for the Stock Exchange that morning with all the mental sufferings of one who saw inevitable ruin staring him in the face; yet with the feeling that some one of the many sudden vicissitudes of that living lottery might, perhaps, serve for his extrication. This feeling was partly the result of an opinion which possessed him strongly, before the shock of the panic had been generally felt. He was among the few who had clearly discerned the approach of that appalling event, and believed this premonition would enable him to escape its ravages. He fancied that his measures had been so prudently taken, and his ground selected with so much caution and foresight, that, like a spectator upon some tall cliff, he could look on, sorrowful indeed for the sufferings of those whom the storm overwhelmed, himself utterly beyond the reach of danger. And this would have been his position, or nearly so, had nothing more

been exacted of him, than to steer his own bark in safety through the tempest; but he found himself lashed to smaller craft, that were sinking, and by their weight he foresaw he should be dragged under, unless they could right themselves. The sense of security, however, which he had felt at the outset still partially survived, though now moulded into the subdued and vague expectation of some fortunate occurrence that might intervene to save him.

"The state of the Foreign Stock Exchange, at that particular period (towards the latter end of May, 1835), was one of deep and varying interest, exhibiting to those who had opportunities of witnessing it, a scene too heart-searching, too instructive, and in many respects too extraordinary, ever to be forgotten. The ruin was so comprehensive, both in its actual and probable results, that scarcely an individual could be found whom it did not reach, or fearfully threaten. There was, consequently, one common sense of danger, requiring united and simultaneous efforts to grapple with it; but which, from its very universality, paralysed and stupified all, none being sufficiently remote from the calamity, to be able to consult for the safety of those who were drifting into its vortex. *It was as if a mine had been suddenly sprung beneath their feet; and the affrighted sufferers were running to and fro, calling for aid, but unable to render any.\**

"Next to life itself, is that which gives to life all its value: and some there are who rate even higher than the bare privilege to breathe, both the place and manner of their existence, who, when stripped of the accidental goods of fortune, *rashly and ignominiously cut a being, which they thus show they never prized but for its outward attractions.* It was to be expected, therefore, that a crisis, like that we are describing, should exhibit the workings of the deeper passions of our nature, as strongly as we find them excited under circumstances which are commonly supposed more favourable to their production. There were indeed the lights and shades, the dark and the bright touches of human character, strongly, faithfully, even painfully brought out. It was a strangely mingled and discordant scene, wherein might be found much to admire, much to despise, and much to deplore. The lofty and enduring spirit of some;† the crafty and selfish calculations of others; the helpless agony of a third class, who would willingly have met the first sacrifice, but were prevented by the general alarm, and who now saw that they must abide inevitable destruction; constituted altogether a combination of circumstances, such as could be concentrated in no other spot, perhaps, than that where they were exhibited. Some there were, who, knowing that, calamitous as matters then were, the ultimate consequences would be still more frightful, concealed their knowledge for the gratification, it is to be feared, of a base cupidity. There were others whom desperation had rendered reckless, and who, with a sort of sullen apathy, committed themselves to the current

\* This passage is so strikingly illustrative of the occasion, that we have printed it in letter the most conspicuous. E.D.

† Would that we could, without a breach of honour, proclaim a generous soul who penned a certain letter to his perilled friend—a stock-broker.

caring not whither it might carry them, their condition being already beyond remedy. A few among the motley group were spoken of as reckoning, in imagination, the dishonest profit they hoped to reap, from making a feigned sympathy for the truly unfortunate, a mean by which to exonerate themselves from onerous responsibilities; thus seeking to extract a selfish gain from the common distress. Last of all, and most to be commiserated, were the really heart-broken; those men who pictured to themselves the thrift and toil of a long life scattered in a moment; a home of fire-side enjoyments and unambitious domestic happiness so thoroughly blighted and laid waste, that in the vista of the future their eye could rest upon no spot where haggard poverty did not appear dogging the future steps of those whose welfare was far dearer to them than their own.

"Mr. Contract was seated in an alcove, in a retired part of his grounds, and alone. Even had there been nothing to confirm the visitor's worst fears in the manner of the servant who admitted him (a faithful domestic, who had been many years in the family), nothing in the disordered and deserted appearance of the rooms through which he passed, Mr. Day needed not to have asked how it fared with his friend, when he saw him. Ruin had written its own tale in his wan and faded features. And then the silent grasp of the hand, given with unwonted pressure and a lingering hold, what was that but the dumb prayer of an overcharged heart, saying 'You know all—spare me this recital.'

Mr. Contract's heart was overcharged at that moment; for he had sought his favourite seat, to take a farewell look of objects that were about to pass from him for ever. It was the last day he and his would call that place their home: on the morrow, they were to quit it, preparatory to the auctioneer's parcelling into lots for future sale all that it contained! They only who have undergone this trial, can understand what it is to part even with inanimate things that have found a place in our affections, because they have become associated with a thousand little circumstances of domestic life, and all its endearing recollections. A shrub planted by a beloved child; a piece of furniture valued by one whom we value; a walk, where, on some still freshly remembered occasion, we have discoursed with those nearest and dearest to us, of matters which then deeply concerned us, either for weal or woe; a book, a picture, an ornament, the manner of whose acquisition has given to them, perchance, a character of interest quite apart from their intrinsic worth; nay, the very feeling that we are about to look no more upon things which have daily met our eyes, and engaged the attention of those we love—these, and a train of similar thoughts, rush in upon us at such a moment. This is so invariably the case, that it may be doubted whether any man, whose sentiments are not of the most obtuse, vulgar, and grovelling description, would consent to receive the utmost money value, or even more, for every thing he possesses, upon condition that he should transfer to the purchaser the whole, without the slightest reservation, without the retention of a single article. Mr. Contract was literally writhing under this self-inflicted torture, when the appearance of his friend in some measure recalled him to himself. He had just

brushed away a few hasty tears as he looked upon the little flower-gardens of his children, neatly divided from each other, and tastefully evidencing the care which the young florists had bestowed upon them, and thought how they would miss the pleasure of taking him, each evening, to show what flowers had bloomed, what buds were bursting into life, or what delicate blossom had withered away since the morning. The presence of Mr. Day was most timely. It broke a spell, whose longer continuance would have deepened into uncontrollable anguish, feelings which, till then, had partaken more of solace than grief.

"'You see,' said Mr. Contract, first breaking silence, 'you see what a slippery footing was mine upon the eminence on which I so lately stood—nothing remains, but that for which all has been sacrificed—the character of an honest man.'

"'I have heard,' replied Mr. Day—'That I am begged!' interrupted Mr. Contract.

"'Yes; but I sincerely trust it is not so,' rejoined Mr. Day, with evident emotion.

"'To-morrow,' said Mr. Contract, in a slow, calm voice, 'we quit this place—next day the auctioneer comes in to prepare his catalogue—when that is ready, there will be a sale of every thing—aye, of every thing, my friend—nothing that is here is mine now—nothing, of all I possessed elsewhere a month ago, belongs to me—Is that beggary? Come, come, you must not be unmann'd,' he continued, seeing by Mr. Day's countenance that he was much affected, 'I have already gone through the weakness of my ordeal; I must learn to bear the rest of it without disgracing myself. When you came, I was in the midst of thought, mingled with many shapings of old things and days gone by. But there must be no more of that—no more of that,' he repeated, rising from his seat, and passing his hand across his brow, as if he would sweep away every disturbing recollection.

"'You talk too despondingly: with your spirit of enterprise, and the long experience you have had in giving it a judicious direction, there must be still a wide field at your command.

"'Well—let me think so. One thing is certain, I am in His hands who has seen fit to humble and abase me; but I trust I did not require this severe lesson to teach me, that whatsoever He permits is for good. Perhaps I should have become too worldly-minded, too much engrossed with the vanities of this life, had I not been taught in this manner, how fleeting, how unstable, how utterly insecure and worthless they are.'

"The conversation was interrupted here, by the servant who had opened the door to Mr. Day, and whose melancholy air had impressed him with such a sad presage of what he afterwards learned.

"'That faithful, honest creature,' he continued, when the domestic was out of hearing, 'strewed a few roses in my path of thorns. Would you believe it!—(and his voice faltered as he spoke,) he came into my room yesterday morning, to tell me that he had saved a few hundred pounds in my service, and to beg—I cannot go on! The tears now trickled down his face; and after a short pause he resumed, 'but I declare to you, I was more touched by this instance of affectionate fidelity, and the

humble earnestness with which the offering was pressed upon me, than by any thing in the whole course of my last month's trials. I ought to add, in justice to the rest of my household, that he was deputed to convey to me their entreaties, that they might all be allowed to place in my hands their little savings. Oh! my friend! who shall say adversity is entirely a cheerless blank, when it has green and sunny spots like these!

"They returned in silence to the house.

"When they arrived at the hall door, the former, shaking his friend by the hand, said, 'God bless you! Many a time, perhaps, when we have thus parted, you have gone to your own home with disparaging thoughts of its comforts and attractions, because of what you had witnessed here; go to it now with a grateful heart, to think that *this* home, which is no longer mine, is not your's.'

"Mr. Day bent his steps homewards, not only an altered, but a wiser man. A thousand thoughts pressed on his startled mind, which had never occurred to him before.

"The unexpected address of his friend partaking almost of the nature of a rebuke, clung to his thoughts, and awakened a train of reflections so just and so natural, that they might aptly serve for the 'MORAL OF OUR TALE.'

The other night at a charming *soirée* I heard the celebrated Polish *violiniste*, Madame Filipowicz; she certainly plays on the violin with extraordinary execution. I never could acquire a taste for artificial harmony, and own, that the extremely difficult compositions performed by this lady gave only the pleasure of surprise. Still I own that I never heard more delicate or thrilling sounds produced from the violin; and I have first rate musical authority for saying that her powers are very great. I should have liked to have heard some of my simple favourite melodies under her sweet brow. She uses her little hands with astonishing rapidity, her instrument is of the smallest size, she plays with a steel bow, and seems perfectly absorbed in the sounds she produces. Her performance on this difficult and scientific instrument is more rare, as it is a most curious manifestation of female talent.

I scarcely dare confess to any lover of sculpture, that I was baby enough to be exceedingly amused by the exhibition of Madame Fussiaud's wax figures at gas light; whoever loves reality should go there. The student of phrenology would be benefited in the study of his art, as all the heads being taken from casts marvellously agree with the characters of the personages, with the singular exception of Fieschi, whose benevolence and veneration are enormously developed—so are the frontal organs. I think his actions were the effect of derangement and over-excitement, of ideality and wonder; mad, he certainly was. The figures of Burke and Hare are an admirable tableau, not *vivant*, certainly, but life-like. I noticed that all those who drew near this group, spoke under their

breath, the horrid conference was so real, it produced feelings of awe in the sight-seers; the foreheads of the other reptiles "who did murder for a meed," are in wonderful coincidence with their characters. Contrast the ideality and bounce of Fieschi's plot with their dark crawlings to crime, and you will see the difference of crime acting on God-forsaken creatures, when differently impelled by passions and organization, in both instances widely and fearfully mischievous. I have forgotten the wax-work; I was much diverted with the French coquette of *l'ancien regime* doing the amiable with Voltaire for her beau—this was excellent: as for the figures in court robes, ermine, and plumes, they looked very theatrical, and were just in the common run of a wax-work show. The group in the centre is worth looking at. The Princess Victoria looks older than she will look for these seven years to come. The best part of this exhibition is in the characters out of court costume. There was but one figure in court costume which I thought appeared natural, this was Marie Antonette, a sitting figure in a regal dress. I observed that the celebrated ladies of France are better represented than those of England; Queen Elizabeth is a failure.

An exhibition has been opened, called by the proprietor "Zulopyrography, or the art of engraving on charred wood." It seems that a sufficient surface of hard wood is submitted to the action of fire, and with a graver certain parts are cut out, thus leaving to the eye various shades, or if needed, the extreme white of the wood. It may become a new source of amusement for you and our fair friends, as such work would be in no respect an unsuitable occupation. Copies, in this manner, which seem like sepia drawings, or fine old engravings, are made of any picture; the effect is extremely good, and the plan is particularly successful for the hands, the hue well assimilating with the colour of human flesh—Paul preaching at Athens, from the Cartoons, is about the best, being so rich in figures, it affords sufficient display for superior talent. In architectural designs it seems also to answer well. I should like to see the proprietor make an attempt at the "Colosseum of Rome." There were about fifteen designs done after this manner; really, on entering the room, they presented a very striking and beautiful appearance.

From several paintings we drove to the Panorama of "Iola Bella," and the "Lago Maggiore." This is, without exception, a most finished performance. To speak first of that which pleased me most, the mountainous part, called "the road of the Simphon," and the summit of the "Vergante," are so admirably done in point of distance and effect, that it deserves to be preserved in our galleries as a choice display of the most lucky combination of mind and pencil. Here

"Isola Bella" presents the appearance of a magic Isle; the point of view is, indeed, in the Pahorama, more favourable than on the lake itself; there you are on the water below the building, or walking on the several terraces; here, as if raised on stilts to about the centre of view, so that you can at once look upon the terraced walks, and the innumerable orange and citron trees. One of the great beauties of the Italian lakes is, the tranquillity which reigns around; here, perhaps, Mr. Burford has introduced too many boats and figures; he has probably, taken only as many as were at some one time to be seen, but he has not remembered that, as he had only a limited space for an almost ocean of waters, so he should have lessened the number of his secondary objects. Thus

I would have wholly left out sundry barks which interfere with the eye's tranquil gaze of water and mountains, particularly when looking towards Castello and Caldi.

Delighted as you have been with what I have told you of the beauties of this great lake, and its surrounding scenery, your desire would be greatly increased could you but see this very admirably executed pictorial representation, which was taken in the year 1835, by Mr. Burford, at a season when nature was clad in her most attractive robes.

Make a thousand excuses for this long and rambling letter. Soon I hope to walk with you again in the delightful gardens of the Tuilleries.

Yours affectionately,

LEONORA.

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

### BIRTHS.

June 4, at Monteviot, the Marchioness of Lothian, of a daughter.—June 7, Mrs. Taylor, Mecklenburgh-square, of a son.—June 4, at Haleskirk, the lady of Sir Ralph A. Anstruther, Bart. of a son.—June 5, the lady of Alexander Atherton Park, Esq., of a son.—June 9, the lady of Sir William Henry, Bart., M. P., of a daughter.—June 6, at the Ray, Maidenhead, Lady Phillimore, of a daughter.—June 9, the lady of William John Lawson, Esq., of Park-place, Regent's-park, of a son.—June 9, at Upper Norwood, Mrs. John Boyd, of a daughter, still-born.—April 12, at Government-house, St. Vincent, the lady of his Excellency Captain Tyler, R. N., K. H., of a son.—June 8, in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of Charles Gonne, Esq., of a daughter.—June 22, Mrs. Gilbert, of Euston-square, of a daughter.—June 9, the lady of William Adair Bruce, Esq., of Lansdown-crescent, Bath, of a son.—June 21, at Becket, the Viscountess Barrington, of a daughter.—June 10, at Clarence-terrace, Regent's-park, the lady of William Christie, Esq., of a daughter.—June 17, the lady of Dr. Williams, 39, Bedford-place, of a son.—June 18, in Cumberland-street, the lady of Langham Christie, Esq., of a daughter.—June 11, in Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, the lady of George Marsden, Esq., of a son.—June 10, at Blackheath, Mrs. Henry Ranking, of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

May 31, at Cheltenham, William Elphinstone Fullerton, Esq., to Letitia, only daughter of J. H. D. Ogilvie, Esq.—May 31, at Shering, Mr. Sanford, of John-street, Adelphi, solicitor, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Jonathan Feake, Esq., of Dorrington-house, Essex.—May 31, at Preston Candover, William Hunter Little, Esq., of Lamsanfred, Monmouthshire, to Georgiana, youngest daughter of W. H. Hartley, Esq., and the late Lady Louisa Hartley, and niece to the late Earl of Scarborough.—June 9, at Barnes, Thomas Bernard, eldest son of the late George Cooke, Esq., of Barnes Terrace, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Edgerington, A. M. of Stockwell, Surrey, niece of the late Lord Bishop of Durham.—June 8, at Ruanlanhorn, Cornwall, the Rev. R. Morris, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, to Harriet, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. Budd, rector.—June 9, at Hadley, R. J. Bourchier, Esq., to Dorothy, only daughter of J. Darby, Esq., formerly Capt. Royal Horse Guards, Blue.—June 11, at St. Pancras, Joseph Housar, Esq., of Poleuden, Surrey, to Eliza Deane, youngest daughter of Major Orme, of Fitz-

roy-square.—June 14, at Abberley, Worcester, H. Griffin, A. M., of St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, to Frances Sophia, relict of Thomas Maling Welch, Esq., of Merefield-lodge, Essex, niece of the Countess Dowager of Mulgrave.—June 11, at St. Mary-lebone Church, J. J. Kinloch, Esq., eldest son of J. Kinloch, Esq., Brunswick-square, to Sophia, fourth daughter of Lieut. Gen. Sir George Anson, G. C. B. and M. P.—June 7, at the Cathedral, Canterbury, A. B. E. Holdsworth, Esq., eldest son of A. H. Holdsworth, Esq., of Mount Galpin, Devon, to Ann Mervyn Bayley, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. F. Bayley, and the Rev. E. T. Yates, eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Yates, of Chelsea College, to Mary Sophia Pollexfen Bayley, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. F. Bayley, Prebendary of Canterbury.—June 15, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Lionel, eldest son of N. M. de Rothschild, Esq., to Miss Charlotte de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

### DEATHS.

June 6, after a few hours' illness, William Augustus, youngest son of the late Lieut. Col. Sir Ogilby, Hon. E. I. C., and lately of Fromer-lodge, Friern-Barnet. He was a remarkably fine, promising youth, 16 years of age.—June 8, at her house, Leonard-place, Kensington, after a few days' illness, Eliza, the beloved wife of Colonel G. E. Pratt Barlow.—At Cheshnut, Hertfordshire, Mrs. Frewin, aged 77, widow of the late Richard Frewin, Esq., formerly Chairman of H. M.'s Customs.—May 31, Elizabeth Sarah, the beloved wife of James Crowley, Esq., Secretary of the island of Newfoundland.—May 31, in London-street, Fitzroy-square, Mrs. Maclean, widow of the late General Allan Maclean.—At Heavitree, near Exeter, on the 30th ult., Colonel Delamain, C. B., late Commandant at Agra.—In Poet's Corner, May 29, Alexander Thomas Grey, son of the Lord Bishop of Hereford, in the 10th year of his age.—May 31, in Harley-street, the Hon. George Sackville Germain.—June 1, Ann, the beloved wife of the Rev. John Emblem, of Stratford, Essex.—January 30, at Cawnpore, in the East Indies, a few days after given birth to a son, Elizabeth, wife of Duncan Menzies, Esq., H. M.'s 16th Foot, and eldest daughter of the late Mr. Leeson, of Davios-street, aged 28.—June 5, in Hertford-street, May-fair, General William Scott.—June 5, Sophia Ranken, the infant daughter of John Nix, Esq., Sydenham-common.—June 2, at his residence, Pembroke-square, Kensington, aged 73, Christopher William Fisher, Esq., late of Kensington-palace.

et d'Isabeau. Leur réputation de beauté et de talent avaient fait le tour de l'Europe, et cependant elles n'en étaient pas plus fières; elles vivaient dans la retraite, ne voyant guère d'autres personnes que le petit page Valentin, bel enfant aux cheveux blonds, et le sire de Maulevrier, vieillard tout chenu, tout hâlé et tout cassé d'avoir porté soixante ans son har-nois de guerre.

Elles passaient leur temps à jeter de la graine aux petits oiseaux, à dire leurs prières, et principalement à étudier les œuvres des maîtres, et à répéter ensemble quelque motet, madrigal, villanelle, ou telle autre musique; elles avaient aussi des fleurs qu'elles arrosaient et soignaient elles-mêmes. Leur vie s'écoulait dans ces douces et poétiques occupations de jeune fille; elles se tenaient dans l'ombre et loin des regards du monde, et cependant le monde s'occupait d'elles : ni le rossignol, ni la rose ne se peuvent cacher : leur chant et leur odeur les trahissent toujours. — Nos deux cousines étaient deux rossignols et deux roses.

Il vint des ducs, des princes, pour les demander en mariage; l'empereur de Trébizonde et le sultan d'Égypte envoyèrent des ambassadeurs pour proposer leur alliance au sire de Maulevrier; les deux cousines ne se lassaient pas d'être filles, et ne voulurent pas en entendre parler. Peut-être avaient-elles senti, par un secret instinct, que leur mission ici bas était d'être filles, et de chanter, et qu'elles y dérogeraient en faisant autre chose.

Elles étaient venues toutes petites dans ce manoir. La fenêtre de leur chambre donnait sur le parc, et elles avaient été bercées par le chant des oiseaux. A peine se tenaient-elles debout, que le vieux Blondiau, ménétrier du sire, avait posé leurs petites mains sur les touches d'ivoire du virginal; elles n'avaient pas eu d'autre hochet, et avaient su chanter avant de parler; elles chantaient comme les autres respirent, cela leur était naturel.

Cette éducation avait singulièrement influé sur leur caractère. Leur enfance harmonieuse les avait séparées de l'enfance turbulente et bavarde. Elles n'avaient jamais poussé un cri aigu ni une plainte discordante; elles pleuraient en mesure et gémissaient d'accord. — Le sens musical, développé chez elles aux dépens des autres, les rendait peu sensibles à ce qui n'était pas musique. Elles flottaient dans un vague mélodieux, et ne percevaient presque le monde réel que par les sons. Elles comprenaient admirablement bien le bruissement du feuillage, le murmure des eaux, le tintement de l'horloge, le soupir du vent dans la cheminée, la goutte de pluie tombant sur la vitre frémissante, toutes les harmonies extérieures ou intérieures; mais elles n'éprouvaient pas, je dois le dire, un grand enthousiasme à la vue d'un soleil couchant, et elles étaient aussi peu en état d'apprécier une peinture que si leurs beaux yeux, bleus et noirs, eussent été couverts d'une taie épaisse. Elles avaient la maladie de la musique, elles en rêvaient; elles en perdaient le boire et le manger; elles n'aimaient rien autre chose : c'était Valentin et leurs fleurs : Valentin parce qu'il ressemblait aux roses; les roses parce qu'elles ressemblaient à Valentin. Mais cet amour était tout-à-fait sur le second plan. — Il est vrai que Valentin n'avait que treize ans. — Leur plus grand plaisir était de chanter le soir à leur fenêtre, la musique qu'elles avaient composée dans la journée.

Les maîtres les plus célèbres venaient de très loin pour les entendre et lutter avec elles. Ils n'avaient pas plutôt écouté une mesure qu'ils brisaient leurs instruments et déchiraient leurs partitions en s'avouant vaincus; en effet, c'était une musique si agréable et si mélodieuse que les chérubins du ciel venaient à la croisée avec les autres musiciens, et l'apprenaient par cœur pour la chanter au bon Dieu.

Un soir de mai, les deux cousines chan-

taient un motet à deux voix ; jamais motif plus heureux n'avait été plus heureusement travaillé et rendu. Un rossignol du parc, tapi sous un rosier, les avait écoutées attentivement. Quand elles eurent fini, il s'approcha de la fenêtre, et leur dit en son langage de rossignol : Je voudrais faire un combat de chant avec vous.

Les deux cousines répondirent qu'elles voulaient bien, et qu'il eût à commencer.

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Les deux cousines, sans se laisser effrayer par ce tour de force, tournèrent le feuillet de leur livre de musique, et répliquèrent au rossignol de telle sorte que sainte Cécile, qui les écoutait du haut du ciel, en devint pâle de jalousie, et laissa tomber sa contrebasse par terre.

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C'était merveille de voir comme ils étaient privés, comme ils chantaient bien ; ils s'en allaient, voletant par la chambre, et se perchaient tantôt sur la tête d'Isabeau, tantôt sur l'épaule de Fleurette. Ils se posaient devant le livre de musique, et l'on eût dit, en vérité, qu'ils savaient déchiffrer les notes, tant ils regardaient les blanches et les noires d'un air d'intelligence. Ils avaient appris tous les airs de Fleurette et d'Isabeau, et ils commençaient à en improviser eux-mêmes de forts jolis.

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### TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.—No. VII.\*

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

#### MATILDA ATHELING.

##### CHAPTER I.

"Now lithin and listeneth,  
And hearkeneth ye aright,  
And ye shall hear me tell  
The tale of a doughty knight."

*Coke's Tale of Gamelyn Chaucer.*

It happened, about two months after the accession of the first Henry to the English throne, that a Saxon peasant was jogging along Salisbury plain, directing his course towards the town of Wilton. He was habited in a long white tunic, neatly worked and stitched

on the breast, a mode of dress which is continued by our husbandmen, and which they doubtless derived from their Saxon ancestors.

There were certain tokens of sleekness and good appointment about this man, which, joined to some degree of

- \* The following Tales of the English Chronicles have been published in this Magazine: viz.—  
No. 1.—Hubert de Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third. January, 1834, p. 6.  
No. 2.—The Sanctuary, in the same reign. April, 1834, p. 206.  
No. 3.—The Prisoner of State, during the Wars of York and Lancaster. December, 1834, p. 378; and January, 1835, p. 10.  
No. 4.—The Double Bridal, during the same period. March, 1835, p. 150.  
No. 5.—Sir Lucas Staunmore and the Lord High Admiral. February and March, 1836, pp. 103 and 160.  
No. 6.—The Duke of Exeter, July, August, September, and October, 1837, pp. 45, 105, 167, and 261.

The above numbers may be had singly, or in the respective half-yearly volumes.

A—VOL. XIII.—JULY, 1838.



consequential bearing, marked him as a person who considered himself far above the depressed and degraded yeomen, his countrymen, who, in that iron age of misrule and spoliation, were assisting their serfs in keeping watch and ward over their miserable flocks and herds, which were grazing on Salisbury plain; a very needful precaution in the early reigns of the Norman dynasty, when the soldiers of the conqueror helped themselves to whatever seemed good in their eyes, owning no law but that of the strongest.

Odo and his mule had left the last of these groups at a good distance, when the latter, perhaps in displeasure at leaving so much worthy company, both of man and beast, behind her, began to manifest a disinclination to move in any other than retrograde motion. In vain did Odo exert all his influence, both of word and deed, to conquer this strange perversity. After a stout battle, in which the mule successfully proved that she had a will of her own, and meant to maintain it, Odo, in despair, gave up the contest, venting the bitterness of his wrath in these words—

“Sorrow befall thee, thou stiff-necked jade! and mayest thou have a Norman for a master.”

“Amen to thy wish, slave. *Pardie!* it is more fitting to thy degree to trudge, than to ride a fat sumpter mule, while thy betters walk on foot; therefore, *prest! prest!* dismount!” exclaimed a rough voice behind him.

Turning his head, Odo beheld, with dismay, standing close to the crupper of his refractory mule, a gigantic ruffian of most ominous aspect: he was dressed in the Norman garb, wore a heavy sword by his side, and defensive armour on his breast, and he brandished in his hand a huge mace.

“St. Ethelreda defend me!” cried Odo, veiling his eyes from the appalling object.

“*Allons, allons! prest, prest!*” continued the Norman in an impatient tone, laying hand on the bridle, and waving his weapon over the terrified Odo, who, crouching his head and shoulders down to the saddle bow, cried, in a deprecating tone—

“For the love of our lady touch not the beast. It is the sumpter mule of

the most holy Lady Christiana, Abbess of Wilton; and the vengeance of heaven and all the Saxon saints will overtake thee, if thou dost sacrilegiously presume to despoil the church.”

“Heaven will take no cognizance of the deed, as the Lady Christiana is only a Saxon,” rejoined the Norman: “and as for your Saxon saints, who, think you, cares for their vengeance now-a-days?”

“I should like to know which of your Norman saints can be named with blessed Dunstan,” replied Odo, in a rage, “who, strong in the boldness of the spirit, took Sathanas himself by the nose—”

“And tweaked it thus,” cried the ruthless Norman, seizing Odo by the nasal organ, and flinging him, as he did so, from the sacred mule of the Abbess Christiana, exclaiming, as he installed himself in the vacant saddle, “Slave, thou mayest deliver the greetings of Roger Feu de Maison to the holy lady abbess, and tell her, that if ever she recover her sumpter mule again, she will find its paces improved.”

This, however, appeared but a vain vaunt on the part of the Norman robber, which the mule seemed disposed to make it a point of honour to disprove, and forthwith began to manifest the most inflexible firmness of character, refusing to budge a step, excepting in similar retrograde direction, receiving, with the most stoical apathy, the kicks, buffets, and execrations which were liberally bestowed upon her by her new master, who, fortunately for her, was neither provided with spurs nor riding rod.

The Norman looked fiercely round upon Odo, and demanded his spurs.

“St. Edmund to speed,” returned the Saxon, who had shrewdly foreseen the dilemma, “I am of no rank to wear sharp points at my heels like a Norman. Gramercy! the merciful man is merciful to his beast.”

“You had a smart switch in your hand with which you were belabouring the sacred mule of holy mother church, when I met you, I will be sworn,” said Roger Feu de Maison; “and, by the devil’s mass, if you do not forthwith hand it over to me, I will break it across your felon shoulders.”

"By St. Winfreda, patroness of nunneries, I have it no longer."

"How, churl! dost trifle with a Norman's anger?"

"Alack! my lord of high descents, when you flung me from my beast, I vented my despair by snapping in twain, and casting from me, the hazel riding-rod, not wotting that it would be of any service to a man who must perforce walk on foot this eve to Wilton. An it will pleasure you, nathless, I will gather up the fragments for your use and benefit."

"Dost think I am to be mocked by a Saxon slave like thee?" exclaimed Roger Feu de Maison, waxing very wroth, and making his mace whistle over the head of the shrinking Odo.

"Murder! sacrilege! help! help! for the love of all blessed saints!" shrieked Odo, who was encouraged thus to lift up his voice by the approach of a sprightly young knight, gallantly mounted, sheathed in armour of proof, and bedizened, after the French fashion, with as many ribbons and streamers as would have decorated ten court ladies in more modern times.

"What coil is this?" cried the knight, spurring his mettled barb between the parties at issue, with so much impetuosity, as not only to separate them, but even to endanger the person of the affrighted Saxon with the heels of his fiery courser.

"May it please you, dread lord of mighty lineage," said Odo, "to vouchsafe your knightly prowess to prevent sacrilege and murder!"

"Who is it dare threaten either?" demanded the young knight, frowning, and speaking with a tone of stern authority.

"Gracious and valiant knight," resumed the Saxon, "the one hath been already perpetrated, and the other even now menaced by yon foul Norman robber."

"How!" cried the young knight, with increasing sternness in his manner, "what slave art thou that thus darest to wag thy tongue against thy sovereign's nation?"

Roger Feu de Maison now perceived his advantage, and took up the word.

"Courteous mirror of knighthood," said he, "you shall judge between me

and this Saxon churl. I am one of the captains belonging to the army of our puissant Duke William. *Pardie*, I lent him liege service in the conquest of this foggy island, and, as he failed to reward me suitably in manors or gold, he gave me, as a requital, royal license to spoil and plunder the conquered land as I listed, providing only, that I touched not his leal Norman subjects."

"Of which heinous wickedness may our lady assorb his soul!" interposed Odo.

"Silence, churl!" exclaimed the knight: "I will to hear my countryman to the end."

"By the mass! thou art a most sweet and dainty gallant, young sir," said the Norman, who fully considered the game in his own hands; "and so, most noble knight, as I was crossing these fair champaigns, I chanced to hear this Saxon knave bestowing on his mule, by way of malison, his wish, that she might, as the worst that could befall her, pass into the hands of a Norman master—not into the clutches of the devil, mark you, my masters, for, quoth he, Beelzebub is a more savoury person to me than a rascal Norman, more especially if he have some base lineage to his grandame."

"How, villain!" cried the Norman knight, quivering with passion, "didst thou use words like these?"

"By the holy rood! yon robber lies most foully," cried Odo, in terror. "He hath most sacrilegiously despoiled me of the sumpter mule of the holy Lady Christiana, Abbess of Wilton, and lo! now he laboureth to take away my life also."

"The mule of the Lady Christiana, Abbess of Wilton, thou Saxon?" demanded the knight, with quickness. "What proof canst thou bring of this?"

"Please you but to wend with me to the town of Wilton, that lieth before us in fair distance across the plain, and we shall not meet man or boy in the street, but can certify you of the fact."

"How came you to be mounted on the back of so sacred an animal?" demanded the knight.

"So please you, sir knight, I am gardener to the nunnery of Wilton. The most royal Lady Matilda, of Scotland, niece to my lady abbess, earnestly

taient un motet à deux voix ; jamais motif plus heureux n'avait été plus heureusement travaillé et rendu. Un rossignol du parc, tapi sous un rosier, les avait écoutées attentivement. Quand elles eurent fini, il s'approcha de la fenêtre, et leur dit en son langage de rossignol : Je voudrais faire un combat de chant avec vous.

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*Coke's Tale of Gamelyn Chaucer.*

It happened, about two months after the accession of the first Henry to the English throne, that a Saxon peasant was jogging along Salisbury plain, directing his course towards the town of Wilton. He was habited in a long white tunic, neatly worked and stitched

on the breast, a mode of dress which is continued by our husbandmen, and which they doubtless derived from their Saxon ancestors.

There were certain tokens of sleekness and good appointment about this man, which, joined to some degree of

- \* The following Tales of the English Chronicles have been published in this Magazine: viz.—  
No. 1.—Hubert de Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third. January, 1834, p. 6.  
No. 2.—The Sanctuary, in the same reign. April, 1834, p. 296.  
No. 3.—The Prisoner of State, during the Wars of York and Lancaster. December, 1834, p. 378; and January, 1835, p. 10.  
No. 4.—The Double Bridal, during the same period. March, 1835, p. 150.  
No. 5.—Sir Lucas Stanmore and the Lord High Admiral. February and March, 1836, pp. 103 and 160.  
No. 6.—The Duke of Exeter, July, August, September, and October, 1837, pp. 45, 105, 167, and 261.

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consequential bearing, marked him as a person who considered himself far above the depressed and degraded yeomen, his countrymen, who, in that iron age of misrule and spoliation, were assisting their serfs in keeping watch and ward over their miserable flocks and herds, which were grazing on Salisbury plain; a very needful precaution in the early reigns of the Norman dynasty, when the soldiers of the conqueror helped themselves to whatever seemed good in their eyes, owning no law but that of the strongest.

Odo and his mule had left the last of these groups at a good distance, when the latter, perhaps in displeasure at leaving so much worthy company, both of man and beast, behind her, began to manifest a disinclination to move in any other than retrograde motion. In vain did Odo exert all his influence, both of word and deed, to conquer this strange perversity. After a stout battle, in which the mule successfully proved that she had a will of her own, and meant to maintain it, Odo, in despair, gave up the contest, venting the bitterness of his wrath in these words—

"Sorrow befall thee, thou stiff-necked jade! and mayest thou have a Norman for a master."

"Amen to thy wish, slave. *Pardie!* it is more fitting to thy degree to trudge, than to ride a fat sumpter mule, while thy betters walk on foot; therefore, *prest! prest!* dismount!" exclaimed a rough voice behind him.

Turning his head, Odo beheld, with dismay, standing close to the crupper of his refractory mule, a gigantic ruffian of most ominous aspect: he was dressed in the Norman garb, wore a heavy sword by his side, and defensive armour on his breast, and he brandished in his hand a huge mace.

"St. Ethelreda defend me!" cried Odo, veiling his eyes from the appalling object.

"*Allons, allons! prest, prest!*" continued the Norman in an impatient tone, laying hand on the bridle, and waving his weapon over the terrified Odo, who, crouching his head and shoulders down to the saddle bow, cried, in a deprecating tone—

"For the love of our lady touch not the beast. It is the sumpter mule of

the most holy Lady Christiana, Abbess of Wilton; and the vengeance of heaven and all the Saxon saints will overtake thee, if thou dost sacrilegiously presume to despoil the church."

"Heaven will take no cognizance of the deed, as the Lady Christiana is only a Saxon," rejoined the Norman: "and as for your Saxon saints, who, think you, cares for their vengeance now-a-days?"

"I should like to know which of your Norman saints can be named with blessed Dunstan," replied Odo, in a rage, "who, strong in the boldness of the spirit, took Sathanas himself by the nose—"

"And tweaked it thus," cried the ruthless Norman, seizing Odo by the nasal organ, and flinging him, as he did so, from the sacred mule of the Abbess Christiana, exclaiming, as he installed himself in the vacant saddle, "Slave, thou mayest deliver the greetings of Roger Feu de Maison to the holy lady abbess, and tell her, that if ever she recover her sumpter mule again, she will find its paces improved."

This, however, appeared but a vain vaunt on the part of the Norman robber, which the mule seemed disposed to make it a point of honour to disprove, and forthwith began to manifest the most inflexible firmness of character, refusing to budge a step, excepting in similar retrograde direction, receiving, with the most stoical apathy, the kicks, buffets, and execrations which were liberally bestowed upon her by her new master, who, fortunately for her, was neither provided with spurs nor riding rod.

The Norman looked fiercely round upon Odo, and demanded his spurs.

"St. Edmund to speed," returned the Saxon, who had shrewdly foreseen the dilemma, "I am of no rank to wear sharp points at my heels like a Norman. Grammercy! the merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"You had a smart switch in your hand with which you were belabouring the sacred mule of holy mother church, when I met you, I will be sworn," said Roger Feu de Maison; "and, by the devil's mass, if you do not forthwith hand it over to me, I will break it across your felon shoulders."

"By St. Winfreda, patroness of nunneries, I have it no longer."

"How, churl! dost trifle with a Norman's anger?"

"Alack! my lord of high descents, when you flung me from my beast, I vented my despair by snapping in twain, and casting from me, the hazel riding-rod, not wotting that it would be of any service to a man who must perforce walk on foot this eve to Wilton. An it will pleasure you, nathless, I will gather up the fragments for your use and benefit."

"Dost think I am to be mocked by a Saxon slave like thee?" exclaimed Roger Feu de Maison, waxing very wroth, and making his mace whistle over the head of the shrinking Odo.

"Murder! sacrilege! help! help! for the love of all blessed saints!" shrieked Odo, who was encouraged thus to lift up his voice by the approach of a sprightly young knight, gallantly mounted, sheathed in armour of proof, and bedizened, after the French fashion, with as many ribbons and streamers as would have decorated ten court ladies in more modern times.

"What coil is this?" cried the knight, spurring his mettled barb between the parties at issue, with so much impetuosity, as not only to separate them, but even to endanger the person of the affrighted Saxon with the heels of his fiery courser.

"May it please you, dread lord of mighty lineage," said Odo, "to vouchsafe your knightly prowess to prevent sacrilege and murder!"

"Who is it dare threaten either?" demanded the young knight, frowning, and speaking with a tone of stern authority.

"Gracious and valiant knight," resumed the Saxon, "the one hath been already perpetrated, and the other even now menaced by yon foul Norman robber."

"How!" cried the young knight, with increasing sternness in his manner, "what slave art thou that thus darest to wag thy tongue against thy sovereign's nation?"

Roger Feu de Maison now perceived his advantage, and took up the word.

"Courteous mirror of knighthood," said he, "you shall judge between me

and this Saxon churl. I am one of the captains belonging to the army of our puissant Duke William. *Pardee*, I lent him liege service in the conquest of this foggy island, and, as he failed to reward me suitably in manors or gold, he gave me, as a requital, royal license to spoil and plunder the conquered land as I listed, providing only, that I touched not his leal Norman subjects."

"Of which heinous wickedness may our lady absorb his soul!" interposed Odo.

"Silence, churl!" exclaimed the knight: "I will to hear my countryman to the end."

"By the mass! thou art a most sweet and dainty gallant, young sir," said the Norman, who fully considered the game in his own hands; "and so, most noble knight, as I was crossing these fair champaigns, I chanced to hear this Saxon knave bestowing on his mule, by way of malison, his wish, that she might, as the worst that could befall her, pass into the hands of a Norman master—not into the clutches of the devil, mark you, my masters, for, quoth he, Beelzebub is a more savoury person to me than a rascal Norman, more especially if he have some base lineage to his grandame."

"How, villain!" cried the Norman knight, quivering with passion, "didst thou use words like these?"

"By the holy rood! yon robber lies most foully," cried Odo, in terror. "He hath most sacrilegiously despoiled me of the sumpter mule of the holy Lady Christiana, Abbess of Wilton, and lo! now he laboureth to take away my life also."

"The mule of the Lady Christiana, Abbess of Wilton, thou Saxon?" demanded the knight, with quickness. "What proof canst thou bring of this?"

"Please you but to wend with me to the town of Wilton, that lieth before us in fair distance across the plain, and we shall not meet man or boy in the street, but can certify you of the fact."

"How came you to be mounted on the back of so sacred an animal?" demanded the knight.

"So please you, sir knight, I am gardener to the nunnery of Wilton. The most royal Lady Matilda, of Scotland, niece to my lady abbess, earnestly

desired some seeds of a rare flower which my lady, the Prioress of Laycock had reared in her parterre, from a seed sent her by the Abbess of Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, from the garden of her blessed convent. Now, the Lady Christiana, willing to pleasure her royal niece in so pious a wish, dispatched me on her sumpter mule with a fair scroll of her own inditing to the prioress, and as I was on my return, having in happy time obtained by the blessing of the three Marys three seeds of this rare flower, comes me up this Norman robber—I crave your gracious pardon for the mistake—this foul Dane, I meant to say—and, taking me by the nose, pitches me, with contumelious language, from the saddle, and, not content with most sacrilegiously seizing on the sacred mule of the church, would have ended with murder, if, by the grace of St. Wilfrida, you, sir knight, had not arrived in seasonable time."

This statement appeared to make some unaccountable revolution in the feelings of the young knight, who, turning to Roger Feu de Maison, exclaimed, "Villain, begone! or, by the splendour of God! I will make your head fly from your shoulders like a tennis-ball."

The gigantic ruffian surveyed his more youthful and delicately-organized countryman with a look of lowering defiance; then glancing from him to the sleek and timorous peasant, appeared to balance the chances of opposing his own superior strength to the force of both. His determination was speedily settled, for he sullenly dismounted from the sacred mule of the Abbess Christiana; but the next moment he raised his ponderous mace, fraught with murderous intention against the young cavalier, who, avoiding the deadly descent by a gallant feat of horsemanship, with as dextrous a sleight struck the weapon from the ruffian's grasp with his sword, saying, as he did so, "Hence, robber, or I will make thee shorter by the head. By St. Michael! I had not spared to do it now, hadst thou not whilome rendered my father some service."

The Norman tarried for no second leave of absence; and the young knight,

returning his weapon to its sheath, said to Odo, who had taken the opportunity of the fray to scramble a-top of the mule—

"Friend, you named the Lady Maud of Scotland even now: is she a sister professed?"

The Saxon surveyed the interrogator wistfully. "Alack!" replied he, "the maiden is passing fair, and there is no safety now-a-days for young and lovely ladies, unless it be under the consecrated veil. We had hoped brighter fortunes for the descendant of the royal Atheling, but God's will be done!"

"That is no direct answer to my query," rejoined the knight, impatiently. "I demanded, whether Matilda Atheling were a nun professed?"

"She wears the black veil whenever she appears abroad," replied Odo. "I trow that be the dress of a vowed sister."

"And have you never seen her without the sable insignia of death to the world?" asked the Norman knight.

"I have seen not only the Lady Matilda, but every other sister in the convent, walking unveiled in the nunnery garden," replied Odo.

"And she is fair, you say?"

"Nay, passing beautiful. What Saxon princess was ever otherwise?" said Odo.

"Is she gay or melancholy withal?"

"Sad, sir knight, very sad when alone. 'Tis said the cloister is no choice of her's, poor maiden."

"What makes her there, then?"

"Alack, sir knight, 'tis wholly the doing of her royal aunt, our lady abbess."

"Hum!" replied the other. "Me-thinks it were a worthy knightly undertaking to free the young maiden from the black spell which her aunt has wound about her. Hark'ee, friend; you say she is passing fair; what ends must I compass to get a sight of her?"

"Alas, sir knight, the thing is impossible; it savours, too, of sacrilege, and, with your good leave, we will break off discoursing of such perilous matters."

"Sirrah, you ask my leave to change the converse. I will not do it: the subject pleases me well. I pri'thee tell

me the hue of the Lady Matilda's eyes and hair."

"Woe worth the day!" cried Odo, in a piteous tone, that ever we should have joined company, sir knight. Better had I lost the lady abbess's sumpter mule outright, than have been the luckless means of naming the Lady Matilda's beauty to a Norman knight."

Fella returned the knight, "that is no reply to my question. I will to hear of the colour of the fair Atheling's eyes and hair."

"What boots it, when the lustre of the one is destined to be hidden beneath the consecrated veil, and the bright ringlets of the other will be severed from her head, so soon as the Bishop of Salisbury be recovered enow from the gout to hold a consecration for the profession of all the young probationers at Wilton Abbey."

"*Mort de ma vie!*" exclaimed the Norman knight, "I will have no such doings, at least not till I have ascertained whether the fair Atheling be worth rescuing from such a doom."

"You now talk big enough to make a bishop laugh at high mass," rejoined Odo. "Mayhap you do not know that the lady is sister to the King of Scots; and, boasters as you Normans are, I wot well that it is more than King Henry himself dare do, to take her by force from Wilton Abbey."

"I marvel how she got there," said the knight, musing.

"Nay, sir knight, whence come you, that you know not a bruit which is over rife in the land—how that the queen, her mother, made it her dying request to King Malcolm, that this, her young daughter, should be bred by her royal sister, the Lady Christiana, of Wilton, lest she should fall into the heathenish customs and rude manners of the Scots."

"The Lady Matilda has had gentle breeding, then?" said the knight.—"What are her endowments?"

"Ah, sir knight, you should hear her play on the harp and dulcimer: I wot no Provençal sings or plays half so sweet. Then she can weave the whole bible history into fair tapestry, and broider brighter roses and trimmer lilies than any that grow in the garden; and for distilling sweet waters and compounding confections, she

will outdo the whole sisterhood. But, above all this, she is so pious, so mild and humble, that we fail not to reckon her a saint already—even before her name be added to the glorious calendar of the canonized who sit in white robes for ever."

The knight was thoughtful for a few moments; at length he said, "Friend, I have done you a service, and I will add a brace of nobles to it, if you will teach me how to get a sight of this paragon."

"First let me ask if with honest intent, and not with evil Norman-like design of bringing shame and ruin on a noble maiden."

"I swear by the four evangelists, that my intentions are not dishonourable: besides, I have been told that the king's sister Adela is the fairest lady in the land, and sings the sweetest withal."

"I wis," interrupted Odo, "that those who told you so had never seen the Princess Matilda, or heard her voice;" his national prejudice kindling as he spoke.

"Ah! you, as a Saxon, flatter yourself that your pretty Atheling can equal the charms of the Pearl of Normandy: but I will bet this brace of nobles to your penny fee, that, if I were to see the damsel, I should deem her no more in comparison to my fair countrywoman, than is a field poppy to a garden rose of Thoulouse. And that her notes are no more to be matched with those of the royal Adela, than the chirpings of a hedge-sparrow may compete with the warblings of the nightingale."

"Sir knight, you may as well hand the nobles over to me at once. You shall both see the Lady Matilda and hear her sing, and, if you judge not the nobles to me as fairly won, you are not the man of conscience I am willing to take you to be."

"Only bring me within ear-shot of the Lady Matilda's singing, and give me a view of her face, and the nobles shall be your's at all events," said the Norman.

"A bargain!" cried Odo. "But, mark me, to hear her singing is no such difficult adventure, albeit she ever joins her tuneful voice to the celestial chorus of the nuns at matins and ves-



pers; and there is one part in which she sustains the notes alone, entrancing all listeners by the powerful sweetness of her tones. If we reach Wilton in time for vespers, you shall bear witness whether I have done more than justice to her merits in that particular. As to gaining you a sight of her face, that, I doubt, must be the fruit of some after device, seeing she always sitteth by the side of her lady aunt, closely muffled in her thick black veil. Good reason, my masters, to shroud beauty like her's from the unhallowed gaze of lawless Normans, who now infest all parts of England. The curse of Hardikanute be upon them!" continued he, spitting upon the ground to show his utmost distaste.

"Ha! Saxon slave!" ejaculated the fiery cavalier, his large blue eyes dilating and blazing through his visor, while his hand instinctively sought the hilt of his dagger: then recollecting himself, he added, "but the churl is beneath my vengeance, and, in sooth, has no great reason to bear us much good will. Come, you trembling craven," continued he, bending a more placable regard on the shrinking Odo, "if you expect to be forgiven the audacious words you have just vented against my nation—not to mention pouching gold for the good service I require of thee—devise speedily some means of getting me to a sight of the fair Atheling without her veil."

"Blessed St. Audrey to speed! how should a poor serf, like Odo, obtain power to induce a princess born of Scotland, of the royal lineage of England too, and a probationary nun withal, to raise her veil, that a strange knight may look his fill of her beauty? St. Dunstan! 'tis a thing not to be thought of."

"Thought of, or not," rejoined his imperious companion, "unless you find means to compass the same, I will deal with you worse than you ruffian, Feu de Maison, was about to do, for he is a very lamb in comparison with me, when I am thwarted in my mood." The fiery glance of his large and beautiful eyes bore sufficient testimony to his words.

"Well, well, sir knight, an you will be so wilful, I must e'en cast about for

some device which may surprise the Lady Matilda into unveiling herself to-night at vespers."

"Good!" said the knight. "See that you keep your word, and nobles shall rain upon you if you succeed. But, if you breathe a tittle of this matter to Christian creature, I will cut you into as many pieces as there be steeples in Wilton, and hang a slice on each to scare the crows."

Odo shuddered at this intimation, and marvelled at the cross chances which had caused him to encounter such unwelcome company on his return from so holy an errand; and having felt in his pouch to ascertain whether the packet of the Lady Prioress of St. Helen's was safe, he fell into the following meditation—

"If this unruly knight were indeed an evil spirit roaming this earth in fleshly guise (as ever and anon I suspect him to be), certes the seeds of a flower that whilome grew in the blessed garden of Mount Carmel, would have had holy power enough to have protected me from his malign influence. Therefore do I more incline me to believe him to be one of those rest-disturbing mortals, who, for the lack of wholesome adversities of their own, do roam the land in quest of errant adventures. Somehow, it seems he has got a mastery over me that I know not how to withstand; so I must e'en grant him his wayward will, and gather what advantage I may from his gold."

Odo started from his fit of musing, on perceiving the lustrous blue eyes of the knight fixed on him with so piercing a glance, that he reddened to the very ears, for they looked as if they had the power of reading the thoughts of his heart, as if they were e'en then inscribed in a written book.

"Well, Saxon," resumed the knight, "I see you have made up your mind to serve me, and it shall prove your wisdom so to do. Here is one of the nobles I promised you, which I give to encourage your faint heart, as an earnest of what I will do for you if you continue pliable."

"May it please your worshipful knightship to make the sign of the blessed cross before I touch gold from your hand," said the peasant, faltering

as he made the request, yet casting a longing look at the coin.

"Aye, with reverence, and a good conscience too; and repeat the Pater-noster, Ave, and Gloria Patria, if need be," returned the knight. "What! dost fear that I am Beelzebub, in the disguise of a proper, handsome, and well-appointed knight, mounted, withal, on a steed infernal. Ho! ho! ho!"

Odo eyed him timidly askance, and liked the glitter of his singularly beautiful eyes still less than before. The next minute the stranger detected him in the act of signing himself with the cross by stealth.

"Ho! ho! ho!" cried he, art thou not a very ass of a convent gardener, to take such a gallant-looking Christian gentle as myself for an equestrian devil? *Bonne grace notre dame!*" added he, bowing his head reverently: then continued, "look here, and be satisfied."

He drew from his bosom a rosary of pure gold, enriched with precious stones, to which was appended a ruby crucifix, and having devoutly kissed the same, and pronounced an Ave and Credo, he signed the cross upon his brow. Then turning to Odo, who was duly impressed with his testimonials to the character of a Christian knight, he said—

"Ha! churl, what thinkest thou now?"

"That my lord is a prince of France or Burgundy in disguise," replied Odo, making a reverence lower than the saddle bow of the sumpter mule.

"I would as lief thou shouldst take me for Sathanas himself, as either," replied the knight, with some quickness. "Howbeit, who I am, matters not to a slave like thee. Once for all, I came hither with the intent of seeing the Lady Matilda, and, if thou wilt aid me in the undertaking, say 'aye!' without farther ado, and be a rich man for life."

"Your lordship may command my poor services," said Odo.

"Tis well," rejoined the knight.

"And now, as we have entered the town of Wilton, tell me, before we part company, how I am to know the Lady Matilda from the other veiled sisters?"

"You shall as easily do that by her superior height and gracefulness of bearing, as by the token that she sits in the canopied stall, at the right hand of her

lady aunt, our holy abbess; but, above all, by the ravishing sweetness of her voice, when she joins the sacred melody of the choir. Go to, sir knight, thou canst not be mistaken. And when thou shalt have entered the church, and possessed thyself of a bench over against the said canopied stall, be not amazed at the quaintness of any device which shall be the means of furthering thy wish of beholding the Scottish princess unveiled."

"Good!" said the knight. "See that thou prove a man of thy word, and think not to delude me by false promises; for, though we part company now, I swear, by the soul of Rollo the Norseman! that, if thou seekest to elude me, the grave itself shall not hide thee from my vengeance."

With these words, having arrived at the abbey-gate, they separated.

#### CHAPTER II.

From fire drakes and fiends,  
And such as Satan sends,  
Defend us.—*Old Song.*

The sweet peal of the vesper bells had just died away, and the abbess and her nuns were taking their places as the knight entered the church. His fine figure and commanding air, together with the extreme richness of his attire and arms, attracted every eye, and obtained for him the ready respect of the bailiff of Wilton, who signed to him to take a seat on the bench of civil state which he occupied. The knight bowed, as he accepted this courtesy, but it was rather with the air of a person who confers an honour, than one who receives it. His station commanded an excellent prospect of the canopied stall in which the Abbess Christiana, and her royal niece were seated, so closely veiled that the beauties of the latter were completely concealed from the desiring eyes of the Norman cavalier, neither were the perfections of her form at all to be perceived through the cumbrous envelope of the heavy black stuff veil in which she was wrapped. The only item of her charms that was visible, was one ungloved hand, of the most exquisite colour and symmetry, which rested on the raised reading-desk in the front of the canopied stall, where the young lady was kneeling in

a very devotional attitude. Now the knight, who had not the slightest intention of concealing the personal gifts with which nature had endowed him so liberally, thought proper to take off his helmet and display to public view his very handsome countenance, wisely considering, that it was out of the Abbess Christiana's power to abridge the perceptive faculties of the young lady's eyes, although she might oblige her to shroud their bright beams from the gaze of man. He also could boast of a hand of no inconsiderable beauty, set off too, by rings of the most inestimable price, and a bracelet of wrought gold, studded with gems of various colours, the costliness of which ornaments to the said hand, by no means escaped the observation of the civic worthies of Wilton, whatever effect they might have had on the Lady Matilda. But the emotions of that noble maiden, if she felt any, were effectually concealed beneath the folds of her black veil, and crossing her lovely hands on her bosom, she continued kneeling before her desk, immovable as a statue. At last the rich full tones of the organ pealed through the holy pile, and when the nuns rose to join the choristers, in swelling the sacred melody of the vesper hymn, it seemed as though the mute still form had caught life and inspiration from those celestial sounds, while the pulsations of her full bosom, as it heaved and fell, visibly agitated the dark drapery that enshrouded her; and when the knight heard the heavenly strain that proceeded from beneath that sable panoply, diffusing a divine stream of music around, and plainly distinguishing itself from the voices of the other singers, he listened like one entranced, and felt a keener desire than ever, to behold the countenance of the fair vocalist.

While he yet stood gazing intently on the envious screen that concealed the Lady Matilda, there arose a sudden and confused noise, at the chief entrance of the church, which was followed by a general shriek and rush of the congregation to the nearest doors. The cause of this uproar was soon apparent to the knight, who beheld a huge shaggy beast making its way down the great aisle. The music in-

stantly ceased, and the choristers' song, that of late was so strong, grew a quaver of consternation. There was a cry raised among the terrified nuns, of "The evil one! The evil one! The beast in the Apocalypse is upon us!"

The priests at the altar held up book, pix, and bell, and adjured the monster to advance no farther. The Abbess Christiana rose from her throne, beneath her canopied stall, and held up her crucifix in an attitude of stern defiance, not however, unmixed with womanish fear, and commanded the intruder to depart, under pain of her anathema; but to this objurcation the obdurate beast paid so little regard, that he even continued his progress till he came in front of the canopied stall, and uttering a hideous growl, placed his forepaws on the desk in front of it, as if he menaced an attack on the lady abbess herself. At this appalling sight, the Lady Matilda cast aside her black veil, as if willing to prepare for flight; but her terrors were too strong to permit her to fly, and she stood clasping her fair hands together in an agony of fear, rooted to the spot, with her eyes fixed on the frightful object before her.

Meantime, the civic powers of the corporation of Wilton were making the best of their way out of the church, illustrating to the letter of the law, that somewhat uncivil proverb, which invites Sathanas to take the lattermost. The priests and choristers stood utterly paralyzed, and in the paroxysm of their affright, were pouring forth promiscuously, aves, maledictions, and paternosters, of which the shaggy beast appeared as regardless as the deaf adder: thus the peril of the abbess and her royal niece might have been extreme, had it not been for the prompt assistance of the Norman knight who, springing over the benches, faced the daring intruder, and not only manfully attacked him with his drawn sword, but fairly chased him from the choir of the church to a certain spot in the nave, where to the horror and admiration of all beholders, the shaggy beast sufficiently proved his ghostly nature, by sinking into the ground.

St. George himself scarcely obtained greater *éclat* on account of his far-famed

conquest of the dragon, than did our Norman knight for his present achievement. The bailiff of Wilton, and his colleagues in civic dignity, the priests, the nuns, and even the Lady Matilda herself, looking upon him in the light of a saint militant and subduer of demons, but in the very climax of their wonder and admiration, he suddenly withdrew himself from their praise, and betook himself no one knew whither.

His beauty, the magnificence of his dress, the nobility of his presence, and the grace and dignity of his mien and bearing, joined to a certain mixture of audacity, which did not misbecome him, and above all, the splendour of his late exploit, together with his mysterious coming and going, did not fail to make a great impression on the minds of all the spectators, more especially on the imagination of the Lady Matilda, who had noticed from the first, that his regards were wholly fixed on her, nor had she omitted to watch him as intently from under the folds of her veil.

So lost in thought, was the fair Atheling, that it was not till her aunt rather sharply called her attention to the circumstance of her being unveiled, that she resumed the sable screen, and prepared to follow the Lady Christiana into the convent, to which place it must be confessed, that she retired with a lingering step, and loth.

"Odo, my fine fellow, thou hast performed thy part to a miracle, and here are five nobles for thee, as an encouragement to proceed, seeing that I shall have further occasion for thy devices," exclaimed the knight, clapping the false bear heartily on the back, whom he had joined in a private nook of the abbey."

"Alack, alack, sir knight," responded the fictitious bear, who was in the very act of discarding his borrowed skin; "it irks me to think of the deadly sin I have this day committed against the sanctity of our holy church. *Sancta Maria, pro nobis!* What will become of my poor sinful soul when in purgatory?"

"Tut, tut, man; have I not given thee wherewithal to purchase as many dozen masses as are suitable to the size of the sin, and a handsome profit remaining to thee over and above? Marry,

it is of no avail whining, now the deed is done and paid for; you have kept your word bravely, in helping me to a sight of the fair Atheling, likewise have I heard her sweet voice, to my abundant satisfaction. I must now, *pardie*, come at the speech of her, for my very soul is ravished by the transient view I had of her beauty this day, and I swear by the splendours of him who made me that I will exchange converse with her anon."

"Oh, for the love of St. Dunstan, say no more of it, my lord knight. The thing is impossible!"

"I have sworn it by a terrible oath, slave," rejoined the knight, "and unless you forthwith bring it to pass, I will make you rue the day that ever you were born and christened Odo."

Odo shuddered, and remained silent: at last he faltered out, "Does your lordship consider the extreme peril, as well as the heinousness of the sin."

"The first is my concern," returned the knight; "and for the last, God wot it need not be boggled at by one who has not scrupled to play at masqueing and mumming during vesper service, in a church."

"Whose fault was that, I trow?" groaned Odo aloud, then cowering beneath the ominous flash of the knight's large blue eyes, he added, "I am in evil plight; if I consent, it is death, and if I consent not—"

"Woe betide thee," concluded the knight, with menacing gesture;—"come," added he, "be my friend in this small matter, and I swear that thou shalt clink more gold in thy pouch, than thy whole breed and parentage could ever reckon farthings."

Odo was visibly moved by this adjuration; he cast a loving eye at the five bright nobles which he held in his palm.

"An I had wit enough to tell how to compass it I would not grudge a trifle of hanging or scourging to oblige your lordship, always providing that your design bodes no evil to the royal Matilda, who if the rightful had right, were the lawful queen of these realms;" then lowering his voice, he added, "Woe worth the day, that ever bastard seed should supplant the princely line of Alfred."

"Dost thou wish to have thy idiot tongue bored through, for uttering such blasphemies against the lineage of thy sovereign; thou villain Saxon," cried the knight, with a raised colour and threatening brow.

Odo shrunk from the lightning glance of his majestic eye. "Be no longer wrath," said he, falling on his knees; "abate your anger, and I will be your slave, your football, your toe-licker, to perform your biddings."

"See then, that thou findest me access to the nunnery garden, by setting forth to the abbess, that I am gardener to the priory of St. Helen's; the only man in the world who understands the art of preparing a bed for the reception of the three seeds of the flower of the garden of Mount Carmel, who must tarry and watch over them, till they put forth their first green leaves." Odo groaned aloud. "Ha, dost falter, son of a knave? By the might of St. Michael, I *will* have it so."

Odo was awed into submission.

That night, when Odo delivered the packet from the Princess of St. Helen's to the Abbess of Wilton, he likewise made his report of the discreet gardener, who had arrived in his company, for the sole purpose of attending to the nurture of the sacred seeds. The lady Christiana very graciously issued orders for his comfortable accommodation in the neighbouring monastery, and that he should be admitted into the nunnery gardens the following day.

The lark was yet singing her matin song, when the young Norman knight, attired in the rude but picturesque weeds worn by the labouring class, entered upon his new vocation. It was with many shrugs, and other expressive signs of professional horror, that Odo surveyed the first attempts of his new companion at handling a spade, and attempted to impart to him a few useful hints respecting the management of the hoe.

"Lo you there, sir knight," said he, "you must not, saving your worshipful presence, wield your hoe as it were a battle axe, or smite on the borders with it, as though you were cleaving the skulls of Danish champions. For the love of St. Hilda, less violence in clearing away the line of weeds from the

roots of yon sweet lavender, or you will root up bush and all with your unadvised strokes. By the blessed rood, you are a worse gardener than a pig, and fit for nothing but crowding dung-burrows to kale beds."

"Patience, patience, good churl," replied the knight, laughing; "I shall pay great heed to your instructions, and learn the craft of garden tillage, in time."

"In time to pass muster as a gatherer of stones, a graveller, a roller of paths, or it may be a setter of pulse rows, (though by the mass I misdoubt the last, hugely), but never to be taken for what you have vainly boasted yourself—my master in the gentle art of gardening; a man, by my sooth, whom the Lady Prioress of St. Helen's hath sent hither to instruct me in mine own vocation; to teach me the cunning of composing a bed for the better rearing the seeds of the rare flower of Mount Carmel. Could nothing satisfy your pride and ambition, sir knight, but to be counted my superior in mine own craft? It won't pass, depend upon it, it wont; and we shall both be punished for your presumption."

It may be wondered how Odo, who has been described as a most chicken-hearted fellow, should dare utter such language to so imperious and fiery a personage as the knight, before whose glance he had quailed and humbled himself to the very dust but a few hours before; but be it remembered, that the Norman gentle had now placed himself in the power of the Saxon craven, who truly felt himself in his proper element, when superintending the labourers of the convent garden, and finding in himself to the full as great a superiority in the art of gardening, as the knight did in the exercise of arms, he, with a very usual feeling of insolence, in his turn, resolved to make his noble companion feel his own deficiencies; but the proud Norman could easily brook the disgrace of being found wanting in an art that he only considered worthy the practice of a clown: he, therefore, bore all Odo's sarcasms, shrugs and sneers, with unruffled good humour, and even joined heartily in the laugh at his own awkwardness.

"Yet, friend Odo," quoth he, "is it not probable, that your custom of entitling me 'sir knight' at every third word, will appear more suspicious to the Lady Christiana, than even my lack of handicraft with the hoe and spade, especially as I come here in the guise of a gardener to a holy and discreet sisterhood of nuns, who doubtless would be exceedingly scandalized at entertaining a knight in the said capacity."

"By my halidame, sir knight, thou sayest but truly, and 'tis well forethought of on thy part, otherwise I should have felt at a queer stand between my awe of thy perverse and haughty temper, which permitteth thee to brook no freedom of speech, and the need of devising off hand, some name suited to the lowly degree in which it is thy will, not my pleasure, to have placed thyself."

"Can you not call me Edwin?"

"Aye, verily, I can so call you, if you think that such sweet Saxon name will pass current along with your Norman tongue, which, believe me, will sound as tuneably in the Abbess Christiana's ear, as the note of the sparrow-hawk doth to that of the dove. Take counsel, my lord knight, of such a sorry knave as Odo, and call yourself Louis or Francis, or some such heathenish name, and pretend (the saint forgive me for putting a lie on your lips) that you are a native of France or Burgundy, an you have a mind to be tolerated within earshot of our Saxon princesses, who otherwise, the moment they heard your foreign accent, would guess you for a Norman thief, saving your presence, and cause you to be expelled the nunnery garden forthwith; and probably our lady abbess would order thee to be soundly scourged by way of penance, over and above."

"Bon," said the knight; "Louis, let it be then, and see that thou findest no fault with my gardening, before any third person soever, or I will break thy knave's pate across with the helve of thine own hoe."

"You must take good heed then, sir knight, that you leave not such unseemly footprints on my trim bordering, for if so be it were the holy abbess, the Lady Christiana herself, I must lift up my voice against the like doings;

and lo! you now, sir knight, you have brushed all the blooms from this young codling tree, the first year of blossoming, too. Harrow, and wal a wa!" raising his tone into a whine, as he repeated his national exclamation of distress. "What wight," continued he, that knew aught of garden craft, ever worked in his upper garment; that only, would betray the cheatance, if nought else did. And what skilful man ever essayed to stride over newly trimmed beds, or pushed (clad in an upper tunic, too) amidst blossoming trees and rare flowers. St. Winifred grant me patience, every step of yours is marked by some new havoc; even now, you have trampled down a bed of fresh pansies, and have, withal, stricken off the head of a marvellously fair flowret, whose name I know not; and as it will not bloom again this year, I look upon this last deed as little short of murder. I would that you had your gold coin back again, so that I were fairly rid of your company out of the nunnery gardens. Oh, my sweet flowers, ye will all be untimely cut off. Oh, my trampled parterres, how shall I restore ye? Oh, my roses of Damascus! Oh, my roses of Provence, and Gueldres! how shall I repair the ravage and damage ye will sustain from the untoward movements of this Sir Wilful, whom I have had the misfortune of placing among ye?"

So far from manifesting any penitence for being the cause of eliciting these pathetic lamentations from the luckless horticulturist, the hard-hearted knight burst into repeated fits of laughter at the conclusion of Odo's speech.

"By the soul of King Hengist," continued the exasperated Saxon, waxing wrath, apace, and eyeing his ill-assorted companion with an evil regard; "it would be more tolerable to go through a six week's penance of fast and scourge, or whatever worse Father Cenulph might enjoin as a punishment for my sacrilegious deed and connivances, than endure thy gibing mirth, after all thy mischievous doings in my garden plot."

"Ha! dost thou dare to imply a threat," exclaimed the knight, flourishing, as he spoke, his hoe over the head of the shrinking Saxon.

"No, no, sir knight, no; no threats,"

stammered Odo, quaking with fright ; "nought but a slight admonishment to make you more heedful in your ways when among flowers and burgeoning fruitiers."

The knight did his best to restrain his laughter, when he found that its indulgence would drive his ally to desperation. Despite of the menace that had sorely scared the luckless gardener, he could not help watching the movements of his haughty colleague with jealous attention, and groaned aloud from time to time at all the blunders he committed.

"I see," exclaimed the knight, flinging down his hoe, "that these slavish implements were never framed for hands like mine ; I must betake me to some higher branch of the vocation."

"All saints be good unto us," ejaculated Odo in a tone of horror ; "would your knightship then be thinking of exercising your lack of skill among the vines and apricots, in order to ensure them from bearing fruit for these three good years."

"No," replied the knight ; "I do not feel disposed to transfer myself from the nunnery garden to the vineyard. How is it too, churl, that you boast yourselves of vineyards in this chill island, when even the fair suns of Normandy will hardly ripen the grape into good vintage. I do misdoubt me that your English vineyards produce no wine but what we call in France, *vin-aigre*."

"Marry," cried Odo, reddening with professional indignation, "we make up what is lacking in warmth, by good craft. Beshrew me, if France can show a fairer vineyard than that of the knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell, or the abess's vineyard at Bermondsey. Howbeit," continued he, willing to change the conversation, from what is even in this day a tender point in English horticulture ; "your knightship, even now, was willing to change your employ, and named a higher step in the art. I crave to learn what your ambition may aim at, whether it be budding or grafting, or mayhap, continued he, with increased agitation, you might please to try your hand at trimming the yew and holly off into quaint devices."

"I will none of these," replied the

knight ; but whilst you employ yourself in raising the bed for the seeds of the flower of Mount Carmel, I will try my skill at weaving the sweet brier and honeysuckles that grow in yon corner, into a bower, and afterwards cull a rare posy to present to the Lady Matilda when she enters the garden."

"Oh, the ignorance of the times," cried Odo ; "call you weaving of bow-eries, and culling of posies, the higher branches of the art?"

"Aye, by my troth, do I," returned the knight ; seeing that these be meet for the performances of nobles and gentles, while the other matters you boast of, are but the vocations of hinds."

"Nobles and gentles, to say nothing of knights, are wise in their generation, to despise the craft of the hind, when it outstrips their best skill, I wot," retorted Odo, in a shrewd aside, which perhaps, might have won for him a broken head, if the attention of his fiery companion had not been diverted by the entrance of the Lady Matilda into the nunnery garden.

#### CHAPTER III.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,  
Under the shadow of her even brows.

*Spencer.*

If the very transitory glimpse of the fair Atheling's charms, that he had obtained the preceding evening, had so captivated the Norman knight, how much more was his heart subdued, now he had the liberty of gazing on her in all the pride of her unveiled beauty ; for, though she wore the probationary dress of her order, her face was only shaded by a wimple of the most silken cambric ; which costume, while it set off her exquisitely fair complexion, assimilated admirably with the meek and feminine softness of her delicate features, and well became the pensive expression of her downcast eyes of melting blue. The character of her whole countenance was that of reflective sweetness, though upon her polished brow might be traced certain traits of resolved firmness, lofty imaginings, and even subdued pride. In fine, she looked and moved like one conscious of her high claims and lowly estate.

The knight, notwithstanding his natural audacity, was awed by the simple

majesty of the young recluse. The very freedom and unrestrained ease with which she conducted herself in his presence, made him feel like a guilty intruder, and an unlicensed spy upon her innocent retirement. She was not, he saw at a glance, the utter novice he expected to find; one, whose ignorance of the world and of men and manners, would have rendered her an easy conquest; who would have seized with avidity anything in the shape of homage to her charms.

True she had lived remote from courts and cities, but her strong sense and habitual reflectiveness of mind had given her an intuitive perception of character, and she saw and pondered upon the human passions, as developed within the narrow bounds of a convent, as an epitome of what was passing beyond its walls. She knew the heart of man differed not so materially from that of woman, as many vainly assert. The records of history supplied her with sufficient matter to fill up the blank in circumstances wherein her personal experience could not aid her; thus was she, even in the seclusion of a cloister, enabled to form an accurate estimate of human nature, and one glance of her eye convinced the Norman that she, in her pure and unsophisticated simplicity of spirit, could look through the disssembler and abash the bold. He saw at once that she was above disguise, and that she carried the very dignity of rectitude and candour in her look and air, and even in the graceful movements of her person. The Norman felt that it would be far easier to deceive the most practised worldling of the English court, than to beguile this inexperienced, but clear-sighted child of cloistered seclusion from the straightforward paths in which she walked.

Denied the hereditary crown of her royal ancestors, the maiden reigned, in secret, queen of a kingdom of her own imagining, where she, in fancy, exerted power to redress grievances, to punish the oppressor and succour the distressed, to diffuse the graces of civilization and refinement over a barbarous land, to make her court the seat of learning and the resort of the liberal arts, to encourage religion and cherish the milder virtues; in short, to collect

around her everything that was lovely, holy and of good report. But the main point of Matilda Atheling's ambition was to break the yoke of iron under which her unhappy Saxon countrymen groaned, and if she sighed, it was because this beau ideal was so far from any probability of realization, that her very chastity was only protected from the lawless licence of the Normans by the consecrated veil, which was a talisman held sacred by their superstition.

These high feelings were so legibly written on the brow of Matilda, that the observant Norman felt somewhat surprised at her condescending to such trivial matters when she paused, and, addressing Odo, inquired with eager interest whether the three seeds from the garden of Mount Carmel were carefully planted.

"Not yet, noble lady," replied the knight, taking upon himself the office of spokesman, "the bed which has been prepared to receive them will require three days exposure to sun and air with nightly sprinklings of consecrated water, before it will be duly tempered to receive them."

Matilda started at his voice, for though he spoke good Anglo-Saxon, with the manner and phraseology of a gentle and a scholar, yet his accent was unpleasant to her ear.

"You are a Norman," she said, in a tone so decided that he felt half-ashamed and half-afraid of issuing his premeditated fabrication, and this feeling gave him the embarrassment of look, and hesitation of utterance which are very general symptoms of a lie.

"I am a French subject of Provençal," replied he, looking down.

"A Provençal? a minstrel then?" said Matilda.

"Wherefore should my lady think so?"

"Because your language is that of a scholar, and your bearing is not that of a hind," replied the princess, fixing her eyes in an inquiring manner on his countenance—a manner that told plainly she was conscious that there was some attempt at deception on foot.

His audacity was not proof against the calm searching glance thus bent upon him, but the deep blush that coloured his cheek was reflected back on



that of the princess, when she recognized, in his attempt to meet her scrutiny, the large blue eyes of the handsome knight who had defeated the shaggy monster in the church on the preceding evening, and who had in fact occupied a considerable share of her musings and dreams, both sleeping and waking, ever since.

The Norman perceived that he was detected, and stood for a moment abashed, uncertain what were the feelings of the princess on the subject; but he was a young man, and a singularly handsome man, and, with a vanity that was not unnatural under all circumstances, presumed that the royal novice might not have been more insensible to his advantages of person than he was to her attractions.

Rallying his spirits with this consoling probability, he ventured to bend one knee before her and present her with the bouquet of flowers that he had previously prepared for her acceptance. It was chosen and arranged with a degree of care and elegance that sufficiently testified his gallantry and taste. It was bound up with a blue and silver ribbon tied in a genuine true love's knot; nor was there wanting a true love token, in the shape of a bleeding heart, cut out of a ruby of inestimable value, which was placed in the centre of a passion flower—the very blossom which the precious seeds from the garden of Mount Carmel were to produce.

Odo, who had on the preceding day been shown one of these flowers, and one only, in the gardens of the priory of St. Helen's, with the assurance that there was not another in Europe, stood with open mouth and expanded eyes, marvelling by what dealing in art magic it should have been transferred to the posy which the Norman knight, still kneeling, tendered, with all the eloquence of word and look that he was master of, to the acceptance of the Lady Matilda.

"Go to, sir knight," said she, putting it back with her hand; "I will none of your gifts. Have I not this day, unlike a loyal chevalier and true, heard you stain your honour by a false word?"

"Nay, there, most lovely lady, you

wrong me. I said not that I was the gardener of St. Helen's."

"No, but you did worse; you corrupted the fealty of a servant to say it for you, and did you not even now dissemble to me your country, when I challenged you for a Norman?"

"And if I did so far outstep the bounds of verity," replied the knight, making an effort to overcome his confusion, "was it not for thy sake, peerless Matilda—to gain the high privilege of breathing the same air with thee—to gaze upon thee unrestrained—to listen to thee unobserved—to share with thy bondsmen and hired servants the happiness of tending on thee and doing thy biddings, only hoping at some distant time the felicity of receiving from thee a look, a word, or peradventure a smile?—and if this be so great a crime, fair maid, I am willing to undergo the severest penance you can find it in your heart to inflict on the most devoted, the most passionate of lovers."

However sweetly the language of love, heard for the first time, might sound to the ear of the royal novice, she rose superior to the temptation of giving ear to its blandishments, and turning away from the young and handsome suitor, who still knelt at her feet, she said:

"Certes, sir knight, the love you profess for me is strangely lacking in respect, or you would not have ventured to assume such a guisement for the purpose of holding converse with me."

"Alas! fair and cruel one, sedulously guarded as you are from the sight of man, what other means are there by which I could approach you?"

"Better not at all," replied Matilda with much dignity, "than by means of artifice, bribery, and disguisement to enter my presence withal."

"Love like mine surmounteth all difficulties, and, if needful, overcometh all scruples to compass its ends, unkind lady," said the knight.

Matilda smiled incredulously. "I am blameworthy," she continued, "to tarry in this light parlance with you, but I would fain ask of how long a date is this marvel-working passion of yours, of which, pardon me, the very existence seems apocryphal, sithence till within the hour my very face must have been

unknown to you ; and, certes, this device of yours was never undertaken for love of one whom you had not seen."

"Misdoubting lady, forget you what befel yester-eve, at vespers?"

"No ; I wot well that you are the knight who courteously attacked the shaggy beast that invaded holy church, and valiantly and manfully drove it back to its nether abode—but what of that?"

"Perchance you may also remember, lovely Matilda, that in your first alarm you flung away the cumbrous veil that shaded your charms, when, to my evil hap and sore misfortune, I madly gazed upon your beauty, and became your thrall."

"I do remember me, now," replied Matilda, blushing deeply ; "my lady aunt reproved me for unadvisedly exposing myself to the unlicensed gaze of men, especially of Normans, whose manners, she said, were of such a lawless kind, that it was a profanation for pure maiden ever to have been seen by such, sithence there was no consideration of honour, or even of sanctity itself, that would restrain them—peradventure at the moment, I deemed her a trifle harsh and shrewd in her prejudgment, thinking that there might at least be one bright exception ; but pardon me, sir knight, if I declare that you have convinced me of my error."

"You are hard upon me, beauteous Matilda," said the knight, "and make no allowance for the ardour of a youthful passion."

"Which sprang, like the gourd of Jonah, in one night, and would wither as soon if I set my heart upon it withal. Go to, sir knight ; novice though I be, yet am I well advised of the deceitfulness and inconstancy of men ; albeit you are the first that has seen my face unveiled, or held converse with me since I have abode in Wilton abbey, save holy Father Cenulph ; but since I have unwittingly been betrayed into such breach of convent discipline, I would fain put one more question to you."

"A thousand, lady, if it so please you, and I will answer them blithely."

"An you had said *truly*, you had satisfied me better, but I misdoubt me

that verity will neither suit your inclination nor convenience."

"Nay, try me, fairest Matilda," replied the knight, willing on any terms to prolong the conversation with the lovely recluse.

Matilda fixed her beautiful eyes upon him, nothing coquettishly, but with the same calm steady scrutiny that had before so much disconcerted him, and said :

"I would learn by what means you won upon that hitherto trusty Odo to bring you hither?"

"That," replied the knight, casting down his eyes with an air of proud humility, "would lead to the tale of how I became first acquainted with your faithful hind, and the recital of the same would better suit him than me."

Thus compelled to step forward on the scene of action from the background, where he had hitherto remained an alarmed listener, Odo began to recount the history of his unlucky rencontre with Roger Feu de Maison at the critical moment when he had invoked on the sumpter mule of the Abbess Christiana the malison of passing to a Norman master. How his own life was in imminent jeopardy from the violence of the despoiler, and how the valiant knight had not only saved him from murder and wrong, but likewise the sacred mule of the Lady Christiana. After which deed of prowess the knight, having obtained an accidental glimpse of herself at vespers, had become so desperately enamoured that he had prevailed on Odo to assist him in coming to the speech of her by enacting the part of the Prioress of St. Helen's gardener, and how he had at length consented out of very pity, lest a handsome knight, who had saved his life withal, should die of true love.

"Is all this strictly veritable?" said Matilda turning to the knight.

"Upon the honour of a gentle and a chevalier, every tittle," returned he, laying his hand upon his breast. Nor could he help secretly admiring the discretion of Odo, who had enabled him to answer thus with a good conscience. Although the hind had uttered not a syllable that was false, he had omitted much that was true, since he had not mentioned a word of the

gold he had received, and had, as a matter of course, suppressed his own assumption of the character of bruin, which he shrewdly suspected might occasion his incurring many personal inconveniences, and these, he considered, might be happily avoided by his retaining that matter within the sanctuary of his own breast; therefore he determined to treasure up that sin for a death-bed confession, where he would be certain, on a due expression of contrition, to receive absolution without the infliction of punishment or penance from holy church.

The knight observed with inconceivable delight that this narrative had greatly softened the displeasure of the fair Atheling; but he miscalculated the strength of her character, if he imagined that any favourable feelings towards him would suffer her to sanction any step inconsistent with her high principles of duty; for, turning towards him after a moment's reflection, she said:—

"It is matter of deep regret to me that a knight who is capable of such high and chivalric emprise should place himself in a situation so beneath his character, and, I doubt me, influenced withal by most unworthy motives——"

"Alas!" interrupted the Norman, "you know not as yet——"

"Silence, sir," said she, waving her fair hand with an air of authority which he knew not how to resist. "That I have listened to you at all was a breach of conventual duty, sithence it is on your part a clandestine, and on mine own a forbidden intercourse; I, therefore, hasten to close our parley by requiring you to depart forthwith, on pain of the authorities of the convent being instantly informed of your intrusion."

"Cold, passionless piece of perfection!" ejaculated the Norman, "and couldst thou in very sooth find it in thine heart to do such a deed? to give up to certain ruin, and even to a death of torture, the man who has risked all these in the vain hope of winning one smile from thee?"

"I should hope," returned Matilda, slightly agitated, "that you will not force upon me so painful a duty by wilfully and rashly tarrying here at the

peril of your own life and of my fame! Perhaps," added she, in a less decided tone, "of my peace here, and of my happiness hereafter."

"Small fear, I trow, of such result. Oh, suffer me but to remain, though as the lowliest of thy bondsmen, and let my reverential demeanour prove how little I am likely to endanger either peace or fame of thine!"

"Know you not that I daily pray against snares and temptations, and shall I thus receive and welcome them when they are thrown into my path?"

"But," rejoined the Norman, "the love I bear to you is of a kind that you need not blush to hear; I am of noble lineage, endowed with every gift of fortune; fame has smiled brightly on my crest in foreign fields, and what if I aspire to win you for my bride?"

"Speak not of it," said Matilda, clasping her hands together in extreme agitation. "What madness could have prompted the thought. Nay, speak not, essay not to touch my hand. You had liefer seek a shroud to be your wedding garment, and woo Death to be your bride, as Matilda Atheling,! Why should I hear of love and marriage when their very names are to me as a knell? The world with all its social ties, its joys, its sorrows and its hopes, are to me, as to one over whom the grave has closed."

"In vain do you speak thus in order to crush my hopes," exclaimed the knight passionately; "for know I not by this token that you are no nun, and therefore still free to love and marry?" As he spoke he touched slightly the rich clustering tresses of paly gold that floated adown her monastic habit.

"And knowest thou not withal," replied Matilda, stepping a pace back, "that I am a king's daughter, a princess doomed from my cradle to wed, without liberty of choice or refusal, whoever may be thought meet by my country for my husband, a fate from which the cloister or the grave is my only refuge? Happy me! if the first be permitted! For I am, like all royal females, the property of the state, a victim that must submit, unresistingly and in silence, to be crowned with flowers, and offered at the altar of ambition or policy, to age, imbecility, or

wickedness ! Yes ! I may be condemned to receive, for my husband, one stained with every vice that can defame humanity and degrade immortal man below the level of the beast that perishes ! Merciful Heaven ! ere I am called to fulfil such a doom, may these eyes be closed in the dreamless slumber of the night of death, and these limbs, now buoyant with life and youth, be stretched cold and stiff amidst the silence of the tomb.

She raised her clasped hands, in an agony of supplication, as she spoke, and the tears that had for some moments been gathering in her lovely eyes, rolled down her pale and polished cheeks and fell in showers on her bosom.

The Norman, deeply affected by her distress, was about to speak, but she waved her hand to silence him.

"Go, go ! sir knight, you have looked upon Matilda of Scotland in the anguish of her soul ; I ask you not—who you be. I only bid you hasten from this fatal spot. You cannot speak comfort to me. Destiny has placed a barrier impassable as the grave between us, and we must meet no more. I forgive the indiscretion that led you hither, on condition that you leave this place forthwith, and forget that you ever entered it. Odo, conduct the Norman knight hence, and, on peril of your life, bring him not here again."

She then left the spot with an air that showed plainly she would not be followed or disobeyed.

"By St. Edward, confessor and king, you have brought your adventure to a pretty close !" cried Odo, touching the arm of his mute companion, who stood lost in abstraction, with his eyes still rivetted on the spot where Matilda had made her exit.

"Hands off ! untaught varlet !" cried he, flinging Odo with violence some paces from him. "Darest thou presume to interrupt my meditations ?"

"An I had thought they had been of the pleasantest kind, I had left your worshipful knightship to the full enjoyment of them !" replied Odo, as soon as he had recovered the breath that was well nigh beat out of him ; "but heard you not my Lady Matilda's parting commands, which were, that I should

show your lordship some convenient mode of leaving the nunnery gardens, and, beshrew me, if it be not the worse for us both if we obey not ; for if the Lady Christiana, our most holy Abbess, catches a Norman knight within the pale of her sanctuary, fire and faggot would be the coolest doom she would award us."

"Ha ! ha ! thinkest thou that I am to be threatened with the vengeance of hood and kirtle, like some baby girl, who has made false work of her stitcheries ?"

"Those may make sport withal of the lioness who never saw her unsheath her talons. Kirtle and hood, forsooth ! I tell you, sir knight, it were safer to defy uplifted sword and battle axe than to scoff at the kirtle of our lady abbess."

"Is she then so very a vixen ?" asked the knight.

"May your patron saint preserve you from encountering her in her wrathful mood ; for if you were to fall into her hands, detected in this offence, Henry of Normandy himself could not protect you from her vengeance. A niche between four cold stone walls, with a single loaf and pitcher, would be your doom, even if the Norman king tendered her half his realms as your ransom, or brought sword and flame to the abbey gates to avenge you."

"Tush, tush ! friend Odo ; my lineage is too high for me to fear her malice, she dare as soon take a flying leap from one of yon pinnacles, as wag a finger against me, were my name declared."

"Were you the noblest and wealthiest in the land, my lord ; nay, were you the sort of him whom men call the Conqueror—nay, were you the Conqueror himself, and were prisoner within Wilton towers, it would profit you nothing, but rather would add fuel to the flame of her vengeance, for the name of Norman is an abomination to her, and she lacketh nought but the power to visit upon the heads of that detested race the bitter wrong her country has received at their hands."

"And the Lady Matilda, is she of this fierce spirit ?" asked the Norman knight.

"The Lady Matilda is as saintly as she looks ; yet, certes, she doth inherit

thus much of the spirit of her royal sires, that, when once her word has been spoken, it must be heeded withal, and she is altogether as resolute in her meek temper as my lady abbess is in her angry mood; and therefore, sir knight, if you linger here in hopes of seeing her alter from her high resolves, I tell you it is a vain thought, and you will, by tarrying against her command, but incense her princely spirit."

"If it be really thus," sighed the knight, "it were indeed useless to remain. Hold, good Odo," continued he, "here be nobles enow to make you rich amends for the peril to body and soul that you have risked in this adventure. Farewell, friend; the saints speed you, say I; and when you next need aid in your vocation, may they send you a better helpmate."

"A worse, sir knight, I defy Zerniboeck himself to provide me," returned the Saxon. "Natheless, I thank you for your gay gold pieces, St. Dunstan, to speed them with luck, to the end whercof I shall make bold to spit upon them, saving your presence, and shall henceforth look upon Odo, the son of Tink, to be a wight of as much presence as any burgher in Wilton, and the first man of his generation that ever put gold in his pouch."

#### CHAPTER IV.

The king has written a braid letter  
And sealed it with his hand.  
*Ancient Ballad. Sir Patrick Spence.*

Of Matilda's thoughts, after she had satisfied herself that the handsome young Norman, had in obedience to her commands, actually withdrawn himself from the nunnery garden, we will say nothing; doubtless they were as self-satisfactory as the consciousness of having performed what she considered a most imperative act of duty, could render them. It might be that her breviary book was perused with a less fixed attention than was her wont; nor will we take upon ourselves to vouch, that during the vesper service, she did not occasionally cast her eyes towards the portals of the church,—or that her voice sustained its usual solo in the mass, with its accustomed clearness and steadiness.

After the conclusion of the service, when the Saxon princesses had retired to the abbess's apartment, the Lady Matilda prepared to commence her usual evening occupation of transcribing, on a fair roll of vellum, the diary of the Lady Christiana, setting forth in elegant Latin, the acts of charity, devotional exercises, pious reflections, and celestial visions, that had occupied the holy abbess during the preceding day and night. It was with a mind somewhat abstracted from her task, that the royal novice proceeded, amidst a most unaccustomed array of blots and blunders, with the wearisome and egotistical detail; nor was she a little relieved by the entrance of one of the sisterhood, long before she had brought a peculiarly heavy dream of her holy relative, to a happy conclusion.

Approaching the abbess with all the formula due to a reigning princess, the nun Elgiva, announced that a monk from London, craved instant admittance to her presence. The Lady Matilda laid down the golden pen with which she had been writing, and prepared to roll up the voluminous manuscript with an air of unspeakable satisfaction; but the lady abbess settling herself in her embroidered crimson velvet chair in which she was seated, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold, said in an authoritative manner:—

"How now Lady Matilda! seem the celestial dreams and heavenly visitation of spirits, which the blessed Virgin has vouchsafed to me so light a theme, that you should cast aside the pen, even in the midst of a sentence of peculiar graciousness, and prepare to forego the divine employ of perpetuating to other days these holy illuminations and inspirations—because forsooth, a monk, peradventure on some concern of trifling moment, craveth access to our presence. Go to, we will not be so unprofitably interrupted! Tell him, sister Elgiva, that the time he hath chosen, agrees not with our leisure—an hour hence, and we will admit him to an audience."

"Dread lady—holy mother;—I will notify the same to father Wilfred, for so the monk calleth himself," replied sister Elgiva, making some steps backward to the door, and there performing a solemn genuflexion.

"Father Wilfred! hum—that is a Saxon name, and soundeth right pleasant to our ear," said the abbess, beckoning the sister to return;—"Canst tell his business, child?"

"No, royal lady, he refused to declare it to other than yourself."

"May he not be the bearer," said Matilda anxiously, "of the message we have so long awaited from my princely brother, Edgar of Scotland?"

"Peradventure it is so in sooth, lady niece. God wot our communications with our royal relatives are so narrowly watched by these accursed Normans, that we know not from what quarter they may arrive, nor by what messengers to expect them. Therefore, after you have finished your Latin version of my diary, we will admit this stranger to our presence."

"Dearest lady," said Matilda, "will it not then be over late to hold conference even with a holy brother,—for the curfew bell will have sounded long ere that task can be completed?"

"Ah! curfew bell," echoed the abbess in a tone of wrathful displeasure; "and is it from the lips of a daughter of the royal Athelings, that I hear the name of that knell of Saxon liberty uttered. Shame on thee, princess! Art thou turned slave to Norman laws, and Norman lords? Not so, thy kinswoman; for by the holy rood, if thy task, which it seems to irk thee, no little to perform this night, be not concluded before midnight, my fires and torches shall blaze, despite of Norman tyranny, and Norman tyrants; '*And they hated the light, for their deeds were dark*,'" continued she, bending forward, and devoutly crossing herself as she repeated the appropriate quotation: then resuming her tone of fierce defiance—"And if this unknown monk be a Norman spy, let him report the matter at the foot of Henry of Normandy's throne, an he will!—The race of Alfred were not born to bow them to the mastery of the bastard born!"

"Were it not better that I concluded your Grace's diary, after you have given audience to this monk; may be, his errand brooks no delay," replied the princess.

"I can scarcely imagine what affairs or tidings, he may have to impart, that

can be of equally high import with the matters on which you are engaged. Howbeit as you are the child of my elder sister, I will permit your desire to be gratified, and will grant audience to this monk before your saintly clerkship is brought to a close for this eve-tide. Sister Elgiva, usher the monk to our presence forthwith, and advertise him of the reverential manner it behoves him to assume, on entering our presence.

After a delay of some minutes, the monk was introduced into the state apartment, which he entered with such outward manifestations of profound respect and veneration for its noble inmates as evinced that the nun had been minute in her instructions to him on the subject, and that he had duly profited by the lesson.

His dress was that of a Cistercian, differing in no respect from that generally worn by the brethren of that ancient order. His figure was rather above the middle-height, and its graceful proportions were rendered still more striking, by the flowing drapery of his monastic garments; but his face was shaded by the cowl of his order, which he attempted not to raise. The haughty Christiana, returned his reverential salutation of bending one knee to the ground, by a slight inclination of her head—so slight indeed, as to be scarcely perceptible. The monk retreated a few paces backward, and crossing his hands on his bosom, stood in an attitude of profound respect, waiting till she should address him. The abbess pointed in silence to a low stool, covered with rich tapestry, and made a sign that he should be seated.

"Not so, holy mother," said the monk, breaking silence. "It befits not a poor Cistercian, the lowest of his order, to be seated in the presence of the great grand-daughter of the royal Ethelred, and her no less royal niece, the daughter of the king of Scots."

He bowed yet lower, as he spoke to each lady, than he had done at his first entrance.

"Son," said the Abbess Christiana, somewhat gratified by this homage to her dignity! "you speak the language of a true Saxon, but it is with a Norman tongue."

"Blessed St. Edward to speed, royal lady were there no Saxons whom the distractions of evil times, and the perilous usurpations of the Dane reduced to the condition of wanderers in France, Normandy, and even lands more remote from their native island, whose children being born, and passing their earlier years in distant climes, acquired a foreign accent so strongly, that their speech resembleth not their mother tongue."

"Although your voice may sound unmusical to us," replied the abbess; "there is, doubtless, much of truth in your remark, and I am the more willing to admit the same, by reason that I myself was born in exile; and though I sprung of the purest Saxon blood of the seed royal, yet have I never yet been so fortunate as to overcome the accent of the Huns, which is perceptible in my speech unto this day."

"Not otherwise, holy lady, than that it addeth a grace and dignity which we vainly seek in the speech of island-born Saxons," said the monk.

The haughty Christiana, acknowledged the compliment with a gracious inclination, and her fair niece cast a penetrating glance upon the ready flatterer, as if to enquire how far he had compromised his sincerity in his excess of courtesy; but his cowl too much overshadowed his features, to permit their expression to be perceptible.

The lady Christiana, being greatly conciliated by the courtly manners of father Wilfred, condescended to inquire, in a somewhat gracious manner, the purport of his visit.

The monk at this demand, took from his bosom a fold of vellum, bearing the impression of the episcopal seal of Canterbury, and advanced to the footstool of the chair of state, in which the royal abbess sate, and presented the epistle to her on one knee, saying at the same time:—

"This precious vellum, whereof I am the unworthy, but much honoured bearer, is addressed to your royal hands, most noble Christiana, by the holy and reverend primate of England, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury; who sendeth his pastoral greetings to you, and beseecheth you to give your unprejudiced attention to the contents of his

epistle, which are, he biddeth me declare, of deep import to the welfare of yourself, and of your royal niece, Matilda of Scotland."

The brow of the abbess darkened, as her eye glanced on the archbishop's letter, which she continued to contemplate for some moments, without attempting to break the seal, or sever the ligature that bound it.

"The name of a Norman primate of England, is as odious to a Saxon princess, as that of a Norman king," said she, sternly.

"Is then the holy Anselm, the first Norman who has filled the high office of metropolitan, my lady abbess?" asked father Wilfred. "I wot well," continued he, "that the saintly Edward, promoted Norman Robert, to that high office; and where is the Saxon that will affirm aught can be wrong, which is done after such exalted example."

"What can the spiritual and temporal counsellor of Henry of Normandy have to communicate to a princess of the royal line, whose family suffers default of their right through usurpers, who got the crown by wrong and robbery?"

"Surely, noble lady, your wrath were more justly directed against the memory of the proud son of Earl Godwin, who dispossessed the Saxon line of the succession. It was not from the race of Alfred, or of Ethelred, that the conquering Norman wrenched the sceptre of England, but from the grasp of usurping Harold, during whose reign the Athelings were exiles, wanderers, and beggars."

"Ah! false priest, darrest utter such presumptuous insolence?" exclaimed the abbess, flushing crimson deep, and starting from her chair with menacing gesture.

"Nay, fret not mine honoured lady, at hearing truth," said Matilda. "Young as I was when I became an orphan, I can well remember hearing my mother and mine uncle, the royal Atheling, recount the details of their adventures, perils, and sorrows, when in exile; and the more by this token, that my young eyes would overflow for very pity, as I listened."

"Aye, hearken to your royal kinswoman, my lady abbess," rejoined

father Wilfred ;—" she wots well that the Normans found not the line of Atheling on the throne, when they entered England—rather as your avengers than your foes."

"Thou art no less a Norman in heart, than in speech, and art, I doubt me not, well paid for singing thy subtleties to a tune like that in this presence. The bastard William, and his Norsemen adventurers, entered England, as the avengers of the royal Athelings, sayest thou? Why, then, in the name of holy St. Dunstan, did they not proceed to restore my brother Edgar to his just rights, after they had punished the false robber, son of Godwin, who had wrested them away?"

"Softly, lady; softly," returned the monk; "the Normans, did but follow after the practice, whereby your Saxon ancestors got possession of the principalities of the ancient British inhabitants of this island. Your Saxons came hither like a dark cloud of locusts, to rescue the Britons out of the hands of the encroaching Picts. What the Normans now are to you, so were your Saxon forefathers to the British that they came to aid; and thus doth a nation in process of time, change its masters and its laws; but ever more is the new comer held as the most oppressive, merely because his deeds are freshest in men's memories. What were your Saxon ancestors, but invaders, robbers, and oppressors, and call you not your Norman conquerors by all these brave epithets? The tale of your rights, and of our wrongs, may be briefly told in these words:—A mighty robber possessed himself of another man's property, and held it with a strong hand until one mightier than he arose, and with a stronger hand still, rent it from the descendants of the first;—thus the ill-gotten spoils have passed from one ruffian to another."

"Your glozing sophistry is poured into an ear that heeds it not," returned the abbess, scornfully. "I wis the wily Anselm sent you hither in hopes of betraying the blood royal of the line of Alfred, into a mean acquiescence with the duke of Normandy's usurpation, and to insure our quiet submission to his yoke; but tell that priest of

Baal, that he and his master may thank alone the feebleness of our sex, for the apparent quiescence of Christiana and Matilda Atheling; and this is the only security of the Norman, from seeing them assert their rights in battle field."

"And will the Lady Matilda, say thus?" inquired the monk, turning with some anxiety in his air at the Scottish princess.

"In good sooth—holy father—my thoughts never assumed so warlike a position," replied Matilda, smiling. "I have all the feminine timidity, or if my lady aunt will have it so, the feeble spirit of weak women in my breast; and if my noble and right valiant brother and king, Edgar of Scotland, feel no disposition to dispute the crown of England, which Henry of Normandy wears *de facto*, I see no reason wherefore I should become a damosel errant, and forsaking distaff and spindle, run my lance a tilt against his title."

"But what if Henry of Normandy, should prove his grateful sense of your lovely feminine moderation, by laying that coveted bauble, the diadem of England, at your feet; and entreating you, royal and beautiful Matilda, to share it with him, as his well beloved consort," asked the monk.

The colour flushed over the fair face of Matilda, at these words, then fading, left her cheek of a marble paleness, as she replied.

"I do not consider myself bound to give an answer to every foolish query that may be proposed by those who are willed to gratify their unauthorized curiosity."

"Craving pardon, most royal Matilda, my query was by no means unauthorized, as you will know ere long, when the holy lady abbess shall have deigned to peruse the letter of the pious Anselm of Canterbury."

The lady Christiana, with a look indicative of much distaste, broke the archbishop's seal, and commenced the perusal of his epistle.

The monk eyed from beneath his cowl as she read; Matilda too, not wholly uninterested in the contents of the letter, with a varying countenance, watched the features of her aunt, as she glanced over the writing, but before the abbess had read many lines,



she flung the scroll contemptuously on the ground, exclaiming in a stern high voice—

“His wife! I swear by all angels, saints, and martyrs, that I would sooner see her on her bier, than on his throne. Aye, and would rather join in singing the death mass over her fair cold corpse, than give my consent to the blood royal of the Athelings being mixed with that of the base-born Norman spoiler.”

The monk stepped forward in the agitation, and confronting the abbess, seemed as if about to reply in terms of equal disdain to her contemptuous commentary on the archbishop's letter, but mastering his passion by a strong mental effort, he drew from his bosom another letter, saying, as he presented it to the haughty Christiana, in a voice of suppressed emotion :—

“Know you this hand and seal, madam?”

She cast a glance of cold enquiry upon the seal and superscription.

“It is the writing of my nephew, the king of Scotland,” said she, with an air of indifference.

“And if it be,” rejoined the monk ; “it is your duty methinks to read it.”

“My duty,” said she, fiercely ; “who shall dare to prescribe it to Christiana Atheling ? Not the boy Edgar, my sister's son, whom I have whilome dandled on my knee oftentimes I wis. What means he by corresponding with me, through the agency of a creature belonging to the suite of the Norman archbishop.”

“If you will please to break the seal of his letter, peradventure it may afford you the information you desire ; and also make you acquainted with his will and pleasure on a more important subject,” responded the monk.

“Now marry, master monk, if Edgar of Scotland, shall have so far forgotten the wrongs of his mother's house, and his title to the English monarchy, which in right of her is vested in his own person, as to interpose his authority in behalf of this most unnatural marriage, I will crush his letter beneath my foot, with as much scorn as I have trampled on that of the sometime Abbot of Bec ;—and I will henceforth hold him as a stain to our race, and an alien from my affections.”

“Nevertheless, he will not hold you excused from reading his letter,” said the monk, drily.

“I am not his subject, nor am I bound to submit to his injunctions,” retorted the abbess. “His sister may render obedience to his authority, and peruse his epistle, if she list ; but from the hint I have gathered of its purport, I will none of it.” She flung the scroll of the king of Scotland to Matilda, as she spoke.

With a faltering hand, Matilda broke the seal of her brother's letter, and silently read as follows :—

“Health, happiness, and loving greeting, from Edgar of Scotland, to his much honoured and well-beloved kinswoman, the most holy and illustrious Lady Christiana, abbess of Wilton.

“Whereas, most loving aunt, the dolorous condition of our Saxon friends and sometimes subjects *de jure*, in the bleeding and distracted realm of England, have been made known to us with great lamentations, from divers quarters ; and the voice of their mourning hath been heard by us—so that our innermost heart hath melted with compassion, and our bowels have yearned over their piteous and calamitous estate,—and we were minded to have done somewhat notable towards the amelioration of their miseries ;—if so be the complexion of the times, and the exigencies of our affairs in Scotland, had permitted us to advance our armies to their assistance.

“Howbeit the increased strength of the Norman throne, rendering all thoughts of restoring the Saxon monarchy in England, either in our own person, or that of any branch of our family, a fond imagining, which if cherished, might add to the effusion of much Christian blood—yea, of that of our dearest friends, and most faithful adherents,—we, therefore, for the sake of those who love our cause well and faithfully, have in our gracious pleasure, consented to put an end to these so great distractions, by the immediate marriage of Henry of Normandy, king of England, *de facto*, and by right of conquest, with our royal and right well beloved sister, Matilda Atheling, now dwelling under your care and prudent guardianship, in the abbey of Wilton,

whom the said king Henry hath demanded of us in marriage, to the end that all jarring feuds and hurtful differences, may cease between Normans and Saxons, by the happy union of the blood of both royal lines, in the issue of such marriage, which we pray may be numerous and hopeful; and herewith do we pledge ourselves on the faith of a Christian prince, and the honour of a knight, to renounce whatsoever right and claim we may possess to the crown of England, in favour of our beloved sister, Matilda. And we charge her to yield loyal and cheerful obedience to this, our royal will and pleasure, by becoming the wedded wife of Henry of Normandy, so soon as you shall have prepared her for this happy change in her condition.

Farewell, we salute you both.

(Given from our royal palace of Scone, this twenty-sixth day of June.

Witness our hand and seal,

EDGAR REX."

The letter of her royal brother fell from the hand of Matilda, and she bowed her head on the writing-table before her, without uttering a syllable in comment. The pertinacious monk, took up the writing, and presented it in silence to the abbess Christiana.

The powerful effect which the perusal of that letter had had on the usually calm and unruffled mind of Matilda, inspired the abbess with sufficient curiosity, to overcome her determination of not reading the communication that her nephew had addressed to her;—so she condescended to take the vellum from the hand of father Wilfred, and proceeded to examine its contents, but when she arrived at the conclusion—fire flashed from her eyes—she started from her throned seat, and reared her proud form to its utmost height, then casting the letter on the floor, she treated the royal autograph with no more respect, than she had shown to that of the archbishop, and waving her hand for the monk to leave her presence, she thundered at the height of her powerful voice:—

"Begone, base slave! Foul disgrace to the name of Saxon (if indeed Saxon thou beest), and tell the wily Anselm, sometime abbot of Bec, and the boy Edgar of Scotland, that Christiana, the

last of the Athelings, hath trampled on their letters, and deems her everlasting contempt the most fitting answer to them."

The monk stood fairly at gaze, and for a moment unable to form a reply to the holy virago. He looked silently from her wrathful vivacity, to the expressive but motionless despair of Matilda, which was visible in her attitude, though her face was hidden. He hesitated for a moment, and then proceeded to say:—

"I will forbear to urge the matter at this present time, since the proposal of king Henry's alliance is so evilly taken;—but my lord the archbishop, will be in Wilton in a few hours, and he, I misdoubt not, will set this concern in a light which will cause you, noble Matilda, to view it, as a means of raising you to the throne of your ancestors, as consort of a prince of whom fame has spoken bright things;—albeit his praise will better become the lips of the wise and venerable primate, than mine."

He then after a low reverence to the princess, retired.

The diary of the abbess Christiana, remained unfinished that night; for when the urgency of her aunt had at last roused the lady Matilda, from her deep reverie, to her repeated directions for the continuation of the journal, she replied, that she was totally incapable of committing another sentence to the vellum that evening, and rising with an air of determination that prevented all remonstrance, she immediately left the apartment.

#### CHAPTER V.

Was ne'er more wail or sorrow rife  
In England's isle, from deadly strife,  
(Since first her ancient race arose,)  
From blade's keen edge, or battle close;  
(So they, who ancient books explore—  
The elders, wise in clerky lore)  
Since first up-came from Eastern land,  
The Anglian and the Saxon hand,  
When o'er the broad opposind brine  
They sought the crown of Britain's line.

*Ancient Saxon Ode, Translated  
by the Rev. J. Parry.*

The following day being the festival of St. John, high mass was performed at noon, in the abbey church of Wilton. On her entrance, Matilda speedily recognized the Norman knight who, apparently, perfectly unabashed by his

late dismissal from the nunnery garden, was seated by the side of the bailiff of Wilton, seemingly devoutly absorbed in reading from a splendidly illuminated missal, bound in richly embroidered velvet, and ornamented with golden clasps, stars, and studs.

Matilda blushed deeply beneath her black veil, when, from the first moment of her entrance, she detected his lustrous blue eyes in vigilant observation of her every movement, and she intuitively wrapped the cumbrous serge yet more closely round her, lest her own emotion should become visible.

The Abbess Christiana, notwithstanding her hostile feelings towards all Normans, especially to those of rank and warlike character, relaxed so far from her national prejudice as to acknowledge, by a condescending gesture, the service that she considered he had rendered her and holy church in general, by his manful encounter and valorous defeat of an audacious monster, who had shown so little sense of her rank, dignity, and sacred office, as to threaten an assault on her royal person in her own canopied stall.

The knight acknowledged the gracious inclination of the head, with which she honoured him, by a bow so low, that the high waving plumes in his cap swept the front of her gilded reading-desk, then gracefully bending his knee, he removed his glittering cap, and said:—

“Holy and revered mother in God, I humbly crave your benediction, as my reward for the exploit which it was my good hap to achieve, in delivering this royal virgin, and your sacred self from the presumptuous attacks of the foul fiend in the loathly form of a huge bear.

The abbess rose from her canopied seat, and advancing to the gilded screen of curious antique carving and blazonry, which separated the seats of the nuns in the chancel from the rest of the church, she ungloved her white and jewelled hands, and placing them upon the rich brown curls that parted on the fair broad brow of the handsome Norman knight, she pronounced, with impressive dignity, the required benediction.

The knight bowed still more rever-

entially, as he rose from his knees, casting at the same time, a sidelong glance at Matilda, who stood for a minute lost in astonishment at the extent of his audacity in approaching her so daringly, in his own proper semblance, after the scene that had passed between them in the nunnery garden on the preceding day.

The service had scarcely concluded, when a joyous peal from every steeple in Wilton, with the flourish of every instrument then in use, whether wind or stringed, together with the acclamations of all ranks and conditions of men, announced the arrival of that wise, pious, and most deservedly popular primate, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the town.

The bailiff of Wilton bustled out of church, followed by the whole corporation, eager to be in time to address the distinguished visitor. The service being happily brought to a felicitous finish, the priest and monks hastened to follow the example of the body civic. The congregation tumbled one over the other, in their impatience to vacate the church in the quickest manner, that they might not lose the chance of a peep at so important a personage. In short, the sensation occasioned by the appearance of his Satanic Majesty's supposed deputy, in the shape of a huge monster, on the preceding evening but one, was nothing in comparison of the present confusion.

The nuns appeared to be sensibly touched by the reflection that they had no free agency, and must, perforce, return to their consecrated prison, instead of rushing forth with the rest of the congregation to obtain a sight of the revered primate and premier.

When the arrival of the archbishop was announced at the conclusion of the service to the Abbess Christiana, Matilda became so much agitated, that her emotion was scarcely concealed beneath the folds of her veil. The Lady Christiana drawing up her commanding figure to its full height turned to depart, her whole deportment and air showing plainly that she meditated defiance. The knight remained in a few minutes, sole occupant of the church, gazing earnestly after the princesses and their sacred train as they withdrew.

To the archbishop's first request for

an interview with the lady abbess and her royal relative, an abrupt and positive refusal was returned by the Lady Christiana; but even her haughty spirit could not bear her out in opposition to the dreaded and all-powerful metropolitan. After a few messages had been exchanged, she gave up the point, and prepared to receive the visit of the primate, having first enjoined the pale and agitated Matilda to conduct herself like a true Atheling, to protest against the Norman alliance, and to plead her devotion to the cloister as a last resource, and above all, to appear in the dress of her order, and cover herself with the consecrated veil.

When these points had been settled, the archbishop, after a longer delay than the respect due to the primate of England warranted, was admitted into the presence of the princess. He was attended by father Wilfred, and another monk, likewise in the Cistercian habit; both were closely hooded.

The holy and venerable Anselm, nowise unruffled with the disdainful, and even hostile reception given him by the lady abbess, greeted the princesses with a benevolent and courtly grace, saying:—

"I find myself in the honourable presence of the most illustrious Princess Christiana, lady abbess of this devout sisterhood of nuns."

The abbess bowed coldly, in acknowledgment, and the archbishop, turning to Matilda, continued: "And of her royal niece, Matilda, eldest daughter to the late glorious prince, of pious memory, Malcolm Canmore, King of Scots."

The abbess bowed again.

"Daughter," said the archbishop to Matilda, "unveil yourself."

Matilda, with a trembling hand, raised the black veil from her face. The abbess felt strangely disposed to issue a counter-order, but forebore, wisely considering that it was a less perilous matter to defy the English king, than to offer resistance to the English primate.

"Daughter," said the archbishop, looking earnestly on Matilda, "thou art fair of face, and art, I doubt me not, altogether well worthy of the high station designed for thee, of becoming

the consort to the most noble Prince Henry, King, by the Grace of God, of these realms."

"By the help of the author of evil, say, rather," interrupted the abbess, wrathfully, her passion in a moment surmounting her prudence.

"The saints rebuke thee for thy profane rejoinder, daughter," said Anselm, gravely: "I charge thee forthwith to take heed to thy ways, and set a watch on the doors of thy tongue, lest the perverse words that ever and anon escape thee, should bring upon thee censure from the church, and suspension from thy functions as abbess, not to speak of public penance."

"Ah! censure of the church! Suspension from mine office, and public penance, withal! Base Norman priest, dardest thou utter such insolent threats to the grand-daughter of King Ethelred?"

"Aye, lady," returned the archbishop, sternly; "and would enforce them all, if needful. Therefore, what I said before, I say again—take heed to your ways."

"If, my lord archbishop, the chief purport of your visit be to rebuke and gausay my revered kinswoman, and impress still more forcibly on us both, the desolate and unprotected state of two females, the descendants of the royal line that whilome swayed the sceptre of these realms,—I must declare such errand unworthy so holy and illustrious a man," said Matilda.

"Not so, fair princess;—to enter into a needless and most patience-trying contest with your lady aunt, so far from forming any part of the purport of my visit, is a thing that I shall most devoutly eschew. Yet I think it but a point of wisdom to restrain her haughty temper, and intemperance of tongue, in the outset of our conference, lest she should say or do aught in this presence that my pastoral character will not suffer me to wink at. I will now proceed to unfold to you, royal Matilda, the business that brought me hither, which is, that my gracious master, King Henry, having resolved to compose the unhappy contentions between his subjects, by giving the nation an heir, in which the Saxon and Norman line shall be united, has demanded you in

marriage of the King of Scotland, your brother and sovereign, and he, being desirous of entering into the bonds of brotherly love and amity with King Henry, and hoping to see the glories of his maternal line restored in your descendants, has been pleased to signify his royal will and assent to the said marriage, and that you should forthwith receive the noble and puissant Prince Henry as your lord and husband. Now, lady, what is your reply?"

Matilda had risen from her seat, and supported herself by the back of her chair, while the archbishop was speaking. Her check, very pale at the commencement of his address, became of the hue of marble when he concluded; and when thus urged to yield her consent to her marriage, the thoughts of which were more dreadful to her than the grave, she turned her swimming eyes upon her aunt imploringly; her last hope of escape being through the avowed hostility of the Lady Christiana to the bridegroom. The appeal was not lost.

"Timid, foolish girl, why do you not speak for yourself, and allege your objections to ally your pure and truly royal blood, with a lineage of base descent," exclaimed the haughty abbess.

"Oh; no, no!" replied Matilda; in good sooth, such consideration weighs but lightly with me; now God forbid that I should object to Henry of Normandy, the shame of his grandmother, which was no sin, nor fault of his."

"Spoken like a discreet and pious maiden," said the archbishop, "and seeing no reasonable impediment can be urged against the intended union, it only remains for you to signify your dutiful acquiescence in the will of your royal brother, and to sign the contract of betrothment."

"The thing may not be," interrupted the abbess; "Matilda of Scotland, is already the bride of heaven, and has been a veiled nun in this convent upwards of five years."

"Will the Lady Matilda aver this?" asked the archbishop.

Matilda silently pointed to the sable veil she wore.

The primate changed countenance; he looked at Father Wilfred, and Father Wilfred turned to the other Cister-

cian, and conferred some seconds with him in a low anxious whisper. The consultation ended by the latter stepping from the background, where he and Father Wilfred had hitherto remained silent, but apparently deeply interested listeners, and exclaiming in a most decisive tone:—

"Lady Abbess of Wilton, I challenge the truth of this impediment to the marriage of Matilda of Scotland and Henry of Normandy."

"And I," answered the abbess, in as high a tone; "will maintain it at Rome, despite of Henry of Normandy's teeth."

"You have no grounds on which to found your appeal to the holy see," said the monk.

"False and presumptuous priest," replied the abbess; "hath she not worn the consecrated veil for years, within these holy walls?"

"All mere masquing and mummery," said the monk, bluntly; "tush, tush, my Lady Christiana; wot we not well, that she wore the veil but as a protection from the licence of the Normans? She is no nun, by'r lady! in token whereof, I take this senseless bauble from her head, and pronounce her free to become the wife of any man, provided only that he can win the consent of Edgar of Scotland, her brother and sovereign." He finished his somewhat bold speech, by snatching the black veil from Matilda's head, and flinging it on the ground.

The high-born maiden shrunk from his near approach; the indignant blood flushed her fair cheeks, and mounted even to her temples; while the Lady Christiana, with greater scorn and resentment in her tone than Matilda had expressed by her look, demanded—

"Who durst be so bold as to lay a profane and sacrilegious hand on the veil of a princess and a nun professed?"

"Even one who freely exercises a brother's and a sovereign's right, over Matilda Atheling, madam," replied the pretended Cistercian, flinging back his cowl, and displaying the handsome features of Edgar, King of Scotland.

Matilda, pale and faint, sunk upon a seat; she attempted to speak, but the words died away upon her lips, for she perceived the wreck of her last hope. The Lady Christiana, unable to express

the displeasure which her nephew's conduct excited in her bosom, remained silently regarding the whole party with looks of scorn, which required no auxiliaries in words.

The King of Scotland approached his sister, and taking her cold and trembling hand, exclaimed:—"Why, what a coil is here, sweet Maude; one would think that I was about to enforce the concealment of your charms for life, beneath yon murky pall, (here he gave the consecrated veil a most unceremonious kick,) rather than to wed you with a young, gallant, and handsome man, a king too, by'r lady! I trow that is the only objection you can make to our brave cousin, Henry of Normandy."

"Cousin! Henry of Normandy!" shrieked the abess; "now, by Zerneboeck—"

The archbishop crossed himself, with a look of horror. Matilda seemed as though she could have sunk into the earth for very shame. Father Wilfred turned away, and smothered a sound of risibility, by pressing his monastic robe into his mouth, while the King of Scots fairly gave way to a long and deliberate fit of laughter, so loud and hearty, that the vaulted ceiling resounded with his mirth. When, at length, he succeeded in recovering his composure, he began:—

"I must say no more, sister mine, on the score of a kindred, the very mention whereof has caused a holy lady abess, and my much honoured aunt, to incur so deadly a sin as profane swearing; and that, mark you, gentles all, not by any saint or demon, with which the lips of a good Christian are wont to be familiar—no good orthodox oath, such as one would expect from a clergywoman, but by a Saxon Pagan fiend, God save the mark! and in the presence of a pious archbishop, and of a holy monk, withal. Yet, would I fain, were it only to make good my assertion, touching this said cousinship with Henry of Normandy, (I guess, if I were to name him by his proper title, of King of England, I should hear the names of Scogula, Thor, or Woden, invoked to my great confusion of countenance,) demand of the Lady Christiana Atheling, whether she, as well as my beloved mother, be not

the granddaughter of a Norman princess, Einma, the queen of Ethelred, which makes us, I wis, such close kin with Henry, that I doubt, Maude, you must wait patiently till a dispensation from the pope can be obtained, before you may lawfully enter into the bonds of wedlock with King Henry."

"Brother, dearest brother," said Matilda, in an accent of supplication; "do not force me into this hated marriage."

"Tush, tush, maiden, what canst thou have to say against it?"

"That I never, never can love King Henry."

"And that, gentle sister, let me tell you, is a thing of which you can know nought, never having seen King Henry; now, as I have the advantage over you, in that particular, I will make bold to tell you, that he is a mate every way worthy of you. He is, in the first place, the handsomest king in Christendom, not even excepting the King of Scots, (who in favour, too nearly resembleth his lovely sister, not to be altogether a very goodly personage.) Then, King Henry is accounted one of the most valorous knights, and approved generals of this our day. He is courteous in his converse, princely in his deportment, and eloquent of speech, withal. He is so able and skilful a politician, that I prefer calling him my friend and brother, to having him for my foe. He is said to play well on divers instruments, and is skilled in the chess; and last, which I think least of, though doubtless, it will be no mean commendation to your favour, he is considered the most learned man of his time, for which, and divers other endowments, (with all of which, I trust you will become acquainted ere long), he hath acquired the surname of Beauclerc. Ah, Maude! art not charmed by the rare qualities that I have set forth, in thy affianced lord?"

"In sooth, my brother, you have said enough to well convince me that I am not worthy the high honour designed me; therefore, I will venture to hope, that Henry may find some other princess better qualified to receive, and return his regard."

"Lady," said the archbishop, "you have already heard that the royal Henry is desirous of conciliating his Saxon

subjects, by forming an alliance with a princess of their own beloved race of kings."

"Then," replied Matilda, turning an anxious look on her brother's face; "might not my sister fulfil this contract, by becoming the wife of King Henry, in my place?"

"Doubtless," returned King Edgar; "she might, if Henry were so willing, but he will scarcely consent to the exchange, since you are the elder sister, and your issue might dispute the crown of England, in after days, by right of primogeniture."

"But that could not be the case if I remained a veiled recluse; which in truth I would choose, with all my heart, before this hated wedlock. Therefore, if my sister Mary——"

"I tell you," interrupted the King of Scotland, "that she would esteem herself the most fortunate damsel in Christendom if Henry could so affect her; but it may not be—you are the one spoken for; therefore, sweet Maude, gentle Maude, queen Maude that must be, you are the maiden that shall be wedded to him, by the light of our lady's countenance."

"Oh, this is sport to you, my dread lord, but it is death-aye, worse than death to the hapless victim of your despotic will!" said Matilda, bursting into tears.

"Listen to me, sister dear," replied the King of Scots, changing his light gay tone for one of impressive earnestness. "You are this day called upon to prove the bond of peace between two great nations; you will be to your wretched Saxon countrymen as the dove returning to the ark, when on the desolate waters, bearing the olive branch of hope and promise: and, like Queen Esther of old, you will be the means of preserving from death or utter ruin the remnant of your people. And are you, Matilda, one who would shrink from such high duties, from purchasing the proud distinction of becoming the guardian angel of your suffering Saxons, even at the price of greater self-sacrifice than that to which you are now called?"

Matilda, while her brother thus spoke, raised her lovely eyes from the ground, and the large tears that hung on their long and shadowy lashes diminished

nought from the expression of lofty enthusiasm which they kindled, as he proceeded to touch those chords that he well knew would vibrate in her noble heart in the most powerful manner.

"Brother," she replied firmly, "you have prevailed. I will receive the Norman for my husband. And should it please Heaven to make me the favoured instrument of alleviating the woes of my people, mine own sorrows shall be accounted as dust in the balance." She then continued in a less decided tone. "We live not for ourselves alone in this chequered and troublous state of existence, and even the hard price which it costs me to make this sacrifice, shall not be regretted or thought too dear, if I am the means of restoring peace to a divided nation, and putting an end to the miseries of the oppressed Saxons."

"You have well and nobly spoken, most royal lady," observed the archbishop. "Yet I may not readily imagine that it can cost you much self-sacrifice to become all this——"

"And the wife of a young, handsome and gallant monarch to boot," continued her brother.

The princess looked down, and the tears swelled into her eyes again.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," said the archbishop. "I am an old man, and possess some knowledge in the intricacies of the human heart; in truth, the confessions of some of my young penitents have made me rather clear-sighted as to the matters that oftentimes weigh heavily on the breasts of gentle ladies."

"It were as well, methinks, my lord archbishop, that my sister should consult you in private as to the cause of her trouble," said the King of Scots.

"Father Wilfred," answered the archbishop, "is a wise man, and well skilled in controversy, and it may be that the Lady Matilda will receive more consolation in consulting him on the secret cause of her reluctance to fulfil this marriage than from me, of whose age and high rank in the church she will peradventure feel apprehensive."

"Then be it so," said King Edgar; "retire, my sister, to your oratory, and make full disclosure to Father Wilfred of whatever doubts may still perplex

your mind. But, I wot well, it is some superstitious scruple relating to this foolish mummary," continued he, bestowing a second kick on Matilda's black veil.

"By all saints and angels I will denounce your sacrilegious conduct at Rome," exclaimed the abess; "and whoever shall dare to wed the nun Matilda, shall incur from the Pope the sentence of excommunication for himself, and bring the issue of such marriage under the reproach of bastardy!"

"Woman," replied the archbishop sternly, "your perverse assertions oblige me to delay the conclusion of these espousals, of happy promise, till I shall have cited your royal niece before an assembly of ecclesiastics, to disprove publicly the objections which you falsely allege as impediments to her marriage."

Father Wilfred having, in the meantime, entered the oratory with the Princess Matilda, was about to seat himself in the confessional chair, but she prevented him by saying:—

"Not so, holy father; my full confession was made but last week to father Cenulph, from whom I received shrift. To you I would but state the cause which renders me reluctant to enter into the estate of matrimony with the Norman king."

"Proceed, lady, I am ready to lith and listen to your reasons," replied the monk.

"Alas!" said Matilda, blushing deeply, and turning away her head to conceal her confusion; "The image of a certain young Norman knight evermore intrudes upon my thoughts; yea, even amidst my most pious exercises, and troubles me beyond measure."

"In verity," replied the monk, "this doth look strangely like one of the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Yet I must know how a maiden, wearing the veil of a nun, and dwelling within the impenetrable recesses of a cloister, became acquainted with a young Norman knight."

"Father, I trust you will hold me blameless of evil intent, when I tell you how he presented himself before me—first, at vespers in church, where in sooth I was more impressed by his noble demeanour and outward beauty of form

and comeliness, than became a maiden destined for the holy vocation of a vowed nun. Furthermore, holy father, he greatly exalted himself in my sight by his valiantly attacking a huge monster, from the kingdom of Sathanas, which entered the church during vespers; and, being rampant for prey, menaced an assault upon my honoured aunt, but was defeated and driven thence by the puissance of this Norman knight, whose image hath since that time been ever present to my fantasy."

"Nay, trust me, lady, the idea of a person, whom you have beheld but once, and never exchanged converse with, shall speedily fade from your memory, since he can have no hold on your affections."

Matilda shook her head.

"It may be," continued the monk, "that you have seen him again?"

"Father, I will not disguise the truth from you, though I blush to own that this same valorous knight did afterwards enter the gardens of the nunnery, by means of a cunning device—moved, as he indeed said, by love to me."

"So then, lady, it seems that you exchanged words with this same handsome knight."

"Father, I did.—Yet blame me not severely; because, on my part, it was but by way of reprehension for his daring deed; and, so far from listening to his beguiling and honied words, I affected a displeasure that in verity I did not feel, and obliged him to depart from the gardens, where he might safely have tarried without fear of discovery."

"Then regarding this bold attempt, your feelings partook not largely of the nature of anger?"

"On the contrary, it grieves me to confess, that it gave me a secret satisfaction originating, doubtless, from the sinful vanity of self-approbation, being one of the most entangling snares with which Sathanas besets our souls."

"Right, fair daughter; but it seems that his temptations have been nobly resisted, since you sternly dismissed your lover from your presence."

"Alas, alas! that was but half fighting the battle—albeit I dismissed him from my presence, I retained his image in my thoughts. Aye, and I



fear me, treasured it in the hidden recesses of my heart."

"Nevertheless, on mine honour I will answer that you will combat and overcome this weakness, and meet King Henry at the altar, not only with a safe conscience, but with a willing mind."

"As duty demands the sacrifice," said Matilda, "it shall be made with what cheerfulness I may; for I would not that King Henry should have the pain of knowing that his bride came to the altar as a victim: if indeed, holy father, you think that I may, with a safe conscience, meet him there, and pledge him my faith in wedlock, while my heart yet beateth too fondly for another?"

"Which remembrance, believe me, the endearments and tender love of King Henry will speedily efface. You are avised that no princess can ever hope to wed the man of her choice, therefore your royal lord will not expect to be the possessor of your affections before he shall have won them by his courteous and loverlike demeanour, after the solemnization of his espousals will have given him time to prove his regard."

"Then," said Matilda, deeply sighing, "you pronounce my scruples as unimportant."

"Perfectly so," rejoined the monk; "and declare you free to become the wife of King Henry forthwith."

On re-entering the room of state they found the Abbess Christiana still vehemently protesting against the marriage of her niece with the Norman monarch.

"Well, holy father," said the King of Scotland, as the monk Wilfred entered the apartment, "how fares it with our gentle sister. Has the maiden confessed freely to you her scruples of conscience?"

"Yea, noble prince," replied the father, "and, by the blessing of our lady, I have, I trust, succeeded in overcoming her reluctance to this hopeful marriage."

"Matilda," cried the Abbess Christiana rising and speaking with all the energy of her nature, "you are a lamb of my flock, and I protest against your entering into these sinful bonds; but should you rashly and sinfully wed the Norman prince, I will appeal against

the validity of the marriage, and accuse him to the Pope of the crime of sacrilegiously espousing a nun."

"And I," rejoined the King of Scots, "aver that she is no nun, but was ever designed by her royal sire and myself for the holy estate of matrimony."

"What saith the young lady herself to this question?" said Father Wilfred.

Matilda remained silent.

"Lady, did you ever pronounce the vows of a nun?" asked the archbishop.

"Matilda, I forbid you to reply to any question that shall be proposed to you within the bounds of my jurisdiction," interposed the abbess.

"Then," said the archbishop, "she must answer in another place. Matilda of Scotland I cite you to appear, within seven days from this time, before the Pope's legate at a general assemblage of ecclesiastics, held at London, there to answer to this question."

"She shall neither appear nor answer, my lord archbishop," said the abbess.

"Let any one refuse obedience to my citation, on peril of excommunication," replied the primate.

"I will be responsible for her appearance, my lord; and, to ensure it, will carry her to London myself. Aye, since the whole matter is at a stand, I will commence the journey this very day. So to horse, my lord archbishop, and I will follow you so soon as my sister shall have donned her riding tire," said the King of Scotland.

"She shall not depart from the shelter of these holy walls into a sinful world."

"Right sorry am I, my lady aunt, to oppose and gainsay your wishes and behests," replied King Edgar; "but this is a concern of high import; I claim the right both of a brother and a sovereign in this lady, and in virtue of this double authority will remove her from Wilton Abbey within the hour."

"Then," said the Lady Christiana, "I will accompany her myself withal: for I leave not this fairest lamb of my fold in the clutches of the wolves of Normandy."

"Is not the presence of her king and brother a sufficient guarantee for the honour of the Lady Matilda," asked Father Wilfred.

"No, master monk, it is not," answered the abbess sharply, "since he is degenerate enough to enter this realm (the sceptre of which is his birth-right) as a friend and vassal of the foreign tyrant whose base-born father usurped his inheritance. Oh! that I should have lived to see this falling off in the son of my sister."

"I plainly perceive, mine honoured aunt," said King Edgar, "that we shall agree in nothing save a journey to London. Therefore, my lord archbishop, as I said before—To horse!"

## CHAPTER VI.

"Plight me your troth now, King Estmere,

By heaven and your right hand!

That you will marry me for your wife,

And make me queen of all your land."

*Ancient Ballad, King Estmere.*

We will pass over the details of the journey to the metropolis, though, doubtless, they might have been curious enough, could the needful information have been collected from approved authority. Suffice it to say, that equipages being neither invented nor thought of at that time, their travelling was performed on horseback, after the manner of Chaucer's pilgrims. The abbess and her niece were attended by six nuns, the whole of which sacred company were closely veiled, and dressed in their conventual habits. They rode on easy pacing palfreys, gentle of temper, and obedient to the bit.

The Archbishop and King of Scots, together with Father Wilfred, were mounted on mettled steeds, *destriers*, as they were called in the language of the day; and these they managed with a grace and boldness which might have suited the steel garb of knighthood, rather than the peaceful garments of the priesthood. They were followed by a large retinue of ecclesiastics and lay attendants.

On the evening of the fifth day, they entered London, after a prosperous journey, which was performed by easy gradations, partly out of consideration to the ladies, lest they who had not been accustomed to the fatigues of travelling, should be overcome by proceeding at too speedy a pace, and partly that the roads, or rather the bridleways, were not only of so circuitous a

route, that their eternal angles, elbows, and serpentine, added at least a third in mensuration to the actual length of the journey, but they were rough, hobble, and difficult of passage; in short, the very reverse of our smooth-shaven turnpike-roads, which might, with less fatigue, be travelled on foot, than these on horseback.

King Edgar would have conducted his aunt and sister to the palace, in Scotland-yard, Westminster, then, for the first time, prepared for the reception of a royal Scottish visitor at the English court; but the Abbess Christiana received the proposal in a manner that made her august nephew's ears tingle for half a day at the remembrance of the sharpness and bitterness of the language with which she forbade him to insult her by such an offer. She therefore took up her abode with Matilda and the attendant sisters, at the Nunnery of Bermondsey, the lady superior of which was a kinswoman of her own, by the right royal blood of Ethelred. In fine, she refused, with the most ungracious pertinacity, every offer of civility and attention that was made her by the archbishop, and even obliged her niece to decline a visit from Henry, who presented himself at the convent grate, and prayed for admittance to his bride elect. Neither would she have permitted her, though in London expressly for that purpose, to appear in the archbishop's court to answer his citation, had not the King of Scotland, after interposing his authority by message and letter to no purpose, appeared himself in person to conduct his sister thither; when, finding all opposition useless, the Lady Christiana declared her intention of accompanying them to the archbishop's court, to the sore mortification of her royal nephew, who dreaded a public display of her haughty intemperance of speech and manner.

There was a strong sensation among all present when the King of Scots appeared in the ecclesiastical court, supporting the young and timid recluse, who clung to his arm as if for protection, and shrunk from observation, even when enveloped in her long black veil; but when he led her in front of the archbishop's throne, and removed the

dark drapery that concealed alike the beauty of her face and the perfections of her form, an universal murmur of applause, at the loveliness of their future queen, was heard, even in that grave assembly. Matilda, looking still more charming in her blushes and confusion, stood, with downcast eyes, in silence.

"Maiden!" said the archbishop, "you have been sought in marriage by our sovereign lord the king of this land, Sir Henry of Normandy and England, to whom you have been affianced by the wise and illustrious prince, Sir Edgar, King of Scotland, your lord and brother. But, inasmuch as your aunt, the most royal Lady Christiana, Abbess of Wilton, has protested against your espousals, alleging that you be a nun professed, we charge you, as you shall answer it at the great day of judgment, to state truly, whether such impediment to your marriage doth exist."

Matilda raised her beaming eyes with modest dignity, and replied—"I have been accustomed, from the age of fifteen, to wear the consecrated veil, and to conform in all respects to the rules prescribed to the votarists in the Abbey of Wilton. It is for you, holy fathers, to declare, whether such life constitute an impediment to my marriage."

"Holy fathers!" exclaimed the Abbess Christiana, advancing, "the maiden is my near relative, and I am the Superior of the Abbey of Wilton, where she was veiled a nun in her fifteenth year; and I charge ye all, as ye shall answer it to his holiness the Pope, and at the great and awful judgment day, that ye commit not the abominable sacrilege of taking a nun from her cloister, to unite her in a most profane and unholy wedlock, seeing that she is already the spouse of Heaven."

"It is not the assumption of a conventual dress and veil that constitutes a nun, any more than putting them away, can absolve a nun from her profession," observed the archbishop; "since a maid may be a nun that weareth not the veil and habit of a religious; and another may be no nun, albeit she weareth both. The question therefore is, whether she have, before the altar

of God, and in the presence of a holy bishop, pronounced the vows of a conventual life, and formally renounced the world. Lady Matilda of Scotland, I call upon you to declare, whether you have made such renunciation, and taken upon you such vows?"

At this critical moment, the doors of the hall in which the conclave was held were thrown open, and there was a cry of—"Place for our lord the king!"

The entrance of the monarch caused but a temporary interruption; for, in that era, everything relating to ecclesiastical matters was deemed of an import so solemn, that the affairs of royalty itself were deemed as trifling in comparison; and, when the king had taken possession of a chair of state, a very little more elevated than that of the archbishop, that primate again reiterated his question, and called on Matilda to declare truly, whether she had pronounced the vows that bound her to observe a life of celibacy and seclusion from the world, at the time that she assumed the consecrated veil in the Abbey of Wilton. Matilda, blushing deeply at this question, the more so, because she was aware that her affianced husband was now present, to whom, however, from a natural feeling of delicacy and timidity, she had not ventured to direct a glance, now raised her eyes to reply to this demand of the archbishop, and encountered the large, lustrous eyes of the handsome Norman knight, bent on her face with an expression of eloquent admiration, love, and tender interest. And could it, indeed be, that in the serenely serious and majestic personage enthroned before her, whose stately brow was surrounded by the circlet of England's diadem, she saw at once the husband she had loathed and dreaded, and the gallant Norman knight, who had assumed the lowly weeds of a peasant to win her love, and who had obtained, as we have seen, some slight interest in her heart, notwithstanding his audacious way of wooing.

Her start, and the yet brighter suffusion that flushed with vermillion even her neck and forehead, and the conscious tears that started in her dark blue eyes, as she lowered them beneath his ardent gaze, betrayed to the royal

lover that he was recognized. But all this, though matter for volumes in Cupid's calendar, was the transaction of half a minute, and, before a minute more had elapsed, Matilda had uttered a full, decided, and satisfactory negative to the archbishop's question, and directly after heard, with a beating heart, the unanimous decision of the synod—that no impediment existed against her marriage, and that the church pronounced her free to become a wedded wife, and, perhaps, the joyful mother of children, who should unite the glories and rival claims of the Norman and Saxon lines.

Exultation and triumph sate on the brow of Henry, as he rose and advanced a step forward, to receive and

re-assure his lovely bride, whom the King of Scotland led to the foot of his throne, and gracefully preventing the act of homage she was about to offer, he impressed his first kiss on her coral lips, and whispered—

“Was Father Wilfred right when he told you that you would meet Henry of Normandy at the altar, with a safe conscience and a willing mind? or are your scruples still immovable?”

“Oh, heavens!” exclaimed Matilda, endeavouring to hide her confusion, by concealing her fair face on her brother's shoulder; “and has my confession to Father Wilfred been betrayed?”

“Not so, my lovely queen,” replied Henry, with a triumphant smile, “but it was made to the right person.”

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## THE VOICE OF THE TRUMPET.

BY G. R. CARTER.

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The Voice of the Trumpet! light up the red pyre,  
And wave on the mountains the signal of fire!  
Let its cresset of crimson empurple the sky,  
And tell to the brave that the battle is nigh.

The Voice of the Trumpet! how proudly it told  
Of triumph and fame to our fathers of old!  
When the banded ranks pour'd from the hills like a flood,  
And the eagle awaited his banquet of blood.

The Voice of the Trumpet! its echo imparts  
An impulse sublime to the faintest of hearts:  
It proclaims to the hero a conqueror's wrath;  
It proclaims to the craven dishonour and death.

The Voice of the Trumpet! these mountains have heard  
Their pathless retreats with its melody stirr'd;  
When the moon, as she rose like a bow o'er the storm,  
Disclosed to the landscape her luminous form.

The Voice of the Trumpet shall pierce through the gloom  
Which hallows the silent repose of the tomb;  
And the spirit shall spring from the mouldering sod,  
To the final abode of its Father and God!

## THE BOHEMIAN. A LEGEND.

BY MISS EMMA WHITEHEAD.

OH, beautiful Bohemian! in the deep wilderness, in the leaf-embowered recesses of the Hartz forest, that lovely face has been beheld, which, like a blossom blooming amid thorns, brought a living sense of sweetness wherever it was seen. On the banks of the Rhine, soft as the melody of its flowing waters, was the voice of a song heard, which echo lingered awhile to listen to—and in verdant pastures, in green-growing lawns, the lightning of such an airy footstep floated in the dance, gentle as the undulation of the winds, light as the fallen leaf in its motion, graceful and entrancing, as if the figure of Joy or Hope, beloved in the visions of youth, were there beheld again, enchanting with the beauty and glory of nature. But she is gone—she is gone! we behold her no more!

Oh, brave and mighty Bohemian! On the rock and on the mountain his footstep might be traced; and, as a dark cloud passing before the sunlight, such was his stately figure to those who saw it. His eye was keen as the arrow which he let fly; his was the iron form of sinew and of strength, the woodland cunning and skilful guile which held the wild boar of the forest at bay, and bade the savage beasts of the desert crouch before him! The sound of his huntsman's horn was more musical than aught else of nature; his presence spoke of power and protection, sweet to the heart of woman. He was the fleetest foot on the hill, the most wily forester of the glade: but the Bohemian is gone! he is known no more!

It so happened that Runulph, the Bohemian, was forester to Duke Lauendorf, whose territories lay near the boundary of the wide expanse of that Moravian wilderness which flanks the little state and principedom of Bohemia. It was that season of blithe action, when the nobles of those districts, delighting to hunt the wild boar through the hitherto untravelled regions of the forest,

goad the wretched animal to the verge of death, and delight in the last struggle and conflict, which ends in his destruction. This affords them that momentary triumph which all semi-barbarians experience, when they bow down in subjection those creatures of the wilderness which custom and nature have taught them to destroy.

Fair was the day, and bright sunlight was shining in the heavens, when the Duke Lauendorf and his huntsmen went out to the hunt; the hollows of the forest resounded with the wild cry of the pursuers; the chased boar, goaded by the frenzy of desperation, fought bravely, faced boldly the pointed spears of his enemies, and, having fought to the last dying stroke, he bounded through the thick briars and furze of the wide woods, leapt into the last open glade of the wilderness, and here he turned round again, undaunted, in his last defence against the bravest huntsman of the forest that dared to follow him—and this was Runulph, the most famed amongst woodsmen. Runulph looked coldly and sternly upon his prey for an instant; the boar saw those unflinching eyes fixed stedfastly on him; a moment was over, and the spear of the huntsman pierced straight through his brain—the animal plunged forward and fell at his feet. His conqueror smiled, as if in triumph, and said to himself, "There is nothing which the brave and noble mind dare attempt, but it will succeed;" and, ere he could think further, the rest of the huntsmen broke into the glade; Duke Lauendorf was at their head and foremost in the chase, but his favourite huntsman was there before him.

"Runulph has won the day," said a female voice, more sweet than the herdsman's pipe on the hill, heard in the calmness of evening; "Runulph is the first in the field—the bravest and most fortunate of all!"

It was the beautiful Ella, daughter of Duke Lauendorf, who spoke; and

those who were assembled, thought that the verdure and loveliness of nature was more beautiful, only because her beautiful countenance gave lustre and life to the scene.

"Most fortunate of any ! Oh, no, no !" said Runulph, the huntsman ; and, as the last of the troop rode hastily into the glen, they beheld Lady Ella leaning from her palfrey, to behold, still nearer, the person of the woodsman, while he, resting on his spear, seemed to be dreaming sadly upon his destiny of humble servitude and bondage : he seemed to be doing this ; but, no, it was a dream where Lady Ella only blessed the vision. He loved her, not only with such fervour as man loves woman, but with such energetic truth as man or woman may bestow upon the one being who is formed to be the blessing or the curse of an existence.

"Oh, that he were not a woodsman !" sighed the gentle Ella.

"I will attempt all things, do all things, but I will win her," said Runulph ; but his thoughts were interrupted by another object appearing in the glade.

From one of the further avenues of the forest, a young girl, one of the wandering tribes of the Bohemian gipsy, was seen advancing. She was clad in romantic attire, in purple, green, and scarlet remnants tastefully hung together, forming a picturesque, though ragged covering, short enough to display the feet, the ancle, and part of the leg. She wore the long silver earrings, and silver fillet to bind the hair, peculiar to her people and country. The looks of the company were directed towards her, as she now ran, and now danced in a measured footstep of musical grace, approaching them. It was only in the last instant that she saw, or recognised them, for, in the wild imagination of her nature, she was dancing to the melody of the woods, in the free joyousness of her heart. But, when she saw the duke and his followers, she fell into more soul-breathing gestures of the dance ; with a wild song she accompanied her footsteps ; no measure could be more exquisite, no music sweeter than that which she gave them :—

"Blithe as the wind,  
Let me dance to the wind,  
And ne'er leave behind,  
Not a shadow behind ;  
As the leaf on the trees,  
Let me bend to its song,  
As a leaf on the breeze,  
Let me float still along,  
That nothing may heed me whenever I die,  
And only the wild wind bequeath me a sigh !

"E'en as the ocean,  
Free as the ocean,  
With nature's soft motion,  
As the wild waves in motion ;  
As the wild waves flow on  
From shore unto shore,  
And dance to the sun,  
As it shines evermore,  
Let me roam in the sunlight ;—whenever I die,  
Only the wild waves shall yield me a sigh !

"Bright as the sun,  
As the fair smiling sun,  
Whose glory is done  
When the day-time is done :  
Let my life ever be  
Like the sunshine in heaven,  
Which all men may see,  
Yet scarce know how 'tis given ;  
Let me pass like the sunshine, whenever I die,  
And only sweet nature lament with a sigh !"

As the dance of the Bohemian girl ended, she dropped her curtesy, and stood still. Duke Lauendorf gazed inquiringly upon her ; his nobles, with pleased admiration, even the forester, turned aside to behold her beauty, and Lady Ella smiled upon her, wondering how her own fair face and golden hair could ever excite attention, where such ebon locks and dark-dreaming eyes were ever looked upon.

"Who is the girl ?" asked the proud duke. "She seems like something to be feared ; some creature spoken of in our old legends."

"We shall rue the day we ever met," said she, sorrowfully.

"She tells fortunes by the stars, my lord," said Runulph ; "and some say these witches of the wood speak so true, she could have told you who would have killed the boar this morning, and more besides, too."

The girl turned round upon the forester, and looked upon him with looks where love and grief were strangely blended. "Why did we ever meet ?"

she cried, wildly. "What have the humble to do with the proud, or the rich with the lowly? Proud baron, thy fortunes are fading. Sweet lady, your happiness is gone. Bold forester, your strength is henceforth as nothing. And, for myself! since the stars have told me, I have striven to set it aside, but in vain."

Baron Lauendorf laughed in careless laughter as she spoke. The lady smiled incredulously. The forester expressed his disbelief.

"Come, come, I don't ask for myself," said the baron, gaily, "but what is the fate of my daughter?"

"It is linked with my own," said she.

"And mine?" cried the Bohemian forester.

"Linked with my own," she repeated. And, before they could say more, she broke forth again:—

"Bound and link'd to one another,  
Fast as sister unto brother,  
Held by the dark chain of fate,  
Ever felt and known too late,  
Your sad life is bound to mine,  
My sad days are held to thine."

Lady Ella turned pale at her words, but blushed as the gipsy girl addressed her.

"Lady, as twin heart to heart,  
Whom life and sorrow ever part,  
Thou art ever dear to one,  
The woodland's bravest, dearest son,  
And thou lovest him in sooth,  
With deepest love and earnest truth."

The lady coloured, and, with well-dissembled self-possession, turned her horse's head towards the avenue, and motioned to her train to depart. The gipsy caught the forester by the cloak, and detained him.

"Forest youth, yet, turn away,  
From the fortune of to-day,  
I read that fortune in the sky,  
All you look upon shall die;  
Your destiny my words shall prove,  
In vain you strive, in vain you love."

"A witch in her way, indeed!" said the baron, throwing her some money. "But let go the good forester's cloak, he knows more of woodland deeds than woodland jargon. Farewell, pretty one, and good fortune to yourself:—but one more dance."

The girl struck her castanets together, threw back the wild elfin locks that shaded her brow, and began a more measured pace of graceful motion, wherein the sorrow of love, the regret of defeated affection, was so admirably depicted, that even the bluff baron understood the language of her movement, and smiled still more bluffly to conceal that he did so. At length she stooped forward, and gently bent to the earth: this gesture spoke with nature's sweetest eloquence; it told that the anguish of love was lost in despair—so the lady and the forester understood it, but, to the rest, it seemed like an action of adieu. The baron threw her another donation. The party slowly and reluctantly retired, leaving the huntsmen behind, to twine a hurdle of green branches, and carry the dead animal to the castle of their lord.

The Bohemian girl slowly arose from the ground, and, with pale and forlorn looks of grief, bent her way into the shades of the forest. From this fatal day, Runulph the forester and the lady of his love, were happy no more; and some have said, that a prevailing fate followed them. However this may be, he dreamed of her that night, and she of him: while the gipsy, in the leafy seclusion of the forest, lay down, not to sleep; but, with eyes fixed on the dark, she searched out, through the overhanging trees, two brightly shining stars, and these she began to question; yet, the future comes, and nothing can avert it, but dearly did the gipsy girl love Runulph the Bohemian, and she would save him from his destiny if possible.

More and more, and from day to day, the forester loved Lady Ella. If her favourite bird flew away from its sweet bondage in her bosom, and fled awhile back to its native woods, Runulph's whistle could alone reclaim it, or his fleet footsteps follow and lure it back again; he, alone, could tend her in the hunt, conduct her steed over steep precipices; in fact, he only could charm, in all the gentle ways that manly love assumes to please its object; but the gipsy followed them with her thoughts from hour to hour.

Twilight was just dawning, the

morning star was shining in the heavens, when Runulph was preparing for the morning hunt. The gipsy was at the gate of the castle, where Runulph was leaning; he turned, as the voice of the gipsy greeted him.

"Night has passed," said she; "a heavy night to me. Oh, Runulph! deep is my love for you; deep as deep waters, and true as the coming day; but the stars forbid it!"

"What would you?" said he, mildly, for he could not be unkind to one who only loved him too well.

"Go not to the hunt," said she; "not to the hunt. Better your love should die, than you meet her there. Stay here, and the poor gipsy will kneel and bless you."

"I am forester to Duke Lauendorf," said he, "and must go whither my fate conducts me. Oh, she is lovely as the light!" he cried, as he beheld Ella mounting her steed, prepared to accompany them.

"Lovely as thou art unfortunate!" said the girl. "Win a kiss from her lips this day—that kiss shall be thy curse. Fly, fly, or perish!"

"I know many men who would fly," he said, "but then it would be into her arms. Oh!—but why torture me, girl? you see my heart, my feelings, my folly—desperation. Go! leave me!"

"There may be one who loves you as well," she cried, "but your happiness is dearer than her own. Farewell, Runulph! but go not to the hunt."

The forester saw Lady Ella mount her horse; he thought of the gipsy's words; he lingered in doubt and despondency; she smiled, he forgot all further, and followed her to the chase.

"You will rue the day, madam," said the gipsy, as she passed her on the road.

The lady again smiled.

"The stars are more powerful than I!" cried the Bohemian, sorrowfully. "The thread of fate is woven, and none shall break it asunder." She drew a circle round where she stood, and then threw herself on the ground within it. There she lay many a long hour, listening which way the tramp of horses and the voice of the huntsmen sounded,

and by this she knew that she had read the stars aright.

"Oh, let his fate pass away!" she cried; "bid it pass away. This is my only prayer—my heart-felt prayer—and let kind heaven listen!"

But a short moment, and a cry of terror was heard in the woodland: the shriek of Lady Ella followed. In an instant, more swift than lightning or flying winds, unchecked by rein or bit, her horse rushed by, bearing his precious burden across the forest; he sped into the open path, and from thence, towards a frightful precipice frowning in the distance. The girl started up, and clasped her hands in mingled agony and supplication. But nothing written in the stars shall be falsified! The bold forester started from an opening in the glen, and, with the swift foot of manhood, sped by the shorter road; his keen perception discerned the moment of danger and the method of escape. He caught the rein of the flying steed: the gipsy saw no more.

"Oh, he shall die! he will die!" she cried. "From this moment he is lost to me for ever!" and she fled back to the native woods of her childhood.

"Dear Ella, all is safe!" said the forester: "be not alarmed."

"Runulph! good, and brave, and kind!" she sighed, and fainted in his arms.

"This day! this day!" cried the Bohemian. "Happy day!" and he dared to press his lips to those lips, the dearest in the world to him.

The gipsy shuddered in the far woods: she felt his fate was sealed.

It was the happiest moment of the Bohemian's life, when, with that kiss, he awoke to life again the lady of his love. And she smiled upon him, and bade him win her by manly acts of bravery and address, for so, many dames of the proud house of Lauendorf had been won. And, from this time, the Bohemian was favoured by the proud baron, and the road lay open before him, where he might try his fortunes.

But how was it? Could the gipsy tell why or wherefore? Secretly and unseen, the good star of the Bohemian forester here forsook him; and some



evil destiny fatal and false in working his unhappiness was ever near. His hand had lost its power, since it first trembled while it touched that of the lady Ella; his foot was not so fleet since it first followed her; his eye was not so quick and sure in the woodland games, since first he learnt to search into the beautiful eyes of her he loved. But misfortune spurs the brave to new designs and enterprises; he felt the pressing weight of his affection, but he resolved to attempt all things.

Meanwhile, by night and day, in sunny times, or stormy weather, the gipsy was dreaming over his fate. Deep is the love of an untutored creature towards the objects of her choice, and faithful are her feelings and her tears. The Bohemian girl, saw the future, and vainly did she try to avert it. For if, according to the free feelings of her nature, she loved the song of birds, the breathing of winds, the sound of waters, the gushing of streams, echo on the hills, the sweetness of silence, how much more did she love him, whose footstep in the wilderness she had watched since womanhood had taught her the name of love.

"I have lost my favorite bird again," said Ella; and she added, playfully; "that bird is the emblem of our house. They say if ever it leave the shelter of her who protects it, the fortunes of my family shall fade and perish."

"I will bring it back before the fall of noon," said Runulph; and he went to the forest in quest of it. In vain he whistled, or lured, or coaxed; he saw the bird with restless wing flying hither and thither, but sought to catch it in vain; at last, he met the gipsy.

"Runulph, why seek the bird?" said she. "Let it wander back to the home of its childhood and be happy once more."

But at that instant a towering hawk was seen whirling its high circles in the air; and presently, the little bird flew level along the ground, and sought safety in Runulph's bosom. The hawk steered its course upward, and was lost to the view.

"Let the bird perish!" cried the gipsy. "Oh, never hold it to your heart;" but finding her words unheeded, she picked up a wild flower

that he dropt, and wandered away into the woods.

"I have brought the truant back," said the forester, as he entered the hall of the castle; "dear lady, be happy,—here is the bird."

As he spoke, he tendered it to her, and his hand touched hers as he offered the bird back to her; but as their hands touched, the bird trembled, fluttered its beauteous plumage awhile, and fell dead in his grasp. The lady burst into tears, the forester drew back.

"It is dead!" he whispered; "dead, dear Ella, but—but with delight to come back to you;" nevertheless, he turned chill while speaking.

"Poor bird! Unused to freedom, it is dead of fear," she said; but she was cold as death in that instant.

They both stood and secretly asked, if it were sin to love one another; but there was more sorrow than sin in the thought, so they parted. But that night again, the gipsy stood under the broad heavens, and in murmuring cadence, she spoke what she knew to be their feelings and her own:—

"Ye stars, ye shining stars above!

How is it that ye ever prove,  
So false to those who love!

Why not give light,  
Through the deep night,

And with still steadfast beam the heart love  
requite.

"But no; some power is given,  
Vainly twin stars have striven  
To meet together in the fields of heaven.

And such is woe,—

Nothing here below,

Its kindred hearts of truth shall ever know.

"Farewell, ye stars of night, farewell!

Your beams life's little story tell,

And love is held by your enchanted spell.

As stars on high,

Shine in the sky,

So shall true lovers still divided live and  
die."

"Who is this forester?" said the proud heir of Lauendorf. "Whatever he touches, it falls before him; wherever he fixes his eye—his eye fixes the dart or the bullet; his hand is subtle in all it lights upon. Who is he? If he can conquer me, he shall marry Ella."

The boy was her younger brother,

the heir of the house of Lauendorf ; strong in his youth, and brave in the power of his strength.

"Runulph," said he ; "we will have a wrestle together in the great hall of my fathers, and if you conquer me, I know a lady who will reward you." The young man, majestic in his manhood, stood bravely before the forester, and laughed defiance.

"Sweet boy," said the kind forester, "we will meet. In that hall, you shall take me round the throat in the full grapple of your strength, and I will lay you gently on the ground, as your dear sister might lay a tender babe to rest."

"Ah ! ah !" laughed the boy.

"Dear boy," said the forester ; "but hark ! I will meet you, nor hurt you either." As he left the castle, the gipsy met him.

"Runulph," she cried ; "Oh, fated to be wretched !"

"Hush," he said ; "you torture me?" for he was dreaming of Ella.

"You are going to wrestle with the heir of Lauendorf, to-morrow," said she ; "but beware, beware."

"Who told you so," he cried.

"Fly from the castle—do all things but that," said she. "Yet, I speak in vain."

"Ella will reward," he answered ; "She, girl, she !"

"Don't go—don't go—don't go?" cried the Bohemian girl, and she clasped his knees.

"I have promised," he answered.

"Go,—yes, go win and lose her," said she ; and she quitted him.

On the following day, the forester and the heir of Lauendorf, met in the ancient hall of the castle. The baron and his daughter smiled at such boy's play, on the part of the forester.

It seemed that a dead and awful twilight gleamed through the arched windows of the vaulted chamber ; and that the antique portraits of their ancestors frowned terribly and cold from their recesses, as if whispering the fate of this unlucky moment.

But the heir of Lauendorf clutched his hands, and strained his sinews, and raised his young martial figure proudly and tauntingly ; but Runulph smiled in brotherly love upon him, and smoothed

his brow. The blood of the proud house of Lauendorf, rushed to his temples in angry torrents.

"Now for this game of sport !" cried the baron.

"Only a trial of strength," said the young heir, fiercely.

"All in *brotherly* love," whispered the kind-hearted forester, and he kissed the boy's forehead ; but the heir of Lauendorf, clutched him by the throat and held him firmly, as if to fling him to the ground.

Ella started to see the strength and rage that seemingly held the forester fast.

"Take care, dear boy," said Runulph, "or I shall hurt you ;" and by the power of his hold, he lifted the youth gently from the ground, and laid him down on the earth, softly as he might lay some favorite child to sleep. The forester had kept his word.

"Look up, speak, speak, dear boy, dear brother ;" whispered the forester ; and then a cry of horror spoke out the fatal truth ;—the face of the young man collapsed, a sigh heaved his bosom,—he was dead. Runulph heard the shriek of his beloved ; he heard no more, but fled from her presence the most accursed of men. At midnight he lay in the woods, forlorn, and the outcast of hope ; he heard the wild voice of the gipsy whispering near him.

"Are you sleeping in the woods to-night, dearest Runulph," said she ? "Better be without a home in the wilderness, than follow Ella another day." He sighed, she repeated the sigh.

The castle of Lauendorf, was no longer a scene of festivity, the lady was changed and wretched ; the Baron saw, and felt that she loved the forester, and as his grief for his son's death subsided, he knew that there were no other means of preserving the life of his only surviving child, but by yielding to this extraordinary attachment. Runulph lay concealed in the woods, there Ella sought him ; and though often led astray purposely by the Bohemian girl, she at length found him reclining beneath a steep rock.

"You are forgiven," she cried ; "come back to the castle and be happy, come back ;"—and she could say no more.

"I am accursed in all things, but in thee," he said. "But no, I seek for happiness in vain?"

"Fate shall not pursue you there," she whispered.

"I have long felt," he sighed; "I know that some fearful fate attends me. But I will conquer it, and should it still pursue me, I here resign all manly deeds of woodland warfare. The bow,—the club,—the spear,—all I resign! See, dearest.

So saying, he drew an arrow from his belt, tied with a blue ribbon, and she herself had given it to him.

"I will never touch weapon again," he cried. "Let it fly to the winds!" He lifted his rustic bow, and shot the arrow forth right over the trees,—the wind whistled as it flew. The shriek of the Bohemian girl, followed in its flight. She came forth from a near covert.

"Did you not hear his dying groan?" she cried.

"The last duke of the house of Lauendorf is slain.—Thy fate has pursued thee."

As she said this, a loud cry was heard from the attendants; and presently after, the duke supported by his servants, crossed their path;—that fatal arrow was in his bosom.

"It is not *my* arrow," cried Runulph; "*mine*—it is impossible."

"It is not his—not *his*," gasped Ella; but the blue ribbon belied his words. A pause ensued; horror and grief were silent. A whisper told that the old man was killed.

"Never mind, gentlemen," said Ella, at last; "dear Runulph has only slain

my father." She spoke in that voice, whose expression is nameless; but it tells of the total overthrow of reason—the first frightful evidence of insanity. "But he breathes," she cried, stooping to watch his breath in vain; "or—or he has gone to sleep to frighten me. Dear old man! dear Runulph;"—so she bent and kissed her father, and then took Runulph gently in her embrace, and kissed him also. The next moment she was struck into stern madness,—an image of the ruin of her heart. She lived many years after in the lone turrets of her castle. For Runulph, he looked around, his eyes met those of the Bohemian girl—he looked no more—but turned away,—the gipsy followed him.

It was a sweet morning in the midst of summer-time. The sun was high and bright in the heavens, so that the heart of the peasant was joyous. The leaves fluttered light to the wind, the voice of birds was heard, beautiful was the presence of nature on earth and in the sky. Some labourers passing along beneath the brow of a precipice, suddenly stopped, and the whole current of their feelings was changed. There lay the body of the forester; in desperation he had thrown himself from the height above, and there he lay silent and at peace for ever. His head reclined on the bosom of the Bohemian; for there in her love she had followed and found him. She sat looking up into the daylight, as if looking into heaven, for her own spirit which had fled thence. The Bohemian had died in her grief, where she had met her lover for the first—the last—the only time.

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## GROOM, THE FISHERMAN.

### A TALE ON OUR SOUTHERN SHORE.

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Some years ago, it suits my tale to date,  
(To search the time precise we will not wait)  
A fisherman, and Richard Groom his name,  
Dwelt, with his family of honest fame,  
Close by the sea-side, in a lowly cot,  
A Happy Home, although an humble lot,  
For Virtue proffers that which wealth cannot.

'Twas in a bay, and built upon the beach,  
So that the surf when spent, would almost reach  
As it flows harmless up, from where it falls,  
At every spring-tide flood, the white-wash'd walls.  
Around the bay, high towering cliffs arose,  
Standing the sea's encroachment to oppose,  
Breast against breast, like fierce contending foes.

They stood with giant strength, and down their sides,  
Patches, of yellow moss repose, which hides  
Their dark sublimity, and serves to trace  
The mark of Time ; as, in the human face,  
A like delineation may be seen,  
Painting old age upon the youthful mien,  
Or, in the yellow leaf, once fresh and green.

Frowning above the sea upon the right,  
Forbidding rocks disdain its boasted might,  
And proudly scowling, stretch far out from shore,  
With the wild waters waging endless war ;  
Backward they mount the cliff, with frequent rise  
Ascending step-like, round whose summit flies  
The sea-gull, uttering unmeaning cries.

Frequent is heard the harsh and piercing shriek,  
Causing each cleft, and hollow place to speak  
The shrill lament unfelt, with harsh intone,  
Distinguish'd from the ocean's stifled moan ;  
How strange the chorus that salutes the ear,  
Mingling a secret joy with conscious fear,  
As though some power to reverence were near.

The foaming water's roar, the sea-gull's wail,  
The hollow-speaking clefts, the whistling gale,  
Combine to form the strangely savage sound  
That in the bay so constantly is found.  
By music such as this the air is stirr'd,  
And man has pass'd away, and the wild bird,  
Yet others live and still it may be heard.

Groom and his family were only four,  
Himself, his wife, two sons, he had one more,  
Who left his home some ten or twelve years since,  
To be, he said, "a beggar, or a prince !"  
He said he would, they therefore let him go—  
And now believed him dead, but did not know,  
Not having heard of him for weal or woe.

Groom was, as said before, an honest man,  
And never deviated from his plan ;  
Which it would seem he had adopted long,  
(For to the principle he held so strong ;)  
This was, before he spoke, he always thought  
Twice ; so that all he said came out well wrought,  
Which it were well if many more were taught.

I mention this, because if all did so,  
 We should assuredly much wiser grow ;  
 For with this principle once well adopted,  
 Why, all we heard, would first be well concocted ;  
 Instead of which all care is now neglected,  
 And our good organs often are affected,  
 As nature surely could not have expected,

Groom and his Kate were called a happy pair,  
 He was right hearty—she as kind as fair :—  
 Yet 'tis not strange that they so well agreed,  
 Since both were ready to concede ;  
 He loved her gentle form, and gentler heart,  
 Two much one word or glance unkind to dart,  
 That could or pain or shade of grief impart.

And Kate loved him, because he loved her so,  
 Woman is tuned to love, if love man show ;  
 But if not tended, as the fairest flower  
 Exposed, will often perish in an hour :  
 And their two sons loved them, and one another,  
 Because their father so much loved their mother ;  
 And the sole name each bore to each, was “ brother.”

One early morn —“ now, boys,” cried Richard Groom,  
 “ Night in the day has once more found its tomb,  
 The lively morning breeze is all awake,  
 Let's to the boat again our prey to take.”  
 “ All ready father,” both the lads return'd,  
 For much they loved the calling they had learn'd,  
 Seeking the briny ocean unconcerned.

Down the sand beach they go, and launch the boat  
 In which so oft before they'd been afloat ;  
 “ The sky is nicely clear,” young Richard said ;  
 “ Scarcely a cloud is hanging overhead,  
 The misty morning haze is all away,  
 The gull is early from its nest astray,  
 To us, the well-known sign of—fair to-day.”

“ Aye, aye, my son, your right, 'tis so, indeed,  
 That is the book I'd always have you read,  
 And as you read it in the early morn,  
 Think upon him that writes, that sends the dawn,  
 That lends us life and all *we* have—joy, health,  
 More worth to man than lockers full of wealth  
 Although 'twere honest gain'd, and not by stealth.

Each heart was light, for cheering was the morn ;  
 Gaily, along, the frothy waves are borne,  
 The boat is launch'd, the parting farewell given,  
 And Kate commends them once again to heaven.  
 The sail is up, she dances o'er the wave,  
 Soon rounds the point—poor Kate, returning, gave  
 A sigh, to shield them from a watery grave.

There is a channel for each mortal made,  
 Through which, at liberty, he seems to wade ;  
 But strangely various must be the length  
 Some journey through and end with untired strength ;  
 Whilst others, so much longer is their way,  
 Before 'tis pass'd, find all their strength decay,  
 Yet still, to end, must totter many a day.

That morning fair, in health, this little crew,  
 Went from their home, nor thought of danger knew ;  
 The only pain that passed across their mind  
 Was, leaving her so much beloved behind ;—  
 But noon day came, and Kate stood on the shore,  
 Searching with tear-dimm'd eye the ocean o'er,  
 And eve, and night, but, no ;—they came no more.

The morning came, but oh, how changed was she,  
 Kate that so kind and gentle used to be ;—  
 And night again, and then once more the morn,  
 Her hair hung wild, her gown to tatters torn ;  
 Cover'd with sand and wet, she thus was found,  
 And as each wondering neighbour drew around,  
 She laugh'd, and told them they were all three drown'd.

But when they vainly thought to soothe her grief,  
 Telling her—rest would give her mind relief ;  
 And raised her up, to bear her from the beach,  
 They trembled at her wild unearthly screech.  
 'Twas the best sound she lived on earth to tell,  
 A lifeless corpse upon the sand she fell,  
 Whilst still the air retained her dying yell.

Thus pass'd away, from this mysterious life,  
 Two sons, and father,—thus the much loved wife ;  
 No monument exists to tell their tale,  
 And in the bay, the same wild sounds prevail ;  
 Yet having heard the mournful story told,  
 The hollow rocks again the same unfold,  
 Though time has many seasons onward roll'd.

H. C.

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TO \* \* \* \* \*

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Thy smile ! it hovers round my memory,  
 Thy cheek's fair hue divinely glowing,  
 Thy ruby mouth, thy eyes of jet,  
 Around on all thy light bestowing.  
 Oh ! who can look on such a form,  
 So nobly fair, so softly tender,  
 And wish not that no earthly storm  
 May dim such sweet, such fragile splendour.

## THE ENVIED PRIME MINISTER.

WHEN Iskander, all-conquering Emperor of the Greeks, subjugated India, the most powerful of the kings to which that country was submitted, was called "Phour," or "Pour." The regal authority of this prince extended over the numerous nations inhabiting those immense regions, and the kings by whom they were governed, each of whom though reigning supreme in his state, was himself but the mere subject and dependant of Phour, the great monarch of the east. Two great oceans, inaccessible mountains, and uninhabited deserts, were the sole boundaries of his vast empire, to which, the only approach was through the provinces bordering Persia. Notwithstanding these almost insurmountable barriers, and the innumerable forces collected beneath his banners, Phour the redoubtable, after having fought with great bravery and valour, was vanquished by Iskander, and obliged to acknowledge himself tributary to him. His conqueror, who viewed Phour's courageous resistance with admiration, so far from depriving him of his crown, confirmed to him the possession of it, and bestowed on him the most honourable marks of friendship. Phour's reign was long and peaceable; and he survived the formidable conqueror, under whose sway fate seemed to have decreed that the splendour of his power should have been for a brief while eclipsed. At his death, his son Phour-Zadék succeeded to the throne of India, which he found consolidated by a prolonged and blessed peace. The vassals, by their submissive obedience, gave no cause for uneasiness, wisely supporting and indeed loving the government by whom they were protected; commerce flourished, plenty reigned everywhere, and while the wealthy possessed the means of indulging in their most expensive fancies and luxurious habits, the poor were never destitute of bread, and their industry furnished them the means of procuring those indulgencies in which their moderate inclinations led them to delight. All were indeed

happy in India, who owed her prevailing felicity to the wisdom of her government; the administration of which was shared and divided between a considerable number of viziers, each holding a separate employment, with distinct duties, and chosen from among those who were considered to possess the greatest talent and information. At the head was the grand vizier, or prime minister, whose business it was to give impulse to the movements of the central party—to regulate the general administration—to examine and revise the different proceedings of the under viziers—to preside at their decrees—and in fact, to hold with firmness the reins of the empire, the care of which devolved to him, and to rule with wisdom and discretion the governors and the governed. The title derived from his high employment had, after a lengthened continuance, become his surname; and he was no longer known by any other than that of "Omád-ed-doulah," which interpreted, means "THE PILLAR OF THE STATE," of which cognomen he had long proved himself deserving. Son of one of the second class of viziers, he had himself been created one at a very early period of his existence. His zeal and activity, added to his deep and varied information, had attracted the attention of King Phour, predecessor and father of Phour-Zadék; which monarch, appreciating the advantages to be derived from the assistance of so valuable a minister, had promoted him rapidly, and scrupled not to invest him with the highest authority, namely, that of directing the whole government of his immense empire. Thus ere Omád had attained the prime of life, he was in the enjoyment of the full confidence and favour of his royal master, and at the head of the whole body of viziers. His conduct in this exalted situation was such as to confirm the hopes entertained of him previous to his being raised to it; and when King Phour died, his successor, Phour-Zadéh, had rightly and wisely determined he could not do better than

grant to this prime minister (grown gray in the service of the state,) the same confidence and power with which his father had honoured him. Thus India had changed its sovereign without experiencing any alteration in the administration of affairs; but however deserving a preference thus long continued, it nevertheless failed not (owing perhaps to this very circumstance,) to excite the envy and jealousy of the other ministers; their pride would not allow them to forget that they had formerly known, in an inferior rank to themselves, him, who now raised far above them, intimated to them the will of the sovereign, and made them amenable to his own commands. The envious are rarely governed by the laws of reason, or if they are, they reason badly; they are more especially averse to acknowledge that in their own inferior moral qualifications, and the incontestably eminent and superior advantages of a rival, exist the true causes of his elevation, and of their own intolerable lingering in situations of subordinate dignity. These fits of petty jealousy had accordingly no sooner entered the hearts of the viziers, than it speedily gave birth to the most hateful feelings; as also the perfidious design of overthrowing and ruining the object of their increasing abhorrence. What price would they not have given for sudden hostilities, which by devastating the country, could have furnished them with the opportunity, in the midst of the general dismay (so long desired,) of involving Omad in some hidden snare. They hoped to take advantage of, or even provoke a favourable moment, by some subtle artifice, to decoy the prime minister into a criminal mistake, which in compromising the safety of their prince, would render him hostile toward his minister, and induce him to withdraw his countenance from one whom he would have every cause to think guilty. Their evil hopes were however deceived; no external enemy dared attack the flourishing empire of India, or disturb the happiness of its inhabitants, against which therefore its internal enemies vainly conspired. Fruitlessly did they successively attempt many other equally invidious projects, yet all their schemes were

frustrated by prudence and equity of conduct on the part of Omad, whose chief secret in governing consisted in ever following simply the dictates of justice and probity:—law and reason guided him indeed in all his proceedings, and with such pilots he never went astray. The nets, therefore, laid by perfidy and fraud had little chance to ensnare him in a path with the windings of which they were so ignorant. The bramins likewise fostered in their bosoms the most inveterate dislike towards the head vizier, in such manner as men of wicked inclinations readily combine and conspire together to overturn the good; they therefore quickly penetrated each others wishes, and having marked the common enemy, each wished so ardently to put aside, and fully ascertained each others sentiments, they leagued together to destroy the amiable and upright Omad. Having exhausted every resource of their crafty imaginations—having successively embraced and rejected numberless projects—they at last fixed upon one which they considered was fitting the purpose, and fondly anticipated its complete success.

Twenty years had at this time elapsed since the demise of King Phor; nevertheless, when one day his son Phour-Zadéh went to visit the place of his interment, he discovered upon his very grave a letter written in his father's name, the characters of which were so skilfully imitated by some expert forger, that they appeared incontestably his. The letter ran thus:—

*“Phour, Monarch of the Indies, Sovereign of the East, Lord of the Two Seas, the Sun of Justice, and the Star of Power, to his son Phour-Zadéh, whose dominion extends from one ocean to the other, from the point of the sun's rising to that where he sets; Salutation, Prosperity, and a long and glorious reign: Know, oh, my beloved son! that the place of my abode is to me: one of deariness and solitude, where I have found neither friend nor acquaintance; my soul is a prey to the most intolerable uneasiness, and deprived of all society that might mitigate or dispel it, I feel the weight of misery and suffering caused by such utter isolation, momentarily increasing; oh, my son! my dear son! you will hear your*



*father's voice, and hasten to his assistance ; among my state ministers there was one whom I ever preferred to the rest, towards whom I was always singularly attracted ; I poured down honours upon him, and confided to him the government of my vast territories ; I have been informed, my son, that you follow in your father's steps, and treat him with the same confidence which I ever did, and that my prime minister continues yours : After such long and laborious service, it is however but just and fair he should at length repose from his fatiguing career ; his advanced age and my great friendship for him, render him deserving of this favour. Oh ! my son send thy father's old friend to him, that through his affectionate attentions and care, and his agreeable and amusing conversation, he may break the monotony of existence ; I cannot dispense with his presence, and shall expect him the last day of this moon."*

This letter greatly affected Phour-Zadék. The oftener he read it, the more convinced he became that the writing was his father's, and that it had most assuredly been traced by his own hand, and he would have considered himself highly culpable in either refusing his request, or even delaying to attend to his father's mandate immediately. He therefore sent for Omad, communicated his father's intentions to him ; testified his own deep and sincere regret at being thus necessitated to part with him, at the same time intimating his desire that he should hold himself in readiness by the day fixed upon to undertake the journey required of him by the extraordinary express from his father. Omad made a respectful obeisance to his sovereign, expressing the pleasure he should experience in once again beholding his former master, as likewise the gratitude he felt for the signal and unheard of favor he had conferred in thus particularly selecting him. He added, he should lose no time in giving all the necessary directions, in order that his departure for the next world might meet with no impediment when the exact moment arrived at which he should apparently be so impatiently expected there. The bramins and the viziers awaited in silence the issue of their plot against Omad, and congratulated them-

selves upon having discovered the means of entangling him in a net, so firmly woven, that neither his utmost wisdom nor prudence could extricate him from it.

The vizier did not appear at all conscious of the treacherous part enacted against him, and nothing was talked of at court, and throughout the whole city, but the immense preparation he was making for the erection of the large and magnificent funeral pile into which he intended to fling himself, in compliance with the commands of the two kings, Phour and Phour-Zadék ; and he listened unmoved, and even with apparent satisfaction, to the perfidious and obsequious felicitations which the serpent instigators of his ruin failed not to offer him. On the day indicated, the splendid pile was completed, and the fire and combustibles placed on it in presence of the whole court of assembled ministers and bramins. The grand vizier, arrayed in his official garb, received the last orders of Phour-Zadék, as also a mission for his father Phour ; and amidst the din of instruments, and the tumult of unanimous acclamations, he precipitated himself into the bosom of the flames.

Omada, indeed, when listening to the singular communication with which his master had honoured him, two quickly saw by whom the blow that thus so unexpectedly and so successfully assailed him had been dealt ; but he deemed it prudent to yield to the storm he could neither avert nor resist, and to seek shelter from it in that prudence and intelligence which had already preserved him from so many snares.

In a retired part of his palace was the entrance to a subterraneous passage, known to none but himself, which secret he had ever studiously concealed, from the notion that it might some day prove serviceable to him under circumstances which he could then scarcely foresee. Calling together several slaves, upon whose devotedness and fidelity he could place implicit reliance, he ordered this passage to be nicely cleaned and swept. This defile, dug in the solid rock, was of considerable length, and after repeated windings, conducted to ruins, situated at some distance from the city. It was over these same ruins

that Omad had constructed his superb funeral pile; its circumference was enormous and its elevation considerable, but the wood was so ingeniously placed as to encircle an extensive aperture, perfectly imperceptible from without, a large and thick stone slab artistically poized and in such manner as to yield to the slightest effort. This was fitted to the entrance of the cavern, serving the purpose of a door, which when lowered upon the opening, closed it hermetically. The grand vizier, in precipitating himself into the burning pile, had cleared in his leap the external enclosure, and immediately concealed from the gaze of the spectators by the volume of flame that surrounded him, he easily reached the opening to this propitious cavern, and the slab instantly closed above his head. In this secure and unknown retreat (previously stocked with such furniture and provisions as Omad had deemed to be requisite,) he remained four whole months; in the course of which period a curious adventure befel him, which changed the disgrace fate had cast upon him into the greatest good fortune.

One day, to divert his thoughts, as he was exploring the more distant and sequestered parts of the labyrinth formed by the various branches of the cavern, he was surprised to hear near him a slight hissing sound, the repetition of which commanded attention. Carefully concealing the torch which lighted him behind a projection of the rock, he resolved, by this dim light, to discover the cause of this extraordinary noise. Ere long he observed the head of a serpent peer through the cleft of a rock, which had before been unperceived by him—now it glided along a narrow chasm with much timidity and great precaution. Immediately summoning those he had retained to wait upon him during his concealment, he made them enlarge the crevice through which the snake had disappeared, and remove such portions of rock as prevented their proceeding further. This was a long and a difficult task to accomplish, but at length they gained access to a second cavern, which was far more spacious than the first, and which had no other ingress than that they had

just made. This cavern, where they in vain sought the serpent that had caused its discovery, was completely filled with extraordinary and wonderful treasure—to such extent indeed, that they must have evidently belonged to some powerful monarchs who reigned in India in times long passed; there were heaps of gold, of silver, and of precious stones, far more abundant than were the riches of the whole empire, could they have been accumulated together into one spot. Omad returned fervent thanks to providence, which, in covering him with its shield, not only had preserved him from the rage of his enemies, but had turned into benefits the very evils and mischief their perfidious jealousy had concocted against his peace and safety,

During the period of Omad's retreat, more than one remarkable event had happened in India; the tributary kings and the influential subjects of the empire, no longer restrained by the wise and severe justice of Omad, imagined that they might, without fear, throw aside the yoke by which they felt themselves to be oppressed, and they refused any longer to submit to the authority and dominion of Phour-Zadék. The enemies from without failed not to take advantage of these civil disturbances, and seized this opportunity of attacking those provinces which lay nearest to their own frontiers. Tumult now reigned within and without, and the treasures of the state were vainly expended in raising armies. Ere the fourth month had expired, the monarch was destitute of resources, and thereupon nearly deserted by the troops, whom he could no longer pay; and was thereby exposed to the attacks of new and numerous foes, who had risen against him since the disappearance of the prime minister—the pillar of the state.

Phour-Zadék was seated in his divan listening to the perfidious advice of his counsellors, seeking in vain with them a means of assuaging the terrible storm their prejudiced suggestions had so imprudently raised—noway of escape opened itself to them. Each of the ministers, now brought to a sense of his desperate condition, maintained a mournful and distressing silence—when suddenly the door of the council cham-

ber opened, and the prime minister, whose death all had supposed they had witnessed, and whose fatal absence all, even to his enemies, now deeply regretted, appeared before them, wearing the same habiliments as on the day of his departure, when he had cast himself on the burning pile. He advanced with gravity to the foot of the throne—raised, with both his hands to his forehead (which he inclined respectfully,) a packet enclosed in a cloth of gold, and delivered it with much ceremony to his sovereign. Stupified, and unable to comprehend the wonderful apparition of a man who had certainly perished before his eyes, Phour-Zad k hastened to open the dispatches which the prime minister, who had returned from the other world, had brought him; and read these words, written as was the first letter, with his father's own hand:—

*"Oh! my son, my dear son! I feel too deep an interest in the welfare of my own offspring, and the crown you inherit from me, not to have learned the sad extremities to which you are reduced, and of which I bitterly reproach myself as being the original cause, through the inconsiderate request I addressed to you; I lose no time in sending back to you the minister whose unwearied care, and watchful attention, are so necessary to your happiness and that of my people; it is time his presence should re-establish order, and remedy the evils arising from his fatal absence: Your resources are expended, your treasury emptied, your army unrequited and on the eve of abandoning your colours. All shall be retrieved. I have remitted to my friend Omad, for your use, the treasures hoarded by the emperors of our ancient race, probably through a foresight of the unfortunate situation into which the redoubted empire of India would one day be plunged: But oh, my son! while you are benefitting by the wisdom and prudence*

*of the enlightened minister, of whom I will never again deprive you, forget not the depression under which I labour,—dispatch to me without delay the whole body of ministers and bramins,—the number of these illustrious personages, in enlivening my solitude, will doubtlessly furnish me the amusement I can no longer dispense with."*

Phour-Zad k kissed with gratitude his father's letter, and unwilling to delay for his father every enjoyment in his power to procure him, he ordered that the expedition of bramins and ministers to the other world should take place immediately. These, amazed, confounded, downcast, perceived instinctively that they were the dupes of their own stratagem, and caught in the nets of their own weaving; and that in endeavouring to destroy the object of their envy, their silly machinations had served no other purpose than that of causing themselves to become his certain prey. They dared not make any objection, and within a few hours afterwards, another funeral pile, prepared by the king's orders, consumed every one of them. The immense treasures, so miraculously discovered, were transferred into the royal coffers, and the soldiers well remunerated, congregated from all parts of the kingdom to defend their master's throne; the external enemies sued for peace, and the rebels and the revolted provinces hastened to offer their submission. Omad once again held the reins of government, fearless of any future intrigues; and Phour-Zad k reigned under the happiest auspices, which continued long after Omad-ed-doulah had really ceased to exist.\*

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\* King Phour, defeated by Iskander, was in fact Porus, conquered by Alexander the Great, who confirmed his empire to him.

## CONTEMPLATIONS ON CHURCHYARDS.—No. I

## A VILLAGE CHURCH.

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How sweet and solemn all alone,  
 With reverend step from stone to stone,  
 In a small village churchyard lying,  
 O'er intervening flowers to move ;  
 And, as we read the names unknown,  
 Of young and old to judgment gone,  
 And hear in the calm air above,  
 Time onwards swiftly flying,  
 To meditate, in Christian love,  
 Upon the dead and dying.—WILSON.

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Time, on its reverend brow,  
 Had wreath'd the ivy dark,  
 But ages could not bow  
 Jehovah's sacred ark ;  
 Magnificently old it stood,  
 Surrounded by a stately wood,  
 That fringed the sunny hill ;  
 Where oft, on summer nights sublime,  
 Its bells would give their tuneful chime  
 Responsive to the rill.  
 The rude, but skilful, architect  
 Its ancient walls had strangely deck'd,  
 With characters grotesque and quaint,  
 Illustrative of sage and saint ;  
 Its windows were enamell'd rich  
 With blazoned designs,  
 And sculptured saints, in many a niche,  
 Seem'd starting from their shrines :  
 Its portal wide, o'er which the yew  
 Its shadowy branches broadly throw,  
 Coeval with the church appear'd,  
 And by a kindred hand was rear'd.

How sweet, when twilight o'er the sky  
 Was stealing on its dove-like wings,  
 To hear the viewless breezes sigh,  
 Like music from a wind-harp's strings ;  
 How sweet, within the gloomy shade  
 By spectral yews and larches made,  
 To mark the changing shadow glide  
 Along the sun-dial's moss-grown side :  
 A sabbath calm surrounds the pile,  
 And sanctifies the air,  
 Because Jehovah's holiest smile  
 Has lit its altar there.

Rise proudly on thy throning hill,  
 Thou sanctuary of God !  
 And let thine ancient pathway still  
 By peasant's feet be trod.

Thy tower shall be a beacon-light,  
 The eye of Faith to guide,  
 And break the gloom of sorrow's night,  
 On truth's celestial tide.  
 To thee the wanderer's heart shall turn  
 When worn with care and grief,  
 And find, beside the mouldering urn,  
 The boon which gives relief.  
 Rise proudly on thy native hill,  
 Thou sanctuary of Him  
 Whose mighty throne is standing still  
 Between the cherubim !

G. R. C.

## EUROPEAN LITERATURE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

LECTURES ON DANTE, BY PROFESSOR A. C. ALBITES.

THE first of a Series of Lectures has just terminated, in which Professor Albites intends to give the History of European Literature during the Fourteenth Century. The lectures of this year have been wholly devoted to Dante, the genius who stands as a pyramid at the starting point of European Literature. We referred, in our pages, to the first Lecture, which most deservedly met with great encouragement from an elegant and numerous assemblage at Willis's Rooms, and in which he epitomised the life and works of that great Italian poet. In the final lectures a very agreeable change was made by the Professor, who, although thoroughly acquainted with the English language, found his powers fettered by delivering his remarks in (to him) a foreign tongue. He therefore made his able comments upon the text of his author, in French, from time to time quoting the Italian original, a plan which, serving the double advantage of instruction, conveyed more forcibly, and without interruption, to the minds of his auditory, the force, fire, and beauty of his own conception of the renowned and beautiful original. As so many of our class of readers are familiar with the text, we doubt not that a paper on the subject of these lectures will be highly satisfactory to their cultivated tastes.

Professor Albites thus opened his first lecture :—

“ Ladies and Gentlemen—To address a select audience in a proper manner, is at all times a very difficult task, and certainly it is rendered doubly difficult when the speaker has to convey his thoughts through the medium of a language with which he is but little acquainted. Conscious of this difficulty, when I first proposed to give a series of Lectures on Dante, I intended to deliver them through the medium of the French language ; but such powerful objections were urged against this plan, that I was determined to attempt to express myself in English. I must now, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, crave your indulgence, and particularly for the last consideration, that of my foreign tongue and accent.

“ The object of the lectures that I shall have the honour to give is, the works of Dante—the great Italian poet of the dawn of the fourteenth century.

“ I do not intend to present before you his works in all their extent, and with their full development : the time to which I am limited will not permit it. My aim must therefore be, to give a sort of introduction to the reading of his principal poem, by presenting to you its essence and its form on a reduced scale ; and if, by these few lectures, I succeed in inspiring some of

my auditors with a desire to know more of the Florentine poet, I shall rest fully satisfied.

"My first step will be to cast a glance on the previous essays in the Italian language — that language which was carried by Dante to the height of perfection. Some persons think that the style of Dante is to the pure Italian, something like the language of Chaucer and Villehardouin to the modern English and French; this notion, however, is incorrect: the Italian of Dante is, in fact, very nearly the same as the Italian used in our days by Alfieri, Monti, and Manzoni. The reading of Dante has, indeed, difficulties, but they arise less from the grammatical structure of his composition and his use of words, than that he has made his work a scientific and historical mirror, or, in one word, the encyclopædia of the middle ages."

The professor then entered minutely into a detail of the course he purposed to pursue in his six lectures, and thus proceeded.

"The general opinion during the first part of the middle ages was, that the world was to end in the year 1000. That year of dread expectation was, however, just passed, and, in opposition to that general expectation, the world, nevertheless, had not ended with it: the day which followed the last night of the tenth, saw arise in the east as brilliant a sun as ever. Desponding souls were re-animated, and a new vigour spread itself over Europe. A great change took place, and mighty undertakings were again on foot. It is sufficient, indeed, to name only the Crusades which were great enterprizes in themselves, and incalculable in their results.

"The Italian States partook of the general activity, and there reigned throughout that most interesting portion of Europe, a desire for liberty, with a full resolve to be altogether free from hated German domination. War-like pursuits did not, however, prevent the Italians from pursuing mental acquirements. Their love for improvement was unabated and they pursued their studies with unremitted ardour. In the south arose the celebrated medical school of Salerno; and in the university of Bologna, Irnerius, with great

zeal, promoted the study of the long-forgotten Roman law.

"The language of the Romans had, as well as their legislation, been subject to the vicissitudes of the times. Along with the imperial throne, the Latin tongue had been transferred to Constantinople, but the language of the court was soon effaced by the Greek which was then in use amongst the inhabitants of the old Byzantium. In Rome, no longer the seat of government, the language of Cicero soon gave place to the rustic and popular Latin, which being modified afterwards by the residence of the Heruli, Ostrogoths, Huns, and Lombards, became the Romance or Roman language of the middle ages, and, finally, the Italian of the twelfth century which has continued to us with little alteration down to the present time.

"This language was not the first that was separated from the romance; the Provençal, Walloon, and Catalan preceded it. The Provençal idiom had even reached a very high degree of polish, and the songs, *la gaie-science* of the troubadours, were the delight of the halls of the feudal castles of Europe, when the Italian language had not as yet shown the least literary sign of existence.

"A favourable moment at length arrived; it was in the first part of the 13th century, when Frederic II. reigned in Sicily; this prince was very fond of science and literature, and had made his court at Palermo, the rendezvous of all the eminent men of his age. Arabian savans, Provençal troubadours, Sicilian rhymers, were attracted by the gracious and generous reception with which Frederic hailed their presence in his capital. His two sons and his chancellor, Pier Pietro delle Vigne (whose life was afterwards so mournfully terminated in a dungeon), partook, alike, of the taste for literature, which had been diffused around them.

It was at the court of Frederic, that the first accents of the Sicilian or Italian were heard, and from this illustrious cradle, the new idiom very soon made its way and was cultivated in almost every province of Italy. Among the distinguished men who used the new language, Malespini, Guido dalle

Colonne, Guinicelli, Crescenzi, Cino, Brunetto Latini, Cavalcanti deserve to be mentioned, but the fame of all these great men was eclipsed by a far more shining star, which, at the end of the thirteenth century appeared on the literary horizon, and the world beheld Dante Alighieri.

"Dante Alighieri was born in Florence, in the year 1265, of a very old and much respected family. The name which he received at his birth, was "Durante," but its diminutive Dante, became that by which he was permanently known.

"Although Dante lost his father, when he was yet very young, his education did not suffer by it, for Bella, his mother, took care to have him instructed in all the popular arts and sciences of the times. His principal teacher was Brunetto Latini, a learned, and, perhaps, too learned a man, since, besides the trivium and quadrivium, or the seven liberal arts, he was professed in astrology; but the knowledge of this, was a thing of course, in that age. It is reported, that at the birth of Dante, Brunetto read in the stars the future genius of the infant, and if so, at that time at least, astrology was not deceitful. If Brunetto was the master of young Alighieri in many subjects, his pupil had in poetry, another and more skillful preceptor—love. He was only nine years old, when at a family reunion, he saw Beatrice, or Bice, a charming girl of about the same age with himself, and she made a most vivid impression upon his imagination. As they grew older, and continued to meet each other, the fondness of children was exchanged for a deeper affection, and they were to have been united and blessed; but Death suddenly snatched Beatrice from this earth, and only left to Dante the imperishable remembrance of his beloved.

"Some years after this calamity, Dante was persuaded to marry; but he was not yet restored to happiness; the lovely Beatrice was ever uppermost in his thoughts

"His grief and his studies, had not, however, prevented Dante from serving his country in an active manner. He had fought gallantly in several battles

against the enemies of Florence, and had acquitted himself with success, in numerous embassies, and was at last named one of the priori, the supreme magistrates of the town; but this dignity was the source of all his future misfortunes.

"Florence was then divided into two parties—the Bianchi and the Neri; the Bianchi were generally Ghibellines, or partizans of the Emperor of Germany; and the Neri were Guelphs, or partizans of the Pope. These factions kept the town in such a state of agitation, that Dante, conjointly with his colleagues, in order to restore peace, resolved to send into exile the leaders of the two parties.

"After a little time, many of the Bianchi were, however, allowed to return; the Neri were consequently inflamed with rage. Being protected by the Pope, they succeeded in re-entering Florence in triumph, with Charles de Valois, the brother of Philippe-le-Bel, King of France. That prince, who had been called into Italy for wicked purposes, received at this time, from Pope Boniface, the pretended mission of re-establishing peace and reforming the Florentine government, when in truth, he was sent thither, only to crush the Ghibelline party, and to throw the power into the hands of the partizans of the pontiff. As soon as they had returned, the Neri began to revenge themselves: they condemned their adversaries to banishment, confiscated their property; and finally passed sentence of death, by fire, on those who might fall into their hands.

"Whilst these events were taking place in Florence, Dante was at Rome, as ambassador; he left that city immediately, and went with all speed to Siena, there he found the confirmation of the catastrophe, and at that epoch begin the exile and wanderings of the poet which never ended till death.

"The first place in which he had found an asylum, was at Padua, then at Gubbio with the family of Count Bosone: next at Verona, in the court of the Princes Della Scala, and although treated with kindness by his protectors, he found it a very penible lot 'to be an inmate in the houses of other men,

when he had been blessed with a palace of his own.'

"Lo scendere e'l salir per l'altrui scale."

"Dante likewise crossed the Alps, and next went to England. It is reported, that at Oxford, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but his pecuniary means did not allow him to attain that of Master of Arts. He also visited Paris, where he gave proofs, in the celebrated university of that city, of his skill in theology and dialectics. In one of the theses maintained by him, he—the Oxonian Bachelor of Arts—defeated and silenced fourteen opponents, and excited the wonder of the Parisians, who saw in him a great philosopher, a great theologian, and a great poet. '*Ab aliquibus dicebatur magnus philosophus, ab aliquibus magnus theologus, ab aliquibus magnus poeta,*' says Giovanni da Serravalle.

"The descent of Henry VII. of Luxembourg, Emperor of Germany, into Italy, gave to Dante the hope of returning to Florence, but his hopes were vain. Henry did not comply in the least, with the great expectations of the Ghibellines, and soon after died at Buonconvento, near Siena. Dante having thus lost all chance of again seeing his beloved country, wandered again from one place to another, till at last he found a most honourable shelter with the Prince of Ravenna, who behaved to the illustrious exile, less as a patron than friend. 'Knowing,' says Boccaccio, 'the aversion that worthy men have to making requests, his liberal soul supplied, unasked, all the wants of his friend.

"*Conoscendo la vergogna de' valorosi nel domandare, con liberale animo, si fece incontro al suo bisogno.*'

"The last residence of Dante was at Ravenna, upon his return from Venice, whither he had been sent as ambassador by the prince but without being even permitted to address the senate. Dante, broken-hearted, died in the year 1321, at the age of fifty-six.

"As soon as the great man was dead, the Florentines were aware of the loss they had sustained; and they several times demanded his remains, but they were always most justly refused.

"After," continued the professor, "having given this outline of the life

of Dante, we shall first slightly review his minor works, and then enter more fully into the details of *La Divina Commedia*, which is the principal object of these lectures.

"His *Rime* are composed of sonnets and canzone. The canzone is a sort of ode, invented by the Provençals.

"*La Vita nuova* is another collection of poems, intermixed with pieces of prose. He there presents the history of his love for Beatrice, a love which was for him a new life, '*una vita nuova.*' The canzone,

"*Donna pietosa e di novella etate*, which is the best in the work, relates in very impressive colours, a terrible dream, which was a sort of presentiment of the not far distant death of Beatrice. The dream was transformed into reality, and Dante made a vow that he would one day speak of her, 'as tongue had never spoken of woman'—'*Dir di lei quello che mai non fu detto d'alcuna.*' The monument which he raised as a fulfilment of his vow, is '*La Divina Commedia*,' in which Beatrice acts such an important part.

"In the Banquet, (*Il convito*), he gives a commentary on several of his canzoni. According to the opinion of Monti, this work is the first example of severe Italian prose. If '*La vita nuova*,' says Dante, is fervid and impassioned, '*Il convito*,' is temperate and manly. For it becomes us to act and speak otherwise at one age than another."

"When Dante thought that Henry VII. would assist the Ghibelline party to triumph, he composed a Latin treatise, intitled '*De Monarchiâ*,' in which he wishes to prove by A and B, that the imperial power must not bow in submission to the authority of the Pope.

"*De vulgari eloquentiâ* is also a very curious latin book, the object of which is to show what the Italian language is; the author enters into an examination, whether any of the vernacular dialects spoken from the Alps to the promontorium Lilybæum deserve to be taken as the standard. He passes under review the Roman dialect, the Spoletan, the Ferrarese, the Venetian, the Genoese, the Tuscan, and condemns



them all. He calls the Tuscans, *obtusius*, relatively to language. 'No,' he adds, 'the Italian language, or the illustrious cardinal and aulic vernacular, is that which is heard among genteel people of every city of Italy, which seems not to belong to any town in particular.' Such is the opinion of the Florentine poet.

"The works," continued the professor, "which we have hitherto briefly mentioned, would have been sufficient to have given to their author an honourable place in literature; but '*La Divina Commedia*,' has placed him in the sublime company of Homer, Virgil, Molière, Shakspeare, and Milton.

"It seems at first somewhat strange, that the name of comedy should have been given to that treble voyage through the empire of the dead which is any thing but comic. The explanation of this title is found in a passage of the book just quoted, *De Vulgari eloquentiâ*. Dante there gives to the three sorts of style which Aristotle had called sublime, temperate, and simple, the names of tragic, comic, and elegiac; and as he modestly thought that his poem was written in the middle style, (although, it is, in fact, generally of the tragic sort), he gave to it the title of comedy.

"*La Divina Commedia* is divided into three parts, as the Eternal Kingdom is supposed to be comprised of hell, purgatory, and paradise. Each part or cantica contains thirty-three cantos, making, with the first canto, which is a general introduction, one hundred in the whole.

"It is written in *terza rima*, that is, in stanzas each of three lines of eleven syllables. The first line of each stanza rhymes with the third, and the middle line is terminated by a word that shows what will be the first rhyme of the following stanza. Here is an example which will make this interweaving more obvious:—

1st Stanza or Terzina.

*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,  
Che la diritta via era smarrita*

2d Stanza.

*Ah! quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte  
Che nel pensier rinnuova la paura.*

"Now, after having explained the external texture of '*La Divina Commedia*,' we shall proceed," said the amiable professor, "to give the outline of its internal plan:—

"In the year 1300," when Dante was, as he says, about the middle of the ordinary age of man, that is, when he was thirty-five, "he awoke and found himself lost in a dismal, wild, obscure forest. He walked on, and arrived at the foot of a hill, the summit of which was already gilt by the rays of the sun. He began to ascend the hill, when successively three ferocious beasts prevented him continuing his way. He is frightened, and obliged to go back precipitately towards the valley, when he sees some one looking at him in silence. Have pity on me, cried Dante, whoever thou art, whether spirit or real man!

*"Miserere di me gridai a lui,  
Qual che tu sii od ombra od uomo certo."*

The other answered 'not man, man once I was,'

*"Non uomo, ma uomo già fui."*

"Who is then this being? It is the shade of Virgil. Beatrice! Beatrice! now an inhabitant of heaven has sent the Mantuan bard to save her lover, and to serve him as a guide in his mysterious voyage through hell and purgatory. As to paradise, Virgil, being unbaptized, could not lead him there. In the celestial spheres, Beatrice, in whom are blended the features of his beloved, and figuratively those of the supreme science, theology—Beatrice herself will guide her friend."

"Dante then, accompanied first by Virgil, enters the gloomy habitation of mortal sinners—for ever condemned. Hell is placed in the interior of the earth, and composed of concentric circles or galleries, the diameter of which is, by degrees, narrower and narrower according to the increase of the gravity of the crimes therein punished. There are nine circles, and some of them are divided into several cavities or *bolge*. When arrived at the last and narrowest of these abyasses, the two travellers see Lucifer swimming with huge bat's wings in an immense frozen sea. In the lowest depths of hell is this abode of Satan, which is placed

exactly in the centre of gravity of the earth,

"*Dove si traggon d'ogni parte i pesi.*"

Virgil and Dante climb on one of the sides of the monster, and they ascend afterwards through a long cavern towards the surface of the other hemisphere, when Dante at length gazes again with delight on the heavens.

"Then he sees rising out of a peaceful and azure ocean, a lofty mountain. This, which is situated precisely in the antipodes of Jerusalem, is the purgatory. The middle part of the mountain is divided into seven circles, the temporary sojourn of the sinners who are expecting deliverance. On the summit is the terrestrial paradise, a transition to

the paradise of heaven. There Virgil quits his disciple, who, after a purification, is led by his beloved Beatrice into the seven planets, each of which is inhabited by a class of blessed spirits adapted to it. Dante and Beatrice ascend to the empyreum: they mount, they fly, and the bard, in adoration with the chorus of the blessed and of the angels, is the witness of the mysterious union of the divine with the human nature.

"Such," concluded the talented Professor, "is, Ladies and Gentlemen, '*La Divina Commedia*;' the outline of the work has been slightly portrayed, and we shall, in our other lectures, be able to analyze it with more detail, and dwell with more leisure on its most important parts."

## THE CROWNED OF THE ISLES.

Hark! to the hurrying shouts that rise,  
Like thunder sounds to the startled skies;  
Countless lips and myriad smiles,  
Welcome the Queen of the sea-lashed Isles.

It is no tyrant's state,  
Beneath whose shadow the heart must learn  
All free born feelings to subjugate;  
Or pulses that, like the lightning, burn  
To gaze on the pomp with a frown and fear,  
And hide in the heart the slave's true tear;

'Tis the Queen of the white cliffed shore,  
The Queen of the free, the bold, the brave,  
Whose voices, like their own ocean's roar,  
Clasp her, as ship by the bright sea wave.  
She comes to put on her triple crown,  
The sceptre to wield whose power hath grown  
Grey with the glory of ages gone:  
For wide hath it stretched its potency  
O'er far foreign climes and stormy sea.

The standard of England is unfurl'd!  
Hark to the nation's voice, it rings  
Like thunder 'midst Alps, or torrents hurl'd  
From the king of the mountains' thousand springs.

A sovereign's welcome enlarges the air  
 Made stronger by silence of beauty's prayer.  
 On, in Thy pomp, for around thee stand  
 The chivalrous sons of the battle hour ;  
 Men who have bled for their native land,  
 Comrades of glory, a kingdom's power :  
 God's honor upon the chiefs who shield  
 Their country's pride in the battle field.

On moves the ocean Queen,—  
 On, amidst blessings, on, she moves,  
 'Midst hearts that love her, hearts she loves—  
 Hearts, whose free born blood for her,  
 To guard her lion throne would spread  
 Into a sea, whereon might float  
 Her battle ship by proud winds fed.

She hath entered the sacred place,  
 Where the kingly dead in state repose,  
 Victors o'er England's silent foes,  
 The Crowned one of their race !  
 Let the sleepers sleep, for the dust is dear  
 Of many a king in his gorgeous bier.  
 Centuries are sealed in the marble tombs,  
 But not their glory ; that ever blooms  
 Round the brows of Her who now appears  
 'Midst her kingdom's Chiefs, her own proud PEERS.

The herald proclaims the scene,  
 And the mitred priest hath said the prayer ;  
 The crown is placed on her royal brow  
 And the trident—for it is a trident now,  
 In the hands of the syren queen, I vow,  
 Is placed ; and voices startle the air—  
 “ GOD SAVE THE ISLAND QUEEN ! ”  
 And every PEER he kneels him down,  
 And homage pays to the kingly crown.

ENGLAND'S PEERAGE ! what land may boast  
 Of prouder titles, or prouder host ?  
 Sons of the battle chiefs who fell  
 On many a plain, are kneeling round ;  
 And proudly, I ween, their bosoms swell,  
 As their sires when charging on battle ground :  
 There, kneel the sons of the warrior race  
 Who fought and fell on Cressy's plain,  
 Who for England's weal, when called, would face  
 The death-fight, nor would face in vain—  
 Of the mail-clad chiefs of Poitiers' field,  
 Their proud descendants I now count o'er,  
 Sons, too, of the sires, who would not yield  
 By the castle-crags of Agincourt ;  
 They bend the knee, and they bend the brow,  
 To the blood of the Harrys and Edwards now.  
 But ONE there is whose name alone  
 Were fit to guard the loftiest throne,

*The Crowned of the Isles.*

And guard it will, should the hour arise  
When cowl-clad patriots howling raise  
The banner of havoc, to soil the skies  
That have arched this clime with triumphant rays.  
CHIEF of the thousand fights! the brand  
Again will draw thy good right hand;  
And WATERLOO's banner once more shall wave,  
Thy country's freedom and rights to save.

The Queen of the Isles is crown'd!  
Old Ocean's trident is in her hand,  
She sits on the throne of her native land,  
With all her peers around;  
And the solemn hymn aspires  
Like muffled thunder through the choirs.

O Thou! through the depths of day,  
O'er the pinnaced Alps of light,  
O'er the mighty orbs that stray  
Round space, a boundless flight,  
Bless, bless the Queen!

May she stand like our own proud tree,  
The oak of our native land,  
Queen of the freeman's liberty,  
Queen of the white-cliff'd strand—  
Bless, bless the Queen!

May her strength, like the streams, increase  
From the mountains running down;  
Be her greatest of glories—peace,  
Mercy her highest renown—  
GOD BLESS THE QUEEN!

H. C. D.

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SONNET.

ON MR. PRENTIS' PICTURE OF "THE WIFE."

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

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Behold the wife!—the watchful tender wife,  
Whilst the gay revell'd and the weary slept,  
And the dull hours of night have slowly crept;  
Here hath she gazed on him more dear than life,  
Hath listen'd, sigh'd, or pray'd, and oftentimes wept;  
Yet held with her emotions sacred strife,  
Lest they should wound his breast,—then would she look  
Besecchingly to heaven, and try to find,  
Some special promise in the holy book,  
Whereon to stay her anxious trembling mind;  
Which yet, in all its anguish ne'er forsook,  
The Christian hope her aching heart enshrin'd;  
Nor was her prayer unheard—unseen her woes,  
"The fever is rebuked," he sinks in sweet repose.

## TO SLEEP !

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

To sleep ! The hours of day are gone,  
 Eve hath her sober grey put on ;  
 The hunter's return'd from the wearying chace,  
 And his hounds have sought their resting-place,  
 And flowers have closed on moor and lea,  
 Then now let the time of resting be.

To sleep ! Each gaily feather'd head  
 'Neath downy wing hath found its bed ;  
 The mossy fern-bank holds the bee  
 Come back from his labours in laughing glee ;  
 No sounds are heard in far-off brake,  
 Then be not thou alone awake.

To sleep ! The flower-cups show no more  
 Their golden, tempting, honey-store ;  
 The world is still, nor sign of life  
 Among the solemn woods is rife ;  
 Then haste we to our cottage home,  
 And sleep till morn again be come .

## THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

O ! wild are the sounds the tempest bears  
 O'er the foaming wave—  
 Whispers of woman's grief 'mid the prayers  
 Of the kneeling brave ;  
 While the ship in darkness, reels too and fro,  
 With beckoning death on each tack they go.

Sorrow is guest in the widow's cot :—  
 Her husband's requiem  
 The hoarse winds moan forth ; behold her lot—  
 " A flower without a stem ! "

O, earthly woe ! O, earthly death !  
 How can her spirit rest ?  
 An echo says with angel's breath,  
 " What God hath done is best."

Let her look for joy no longer here,  
 In climes of misty day ;  
 But seek for it e'en with falling tear,  
 In Heaven—far away !

UMBRA.

## OUTLINES OF BRITISH FEMALE COSTUME.

### GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.

*Subject matter of Plate No. II., published in the Present Number, illustrative of British Female Costume, prior to the Norman Conquest. A.D. 1066. (Continued from p. 487, June, 1838.)*

Figure 14.—Anglo-Saxon female of 10th century. Gown lined and ornamented.

Figures 7 and 8.—Anglo-Saxon Women of the 8th century. The figure on horseback seated on the *off-side* (and it is worth observing that riding side-ways is not so recent a practice as has been asserted) has, besides the under-garment, a cloak and hood, which seem to have had a hole cut in the middle for the purpose of passing the head through. From Cotton. MS. Claudius, b. iv.

Figures 4 and 5.—Roman-British Females. The left-hand figure, with her head wrapped somewhat in the Irish mode, is taken from the reverse of a coin of Carausius (for which see Gough Camden, vol. i., p. cxviii.), the other, from a basso-relievo found in Somersetshire. They both appear in the *Gwen and Pais*, just like the Welsh peasantry of the present time, except that the former, instead of opening before and wrapping over, appear of the shirt-like form, and are, consequently, copies of the Roman tunic.

Figures 15 and 16.—Roman-British Priestesses. One in her ancient, and one in the assumed Roman dress. The female deity, and consequently her priestesses, had also the name of Bronwen or "white-breast," a title that induces the supposition that they did not study to conceal so fascinating a part of their persons, and it is therefore probable that the left-hand figure gives the exact appearance which these Tylwyth-teg, or Fair Society, as they were also called, exhibited. It is taken from some sculptures found in Northumberland (for an engraving of which see Horsley's Brit. Rom. Northumberland, pl. 19); the other female, except her hair, which is dressed in the true British style, has more the Roman appearance, and therefore affords a specimen of a Roman-British Priestess in the latter time of the residence of the Romans in Britain. It is taken from a bas-relief found at Elenborough in Cumberland, which Dr. Horsley conjectures represented the Goddess Setlocenia. The back-ground represents the temples of Minerva and Sul-Minerva at Bath, restored from the vignette to Lyson's Roman Antiquities of that City.

Figure 3.—The *Torques* or *Dorch*, an Ancient British Ornament, worn round the neck or waist.

Figure A.—A British Coin, taken from one in Whitaker's History of Manchester, exhibiting the mode in which the ladies of this isle, and more particularly, perhaps, those attached to the service of religion, adorned their hair.

Figure B.—An Anglo-Saxon Arm-bracelet of the 9th century, and—

Figure C.—A Signet or Seal-ring, both from Cotton. MS., Tiberius, c. vi.

"SALVETE! aureoli mei LIBELLI,  
Mecum delicias, mei lapores,  
Quam vos serpo oculis juvat videre,  
Et tritos manibus tenere nostris!"

*Henricus de Rantzau, de Bibliotheca sua.*

"My library is dukedom large enough."—SHAKESPEARE.—(*As You Like It.*)

"With that of the boke lozende were the claspes,  
The margin was illumined al with golden railles  
And blis impictured, with grassoppes and waspes,  
With butterflies, and fresh pectoche tails,  
Englored with flowres and slymp snaples,  
Embayed pictures well touched and quickely,  
It woulde have made a man hole that bad be right sickly."—SKELTON.

MANY ancient MSS. are ornamented with vignettes, miniatures, and other paintings, which are collectively termed *illuminations*. The writers of books first finished their part, and the illuminators embellished them with ornamented letters and paintings, and we frequently find blanks left in manuscript for the illuminators which were never filled up.

As these inestimable paintings and illuminations for the most part retain their freshness, they materially augment the value of such MSS., and are additionally useful, as illustrating the history, costume, civil and military arts and sciences, &c. of ancient nations. The art of illuminating MSS. was much practiced by the clergy, and even by those

in the highest stations of the church : it is particularly recorded of the famous Osmund, who was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury, A. D. 1076, that he did not disdain to appropriate some part of his time to the writing, binding, and illumination of books.\* In the following centuries this art was carried to a high degree of perfection.

The subjects of the illuminations were various, consisting of the figures of kings and queens (of many of whom they are genuine portraits in miniature,) saints, beasts, birds, monsters, flowers, &c., which sometimes bore a relation to the contents of the page, though frequently these symbols were not very analogous. Such embellishments were costly ; but for those who could not meet the expense of the most superb ornaments, others were made of inferior degrees, to accord with the capability of the purchaser. When the general delicacy, taste, and splendour of their execution, are attentively considered, we are astonished at the time and patience† which the execution of such works must have required.

Illuminated MSS. form a valuable part of the riches preserved in the principal libraries of Europe : in England, the Royal, Cottonian, and Harleian Libraries, as well as those of the two Universities ; at Rome, the Vatican ; —at Vienna, the Imperial ; —St. Mark's, at Venice ; —the Escorial, in Spain ; —and many other libraries possess superb specimens of Greek and Roman art, some of which are incidentally noticed in the former part of the present paper —the limits assigned to it admitting only a brief notice of a few of the most splendid MSS. in the public libraries.

The antiquity and duration of the practice of illuminating MSS., both in eastern and western empires, have been

already generally stated. In the Augustan age it became the fashion to ornament MSS. with vermilion ; and the decorations afforded employment to a distinct class of artists, who were respectively called *rubricatores*, *illuminatores*, *minatores*, and *miniculatores* : at first they decorated the initial letters of periods and paragraphs with red strokes, and afterwards the letters themselves were wholly red. We have before spoken of the sacred *encaustum* (or burning in), as having been, under the Greek emperors, a prerogative of the royal family. The emperor Leo I. ordained, by an imperial rescript, that no imperial decree should be considered authentic, unless it were signed by the emperor's hand with purple ink. This regulation continued in force until the end of the empire ; but in the twelfth century, the privilege of using the purple ink was granted to the great officers of the empire. (De Vaines, Dict. de Diplomatie, tom. i., 512.) The mark of the Greek emperors' signatures was a cross, made with this sacred ink, which was composed of the blood of the murex or purple-fish, so amply described by Pliny. (Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv., c. 2.) This shell-fish was roasted, and from its pulverized shells the ink was made. The practice of illuminating MSS. continued till the commencement of the seventeenth century : in the first age of printing, many books have the capitals, and also the first letters of periods, formed by the hand, and painted red or blue, but chiefly red. Hence originated the custom of printing the title-pages of books in black and red, which subsisted in France till the close of the eighteenth century, and which has been adopted in some late reprints of valuable old works, as also in a few modern books. It may not be irrelevant to notice further, that the word *rubric* (which occurs in books of civil law and in liturgies,) originated from this custom.

The most natural colour of the materials employed for writing, both among the ancients and moderns, has uniformly been white, while that of the letters or characters has been black—the contrast between these two colours rendering the writing more prominent to the eye, and consequently more easy

\* Henry's Hist. of Brit. vol. vi., p. 226.

† Fifty years were sometimes employed to produce a single volume ; an evidence of which occurred at the sale of the late Sir William Burrell's books in 1796. Among these was a MS. bible beautifully written on vellum, and illuminated, which had taken the writer half a century to execute. The writer, Guido de Jars, began it in his fortieth year, and did not finish it until he had accomplished his ninetieth, A. D. 1294, in the reign of Philip the Fair, as appeared by the writer's own autograph, in the front of the book.

to be read. There have, however, been a few exceptions, even in the remotest times; and these two colours have been varied, as required by luxury or custom, or dictated by the taste of the scribe. Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus mention sheep, calf, and other skins tinged with purple and yellow, on which the letters were written in gold and silver with reeds.

The earlier MSS.—that is, those from the fourth to the ninth century inclusive—(those of the fourth century are executed both with and without illuminations)—are usually distinguished by being written in UNCIAT, or capital letters, whether illuminated or not illuminated. It is the opinion of Dr. Dibdin, that specimens of *cursive handwriting* before the ninth century may exist—"although," he adds, "I cannot pretend to have heard of them—not that capital letters may not exist even in the *eleventh* century—but, generally, and perhaps soberly speaking, the foregoing definition may be considered tolerably correct." By *uncial* writing, the authors of the "*Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*," appear to mean writing in *round majuscules*.\* "The term uncial," they admit, "strictly speaking, and according to the ancient acceptation of the word, means writing in letters of an inch in height; and they add, that the term *semi-uncial*, was, in like manner, applied to characters of half that height."

Upon adding up these various styles of ancient writing, we find no fewer than one hundred and eighty-nine species of *majuscule* character (in Latin MSS.)—one hundred and seven *uncial*—ninety-three *demi-uncial*—two hundred and thirteen Latin minuscules—to say nothing of the different species into which they divide *cursive* or *running hand*, which we have not been at the pains of counting.

The age of MSS., written in the old French or Latin languages, may be ascertained by the number of barbarous words they contain; the same rule will also apply to Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Old-English MSS.; but it does not hold with regard to Greek and Hebrew MSS.

The "*fond conceit*" of Tertullian having seen the autograph of *St. Paul's Epistles*, and of Aulus Gellius having seen the autograph of the *second book of the Æneid* ("which was sold for twenty little golden statues,") together with similar "*fond conceits*," are very rationally confuted by the learned Lambecius. The drawings in the Vatican Virgil, made in the fourth century, before the arts were neglected, illustrated the different subjects treated of by the Roman poet. Pliny relates that Varro wrote the lives of seven hundred illustrious Romans, which he enriched with their portraits; and the celebrated Pomponius Atticus, the friend of Cicero, was the author of a work on the actions of the great men among the Romans, which he ornamented with their portraits.\*

In the Harleian Library (British Museum,) there is a manuscript, No. 647, to which the late Mr Otley assigned a very early date—he believed it to be of the second or third century. This MS. contains Cicero's well known translation of the astronomical poem of Aratus, with figures of the constellations, of somewhat a large size, done in colours; and it is remarkable that, within the outlines of the figures, the prose accounts of these constellations, as given by Hyginus, are written in small capitals; like the small poems of Simnius Rhodius, which we see inscribed in the shape of an egg, a pair of wings, a battle axe, an altar, &c., in the "*Poetæ Minores Græci*." The MS. in question came under the notice of Mr. Otley, whilst that gentleman was engaged, during a period of four years, in the manuscript room of the British Museum, as he states in a letter to Mr. Gage, "in researches among the illuminated MSS. of the fifteenth century on the subject of *costume*; for the purpose of helping me to form a right judgment of the ages and country of certain books and engravings, which are known by bibliographers under the name of *block-books*, and are commonly supposed to have given rise to the invention of typography; for the controversy concerning this subject has long occupied my attention; and although

\* Another character of the *majuscule* is the square or angular.

\* Nepos in Attico, c. 18.



so many books have been written upon it during the last two centuries, I have become more and more persuaded, that the evidence on both sides must be subjected to a nicer examination and sifting, than it has yet had, before we can hope to come to a right decision concerning it."

"Until very lately," proceeds the same writer, "few painters have attempted historical accuracy in matters of costume; and even at this day, perhaps, no one has perfectly attained it. If we begin from the close of the fifteenth century, and go upwards, we shall find that from that period to the most ancient times, nothing of the kind was so much as thought of; and an artist, when called upon to delineate a Paris, an Alexander, or a Cæsar, would represent him, without scruple, dressed in the fashion of his own time. It therefore follows, that by such studies, aided by competent knowledge of the different parts at different periods, much may now be done towards ascertaining the date of an early work of art, and the country where it was executed."

After some controversial observations relative to the *minuscule* characters, or round-hand, in which the verses of Cicero are written, as determinate of the age of the MS. in question, he reverts to the drawings embellishing it, and proceeds thus:—"Much may be urged of the value of the evidence which the drawings, in the manuscript under consideration, furnish of its antiquity. Trombelli, in his work entitled '*L'Arte di conoscere l'età de codici Latini et Italiani*,' ('*The Art of discovering the ages of Latin and Italian manuscripts*,') prefaces what he says of the illuminations, with which so many of them are decorated, by observing that they constitute a surer means of judging of the age of the manuscript than any other; and though I would not too implicitly rely upon his authority in this matter, as his knowledge of art was, probably, not very extensive, still I believe this opinion to be in the main true, since the style and character of the writing used throughout the Western Empire, from the beginning of the Christian era to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the black-letter began to be introduced, appear

to have undergone but few changes, in comparison with those by which works of art, executed at different periods of that long interval, are to be distinguished from each other; or rather, I ought to say, by which they would readily be distinguishable, were we thoroughly acquainted with the variation of *style* in art, and the alterations in *costume*, which, during so many centuries, were continually taking place every where." This complete knowledge, indeed, especially as respects some of the middle centuries, no one probably now possesses. But we know enough of classical times, to enable us to discriminate between works of art executed in those times, and such as were done in later centuries. It is well known, that the arts of painting and sculpture, which had flourished under the first emperors, notably declined before the time of Constantine; that after that period they fell away rapidly,\* though still for a time some remains of ancient Roman manners continued to obtain; and that after pictures and images began to be introduced into the Christian churches, as objects of devotion, a new and barbarous style found its way everywhere, from the capital of the Greek empire. And I think, therefore, that as the drawings in the manuscript under consideration exhibit not only the *costume*, but also the *style of art which prevailed in the good times of the Roman empire*, we are not justified in ascribing the manuscript to a later period.

After dwelling in detail upon the value of the testimonies of two learned writers on this subject—Emanuele a Schellestrate, librarian of the Vatican, and Mabillon, author of *Museum Italicum*, a contemporary and friend of the former antiquary, and showing the paramount importance which these two learned men attached to the kind of evidence he is dwelling upon, Mr Otley adds:—"Although it is probable that neither of them was so well qualified to judge, either of the style of art, or of

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\* Let any one, who may be disposed to think that this fact is here overstated, from a desire to make too much of it, look at Gori's interesting work upon ancient diptychs; in which will be found several soon after the time of Constantine, in as rude a style of art as need be.

the details of costume, in the figures of the famous MS. Virgil (No. 3225, preserved in the Vatican,) as was Bellori, who had assisted at their examination of it; and I think that the chief reason why Schelestrate, upon this occasion, spoke so particularly of the forms of certain letters in this manuscript, was because *he considered the antiquity of the manuscript to be well proved by the drawings*; and therefore looked upon it as *a good authority*, the peculiarities in the characters of which might help him and others, hereafter, in judging of the probable dates of other very early manuscripts."

Should it be doubted," he adds, "whether the figures in our manuscript of Aretus really carry with them the same decisive evidence of their antiquity, I answer, that although, from the nature of my studies during more than forty years, I may fairly lay claim to some knowledge in these matters, I do not call upon any one to rely merely upon my judgment. I have consulted some of our best artists; among others, the eminent sculptor, Mr. Westmacott; Mr. Eastlake, who has lately spent ten years at Rome; and Mr. Francis Howard, who has very much applied himself to the study of ancient art; and they are all decidedly of opinion, nay, have no doubt—that these drawings were executed in ancient Roman times, that is, before the age of Constantine."

When Dom Bernard de Montfauçon compiled his *Palæographia*, there was not known throughout the world, according to him, a more ancient Greek MS. than that formerly in the *Bibliothèque Colbertine*, since passed into the Royal Library at Paris, and which was then marked 3084.\* Every thing concurred to assure it a character of the highest antiquity. It did not contain a single letter which tended to substantiate a contrary ascription.

"If there ever were a MS.," say the learned Benedictines, authors of the *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*, (tom. i., p. 6891,) "that one might conjecture had been used by Origen,† it would be

this one." They, however, somewhat qualify their opinion, by subsequently adding, after an enumeration of its various graphic characteristics—"these advantages, and those which might be drawn from the detail of the letters, apparently place this MS. far above that which Casley (librarian to King George III.), would date as early as the time of Origen, and even earlier. But we would much prefer leaving a final judgment respecting it to antiquaries, than pronounce upon a matter so delicate." An exceedingly prudent conclusion, and one in which we are disposed to join the worthy friars of St. Maur.

Lambecius, in his catalogue of the Imperial Library at Vienna, has an engraved specimen (marked VI.) taken from a MS., written in characters of gold and silver upon purple vellum, enriched with many illuminations. That learned librarian believed it to be of the time of Constantine the Great. Montfauçon does not seem disposed to give it so early a date; and as Dr. Dibdin has very recently seen the MS. at Vienna, we prefer taking the description given in his "*Bibliographical Tour*." He designates it as a "*FRAGMENT OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS*," undoubtedly, of the end of the fourth century, at the farthest. This fragment is a collection of twenty-four leaves, in a folio form, measuring twelve inches by ten, of a small portion of the book of Genesis, written in large Greek capital letters of gold and silver, now much faded, upon a purple ground. Every page of these twenty-four leaves is embellished with a painting or illumination, coloured after nature, purposely executed *below* the text, so that it is a running *graphic* illustration, as we should say, of the subject above. Doubtless, therefore, this MS. was executed for some great man who could well afford to pay the artist for the pains he has taken in the execution of his task. The reverend bibliophile proceeds to give a very interesting "sketchy account of each leaf," accompanied by two engraved illustrations. Some of the illuminations, from the extraordinary glossiness and freshness about them, remain, he is of opinion, in the original state,

\* *Palæog. Græc.* p. 187.

† Origen, a father of the Greek church, was born at Alexandria, about A. D. 185, and surviving the persecution of the early Christians under the Emperor Severus, died in the year 253.

but others are retouched. In the 34th subject, a banquetting scene, the figures of the two women are almost pure Greek art. The whole of the remaining eleven subjects have been retouched, but the ancient costume has been attended to.

*St. Jerome*, who flourished in the fourth century, states that, in his time, there were books written on parchment of a purple colour, in letters of gold and silver, the covers of which were splendidly decorated with gems. Ducauge has cited similar instances from early ecclesiastical writers.

Manuscripts written in letters of gold, on white vellum, are chiefly confined to the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. Of these, the Bible,\* and Hours of Charles the Bald, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, and the Gospels of the Harleian collection, No. 2788, are probably the first examples extant. In England, the art of writing in gold seems to have been but imperfectly understood in early times, and the instances of it very uncommon. Indeed, the only remarkable one that occurs of it is the charter of King Edgar to the New Minster at Winchester, in the year 966.† This volume is written throughout in gold, but the ink has been so badly prepared, that great part of the writing has ceased to adhere to the parchment. Some later editions have been made, likewise in gold, in the reign of Henry the First, but the chalk size on which the gilding is laid has caused it to rub off, and become in many places illegible.

Writing in gold was less employed in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth

centuries, than in earlier times,\* but it again came into usage in the fourteenth, particularly in devotional books of persons of rank. It their exhibits, however, a totally different appearance from the ancient art, and the gilding seems to be applied, not in a liquid state, but in leaves. Among the Greeks the usage of writing whole pages in gold continued to the latest period of the empire; for in the year 1408, the Emperor Manuel Palæologus gave to the monastery of St. Denis in France, a copy of the works of Dionysius the Arcopagite, thus ornamented.

The use of gold and silver was not confined to the Greeks and Latins, but is found also in oriental MSS. Pietro della Valle mentions a copy of the Gospels in Syriac, written in gold, which he saw at Aleppo in the year 1625, and reputed to be four hundred years old. At Berlin, according to Wolf, in a Hebrew MS. of the thirteenth century, the titles and initial words of which are in gold. In the Sloane collection (Brit. Museum), Nos. 2835—2838, are rolls in the language of Thibet, written in gold and silver, on dark blue paper, and among the Arabians and Persians examples of later MSS., written and ornamented in gold and silver, are found in abundance, and display a beauty and minuteness so truly wonderful, as to surpass the efforts of any European artist.

A miniature drawing is affixed to each of the gospels brought over to England by St. Augustine in the sixth century, which is preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College at Cambridge: in the compartments of those drawings are depicted representations of several transactions in each gospel. The curious drawings and elaborate ornaments in St. Cuthbert's Gospels, made by St. Ethelwald, and now in the Cottonian Library, which has been already mentioned, exhibit a striking specimen of the state of the arts in England in the seventh century. The same may be observed of the drawings in the ancient copy of the four gospels preserved in

\* Some leaves (fifteen) cut from this book, are to be found in the Harleian Collection, No. 1755, British Museum. They are in fine preservation, both uncial and initial letters are magnificently executed, the former in gold, and the latter present interesting specimens of the grotesque. It is a subject for regret that these missing leaves are not restored to their parent volume.

† MS. Cott. Vesp. A viii. Prefixed is a representation of Edgar between the Virgin and St. Peter, presenting his charter to Christ, who sits above, supported by angels. The whole is within an elegant foliated border of gold and colours, and painted on a purple ground. On the reverse of folio 2 is a gold inscription on a light blue ground, but not stained through the leaf.

\* In the history of Walter Whithlessey (Sparke, p. 173,) it is stated that Godfrey, abbot of Peterborough, elected in 1299, gave to an Italian Cardinal a psalter, written in letters of azure and gold, and wonderfully illuminated.

the Cathedral of Litchfield, and those in the Codex Rushworthianus, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The life of St. Paul the Hermit, now remaining in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, (G. 2.) affords an example of the style of drawing and ornamenting letters in the eighth century.

Mr. Bohn, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, has now (June 1838), in his possession a Greek *Evangelistarium et Menologium*. This magnificent MS. commences with the Gospel of St. John, followed by that of St. Matthew. Luke and Mark come next, in alternate chapters. The Menologium and minor pieces form about one third of the volume. The *hypothesis* prefixed to the volume is in *uncial letters*, and certainly not later than the eighth century, as is also the Canon of Eusebius (embellished with heads of the Evangelists and Apostles, under circular arches, with another larger illumination representing The Nativity), which precedes the Gospel of St. Matthew. This very ancient and venerable MS. bears resemblance to the celebrated one in Mr. Dent's sale, No. 1158, executed a century later; but it is of greater interest from possessing the canon of Eusebius, which has been inserted from an eighth century manuscript, in uncial letters. The latter was purchased by Mr. Beckford, for the sum of £267. 15s. The price affixed by Mr. Bohn for the MS. in question is £200.

The copy of Prudentius's *Psychomachia*, in the Cottonian Library (Cleopatra, c. 8.) exhibits the style of drawing in Italy, in the ninth century.

Of the tenth century, there are Roman drawings of a singular kind, in the Harleian Library (No. 2820.)

In our preceding paper (see this periodical for June), we have given the late Mr. Ottley's opinion of the style of art evinced in the Duke of Devonshire's splendid Anglo-Saxon MSS.—the Benedictionary of St. Ethelwold (together with a specimen from it illustrative of the Female Costume of the period)—an undoubted work of the tenth century, executed in England; which possesses in an eminent degree, that richness in the colouring, as the Italian writer, Trombelli remarks, in MSS. written in his country before the

commencement of the thirteenth century.

Cadmon's Poetical Paraphrase of the book of Genesis, written in the eleventh century, which is preserved amongst F. Junius's MSS. in the Bodleian library, exhibits many specimens of utensils, weapons, instruments of music, and implements of husbandry used by the Anglo-Saxons. The like may be seen in extracts from the Pentateuch of the same age, in the Cottonian library (Claud. B. 4.) The MS. copy of Terence in the Bodleian library (D. 17.) displays the dresses, masks, &c. worn by comedians in the 12th century, if not earlier. The very elegant Psalter, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, exhibits specimens of the art of drawing in England, in the same century. Nos. 5280, 1802, and 132, Harleian collection, contain specimens of ornamental letters, which are to be found in Irish MSS. from the twelfth to the fourteenth century.

The Virgil in the Lambeth Library, of the thirteenth century, (No 471.) written in Italy, shows both by the drawings and writing, that Italians produced works much inferior to ours at that period. The copy of the Apocalypse, in the same library (No. 209.) contains a curious example of the manner of painting in the fourteenth century.

In the thirteenth century, as it is generally known, the arts of painting and sculpture in Italy, received new life at the hands of Niccola Pisano, Giunta, Cimabue, and Giotto; from which time they steadily progressed, till the happy era of Julius the Second and Leo the tenth. But for some centuries preceding the thirteenth, there is sometimes reason to conjecture, that the arts were in a more flourishing state in various countries distant from Italy, than in Italy itself; to say nothing of Greece, from which it seems probable, that the inhabitants of those countries, like the Italians themselves, directly or indirectly, and perhaps at distant periods, originally derived instruction in those matters. That the art of miniature painting, especially, was better known, and more successfully practised in France, in the thirteenth century, and probably long before, than in Italy,

is clear from the well known passage in the eleventh canto of Dante's *Purgatorio*, where the poet thus addresses Oderigi D'Agubbio, a miniature painter, said to have been the friend of Cimabue :—

“ Oh dissi lui, non se' tu Oderisi,  
L'onor d'Agubbio, l'onor di quell' arte  
Che alluminar e chiamata a Parisi ?”\*

The beautiful paintings in the history of the latter part of the reign of king Richard the Second of England, in the Harleian Library, afford curious specimens of manners and customs, both civil and military at the close of the fourteenth, and in the beginning of the fifteenth centuries. As does (2278) in the same collection.

Among the numerous superb missals, and other costly productions of human ingenuity preserved in the Harleian Library, may be instanced a very fair and beautiful transcript of the celebrated poem, intituled “*Le Roman de la Rose*,” begun in French by Guillaume de Lorris, and finished by Jehan Cloupin, or de Meun. This MS. is so richly ornamented with a multitude of miniature paintings, executed in a most masterly manner, that it is not to be ex-

ceeded by any other manuscript preserved in the libraries of Europe. It has been conjectured by competent judges, that it probably is the copy which was presented to Henry IV. king of France, as the blazon of his arms is introduced in the illuminations with which the first page of this work is embellished

We shall at present conclude, by observing that from the fifth to the tenth century, the miniature painters, which are met with in Greek MSS. are generally good, as are some which we find among those of Italy, England, and France. From the tenth to the middle of the fourteenth century, they are commonly very bad, and may be considered as so many monuments of the barbarity of those ages ; towards the latter end of the fourteenth, the paintings in MSS. were much improved ; and in the two succeeding centuries, many excellent performances were produced, especially after the happy period of the restoration of the arts ; when great attention was paid to the works of the ancients, and the study of the monuments of antiquity became fashionable.

## ROUSE THEE !

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Rouse thee ! the hunter's startling horn  
Along the breath of the day is borne,  
And his gallant dogs are leaping round,  
And echo flings back a joyous sound,  
And brightly is blooming the heather wild,  
Then rouse thee with this, my mountain child !

Rouse thee ! the bird's first hymn is sung ;  
With sky-lark's note the heaven has rung ;  
The Flower-God has risen ; each honey-bell  
Holds a wing'd worshipper in its cell,  
Humming his praise, as wildly free,  
The wind sways the branch so merrily.

Rouse thee ! in brake and wildest brae,  
The scented bloom of departed May  
Hangs clustering, and the dew-drop's sheen  
Is as the brilliant's crystal gleam.  
All rejoice—bird, bee, and flower,  
Then rouse thee, to the morning hour !

\* And I said to him, art thou not Oderisi, the honour of your native place Gubbio, and an ornament of that art which is called at Paris, illuminating ?

## Monthly Critic.

*The Bride of Messina. A Tragedy, from the German of Schiller. By George Irvine, Esq. Macrone.*

If any English translation of Schiller's *Bride of Messina* ever existed, it is not only out of print, but unknown to the public: the present translation must therefore be very acceptable to libraries, especially, as every reader of Mr. Irvine's version, must agree with us that he has effected in a masterly manner, the most difficult undertaking that the whole circle of German literature could have offered him. It requires a critic to possess no small knowledge of the German language before the delicacy of Mr. Irvine's taste and tact can be appreciated in this performance. Any one can see that the *Bride of Messina* is a fine poem in its English garb, but few can tell the incongruities of the German idiom with the subject, except those who have studied that language. Homely and rugged as the German expressions are, intense thought must have been bestowed by the translator to give, at the same time, a faithful and elegant version of a poem, whose cast is so utterly at variance, at once with the German and English national drama. He has produced a translation equal to Lord Francis Gower's "*Faust*," and Coleridge's "*Wallenstein*," and supposing his original had been equal in merit to these masterpieces, it must have been as popular.

Our author will perceive we do not agree with the critics, who declare that the "*Bride of Messina*" is Schiller's mightiest work of genius. That it was his most polished performance, and that it cost him the greatest degree of trouble, we are willing to allow, but we deny its intrinsic value to be equal to the two *Wallensteins*, or even to "*Don Carlos*" and "*The Robbers*," and we know that the feelings of the German public go with us in this opinion. The "*Bride of Messina*" is merely the favourite of the pedants of the classical school, who were, at the

time of its production, in full possession of the critical supremacy of literature in Europe. German was, in the last century, notwithstanding the bursts of genius, which were flashing in the productions of its original authors, a language in a state of actual oppression, struggling for a disputed right to be recognized as the medium in which the thoughts of her literary children ought to be conveyed. Frederic the Great and Prince Eugene had endeavoured of make French the literary language to Germany, to the great disparagement of native authors. Doubtless, the patriotic feelings of Germany must have hailed with triumph the production of the *Bride of Messina*, written as it was, by their greatest genius, for the purpose of proving that a poem, framed with the utmost severity of the far-famed Greek drama, could be composed in the beloved Teutonic of the father-land, the dear language of the homes and hearths of German men. Such was the cause that made the *Bride of Messina* popular in Germany, beyond its actual deserts. Men of heavy learning, who had laboured at the classical critic-bar all their lives, gave it a high name, because it imitated the only model recognized by the scholiasts, and the public approved of it, because it took off a stigma from their native language. Having thus explained the reasons of the over-rating of a drama which many in England have heard of, and but few seen, we will proceed to describe it, as it really is.

The *Bride of Messina* is cast in the most dolorous style of the old awful Greek drama of the *Œdipean* class. The time is some indefinite era of the Norman dynasty in Sicily, although the names are Spanish; and here is the first discrepancy, for the Normans parcelled out their states into little sovereignties, as that of Messina, while the Spanish sway governed the whole island. The duration of the drama, is, according to the rules of the Greeks, limited

to a few hours, the characters are but four, Donna Isabella, and her three children. The choruses are two bands of knights, with Norman or Provençal names—had they been Troubadour knights of the Norman dynasties of Sicily, neither history nor costume would have been much violated. It is probable that Schiller had some such idea floating in his mind, but no research had at that time been made into Provençal history and literature. These knights are remarkably paganish in their invocations, and too apt to hail gods and goddesses in their choruses, whom as good catholics, they would have disclaimed and defied. The first scene opens, with great dignity and grandeur, by the address of the widowed Isabella to the elders of Messina; she laments the furious hatred of her two sons, Manuel and Caesar, and the civil war they have occasioned, since the death of their father. It appears these young men had hated each other from their babyhood; they are the Theban brothers of the Greek drama. Isabella is mother of a daughter, whom her father, on account of a dream like that of Laius, has been induced to doom to death, as soon as born, after a very paganish example, not practicable among the catholics of the middle ages. Isabella, however, secretly rears the little Beatrice in a convent. At the time of the opening of the drama, Isabella intends to reveal the existence of their sister, to her sons, and if possible to reconcile them through her mediation. The young men are previously reconciled in a very pleasing scene, but unknown to each other; Manuel and Caesar, have seen Beatrice, and fallen passionately in love with her. She loves Manuel, and has eloped from her convent with him; being then hid in Messina, where Don Caesar discovers her. Each of the brothers announces to their mother his intention of introducing to her a daughter-in-law, ignorant that they both love the same person. The preparations of Don Manuel for the adornment of his bride, are described in a beautiful passage here quoted.

DON MANUEL.

"I've torn myself reluctant from her arms,  
But still my every thought is fix'd on her.  
Come on! hence will we to the throng'd ba-  
zzar,

Where the dusk Moor in bright temptation  
rang'd

Exhibits all the Morning-land can boast  
Of wealthy stuffs, and cunning handy-work. •  
First choose the pliant sandal to defend  
And ornament her fairy-moulded foot.  
Then for her robe select the subtlest web  
From India's loom, clear glancing like the  
snow

Of Ætna, that beams nearest to the light;  
And circumsure it like the dews of morning  
Around the taper structure of her limbs.  
Of purple be the zone, with crafty threads  
Of gold embroider'd, which unites the tunic  
O'er the coy beauties of her virgin bosom—  
And choose the mantle glittering with the  
texture

Of tenderest silk, and like popurean dye.  
Upon her shoulder let a golden locust  
Loop its full foldings; nor forget the clasps  
That circle the round marble of her arms.  
Nor the red coral, nor the liquid pearl,  
The wondrous gifts of hoary Ocean's god-  
dess.

Amid her ringlets wind the diadem  
Hewn from the costliest quarries of the  
mine:

Wherein the fire-effusing ruby's gleam  
Shall cross its lightnings with the green  
smaragdus.

Down from her cluster'd locks let the long  
veil

Depending deep, embrace her glittering  
form,

And float around it like a cloud of light,  
And with the virgin myrtle's circlet, crown  
The accomplish'd beauty of her peerless  
form.

CHORUS. —(CAJEFAN.)

Thy orders, gracious sir, shall be perform'd  
For, in the bazaar's glittering rows is found  
Each several object you have nam'd, prepar'd.

DON MANUEL.

That done, from forth the regal stalls lead  
forth

My fairest palfrey—let his colour be  
White as the light, like the blest Sun-god's  
steeds.

And be he deck'd with purple, and his  
housings

Emboss'd with gold, and crisp with stones,  
of cost.

He shall look royal; for he bears my Queen!  
Yourselves be ready in the glittering pomp  
Of chivalry, amid the clanging echoes  
Of trumpet and clarion to lead home your  
mistress.

I go myself to see all done; and choose  
Two of your troop to bear me company.  
The rest expect me here."

The announcement of the loss of her  
daughter to Isabella, and the search that  
the brothers undertake for their un-  
known sister, and the murder of Don

Manuel in a transport of jealous fury by Don Caesar, brings the tragedy to its crisis; Don Manuel expires in an instant, without the certainty that Beatrice is his sister, although, in a scene of some beauty, he begins to suspect it. After the death of Don Manuel, the real greatness of Schiller's genius, as a master of human passion, blazes out. How exquisitely has he touched the mingled grief and jealousy of Don Caesar in these lines.

BEATRICE. DON CESAR. CHORUS.

DON CESAR (*Stopping Beatrice*).

"Stay, sister! Sister, do not leave me thus! Although my mother curse me, and this blood—

A brother's blood—cry out to Heav'n against me:

Though all the world shout my damnation, yet

Cutse thou me not! From thee I cannot bear it!

(*Beatrice points with averted eyes to the corpse*).

DON CESAR.

I did not kill thy lover! mark me, gull!

It was thy brother whom I murder'd—thine And mine! To thee the one departed is No nearer than myself, the accurs'd survivor.

And I am worthier pity far than he: For innocent he died, and I live guilty!

(*Beatrice bursts into tears*).

Weep for thy brother! I will weep with thee. Ay, and do more than weep; I will avenge him!

But weep not for thy lover! I will not Endure the preference which thou giv'st the dead.

Oh! let me draw this last, this only comfort From forth my sorrow's bottomless abyss, The thought that he belong'd no more to thee

Than I! The consummation of our fate Hath equalized our rights and miseries. In sad similitude of ill, we all,

Three loving creatures form'd for mutual joy,

Sink in one common ruin, and divide

Alike the melancholy right of tears!

But, when in spite of me, I think thy sorrows

Flow for the lover rather than thy brother, Then rage and envy mingle with my grief, And the last comfort of despair forsakes me I cannot bring, as fain I would, the victim. With joy to his high manes; but I'll send My soul to his in gentle embassy To sue for pardon, when I know thou wilt Unite our dust in the same funeral urn!

(*He catches her in his arms with the deepest tenderness.*)

Thee did I love, as never yet I lov'd; While yet thou wert a stranger to me! and Because I so adored thee, I now bear The deep and damning curse of fratricide. My only crime was love of thee—but now Thou art my sister, and I claim thy pity As holy tribute, and as nature's right.

(*He looks at her fixedly, and with an air of sorrowful expectation. She turns abruptly from her.*)

No! no! I cannot bear to see those tears. In the dead's fearful presence, all my courage

Fades fast away, and doubt distracts my heart!

Oh! leave me in my error! weep in secret! See me no more! oh! never more! Not thee, Nor my stern mother will I e'er behold That mother never loved me! at the last Her heart betray'd her: sorrow open'd it, She said he was her better son. Her life Was one long scene of black dissimulation, And thou art false as she."

DON CESAR.

"I cannot

Live on, my mother, with a broken heart. I must look joyous up amid the gay, And in the lucid æther, far above Soar with fresh spirit!—Devilish envy did Poison my life, while yet thy love was equal— And think'st thou I will brook the proud advantage

Which thy dear sorrow gives him over me? Death hath a pure and expiatory fire Which in the dark and inaccessible Alcubic of the sepulchre, can change The dross of vile mortality to the fair And virgin diamond of perfect virtue, And blot out every little speck that did Deform the man while yet he was of earth."

BEATRICE.

"Cast not, my brother, thy dear life away. Live for our mother's sake! she needs a son!

I am her daughter of a day,--and early Will she forget what she so late possess'd!

DON CESAR.

(*With deeply wounded feeling*).

Alas! my mother! we may live or die Indifferently, may she but join her lover!

BEATRICE.

Dost thou then envy thy dead brother's dust?

DON CESAR.

By thy pure woe immortaliz'd he lives! Once number'd with the dead, I die for ever!

BEATRICE.

My brother!

DON CESAR.

(*With the tone of deepest passion*).

Sister! dost thou weep for me?"

There is nothing of this passionate



beauty, mingled with human tenderness, to be found in the stern fatalism of the ancient model on which this drama was formed. The faults of Schiller in the *Bride of Messina*, belong to his attempt at reconciling the incongruities between the ancient Greeks and his Norman-Spanish-Sicilians; but his beauties, when he has once flung himself on human passion, are his own.

After these extracts, we scarcely need bestow another word of commendation on the merits of the translator. Of this we are certain, that the admirers of German literature, will place him in their libraries, by the side of the best translators of *Faust* and the *Wallenstein* dramas.

*The Vestal.* By Hen. Verlander, B.A.

No one can read the *Vestal* without acknowledging it to be a poem exquisitely polished, and replete with all the beauties appertaining to a highly cultivated taste. In the opening lines, the reader will find a fair specimen of the contents of this volume.

" Like a fair Sorceress, the black rob'd Night -

Her pallid face, which warms not with its light,

Fair in unearthly loveliness, her zone

Set round with silver stars,—ascends her throne;

And spell-bound in the light of those wan eyes,

The Earth, beneath, in ghastly beauty lies.

Pure as the chastity which worships there,

That orb'd temple lifts its columns fair,

Of stainless marble, o'er the billowy trees;

Like some bleach'd rock above the dark green seas.

Nightly, within that fane, the *Vestal* quire  
Hymn in their watchings round th' eternal fire.

Listen! how sweetly rose, how softly fell,

The choir of voices from the inmost cell!

Hark! now it rises on the wing, once more,  
O'er sleeping Rome, and Tiber's winding shore,—

Glides down the calm, clear air,—and finds its rest,

With folded pinion, in the passive breast.

Now it is hush'd for ever—and the Night  
Again sleeps sweetly, wrapp'd in silver light."

The tone of the whole poem is kept up to this pitch, and we seldom meet

with a harsh ill tuned note from the commencement to the close. The story is founded on the traditions and customs of ancient Rome, and details the doom of an erring Vestal and her lover. As far as our own taste is concerned, we always experience a want of sympathy in subjects drawn from classic times; we may critically approve of the skill of the author, but the coldness attendant on the perusal, "shows that life is wanting there."

We find several poems in the conclusion of the volume, written on subjects coming closer to the feelings than the doom of the heathen Vestal. We form a high opinion of the poetical powers of the author, from these beautiful lyrics.

#### THE CHARM.

"LADY, when those laughing eyes  
Lose their lamps of living fire,  
And their circlets' violet dyes  
In wan and twilight grey expire;—

Lady, when those locks that lend  
Their golden setting to thy brow,  
With wither'd, warning white shall blend,  
And flow not free, as they do now—

Lady, when the foot whose kiss  
Coquets with the enamour'd ground,  
Stiff and wearily shall press,  
Tottering where it used to bound;—

Lady, would'st thou know a sleight  
Of force to re-illumine those eyes,  
Steep thy hair again in light,  
And make thy step as soft as sighs?—

In thy wildest mirth be wise:—  
Pure of heart and true of tongue.—  
This will win all hearts—all eyes—  
Be thy body old or young."

#### D I R G E

FOR A MAIDEN WHO DIED ON A SPRING MORNING.

"Lo! the burnish'd gates of morning  
Open on the night!  
O'er th' eternal hills are dawning  
Health, and life, and light!

Why waits the soul? towards the springing day

Gazing from out the portals of the mind?  
Why, fluttering in its ruin'd house of clay,  
Pause? ere its trembling wings leave all it  
lov'd behind?

See! the sick room taper paleth  
With the lamp of life;  
The breath, the pulse, the motion fail—  
eth—  
Now, hath ceas'd the strife.

Close! close those eyes! there is no tenant  
now  
To throw her glances through those crystal  
panes.

Mourn! mourn! but with a sorrow deep  
and low;  
Fitting the quiet look of these calm, pure  
remains.

Wrapp'd in robe of vestal whiteness,  
Lay her on her bier,  
Where the sunshine's balmy brightness  
Shines around most clear.  
Strew! strew the flowings of her golden  
hair,  
In silky wavelets, down her marble neck:  
Ye meek-ey'd girls, your early flowers pre-  
pare;  
And all sweet antique rites the virgin  
corse to deck.

Hark! the sad voice'd bell is tolling  
Measur'd strokes of woe.  
Now clanging on the breeze; now  
rolling  
Moaningly and low.  
Lift! lift the bier, it calls us to the grave.—  
The path her feet with ours may not re-  
trace,  
Raising, with dying wail, the dirge's stave;  
Gliding in slow array, with silent, linger-  
ing pace.

Heaven's chorister, the lark, is singing  
In the golden cloud;  
Dainty, gemmed flowers are springing  
From their earthy shroud;  
Man dies—but changeless nature does not  
mourn  
Then, smile, thou sun! thou restless  
streamlet, play!  
Thus to the grave, should Innocence be  
borne,  
Tho' yearning hearts *will* ache; and sighs  
*will* burst their way.

Where the turf most freshly groweth—  
Where no rank weeds wave—  
Where the matron daisy bloweth—  
There—is dug her grave.  
Upon thy dreamless pillow lay thee down,  
Where Silence and Corruption watch thy  
bed,  
In that dark house where thou must dwell  
alone,  
There rest thee, maiden dear! 'till earth  
awake her dead!"

The lines on the historical anecdote  
of the fidelity of Mary, Queen of Scots'  
dog, are scarcely equal to the subject.  
We think our author's excellence lies  
in pieces purely lyric; the most diffi-  
cult, as requiring both ease and polish,  
of any species of poetry. The verses,

"From thy home in the far skies," pos-  
sess melody and elegiac tenderness.

*Montezuma. A Tragedy.* By Dilnot  
Sladden.

If perspicuity of language and moral  
propriety, could atone for the want of  
original genius, the tragedy of Montez-  
zuma, would have claims on the atten-  
tion of the public. In addition to moral  
and verbal correctness, the reader  
occasionally notes some soft and tender  
beauty in the scenes.

In corroboration of this, we instance  
the last interview of Montezuma and  
Incora, and give the following truly  
poetical lines.

"Ye living lights,  
On whom my trust is, by immutable faith.  
Founded and fixed for ever,—if there be  
A deeper curse than human voice can name,  
Launch it upon these traitors! Thou great  
sun,  
Consume their souls, and wither up their  
frames!  
Thou of the silver glance, shine madness  
o'er them!  
Ye stars, who stud th' immensity of heaven  
With your unquenchable radiance, gather  
up  
The fiery vengeance of your malediction,  
And brand it on their inmost souls for ever!"

The chief fault in *Montezuma*, is its  
general resemblance to the mediocre  
stock tragedies of the last century.  
Deposed sovereigns, faithful wives, dis-  
contented priests, rebel nobles, and in-  
solent invaders, divested of the distinc-  
tive character of individuality, which  
the hand of commanding genius can  
alone give, have been already repeated  
to satiety, and with a mere change of  
nomenclature, might suit any time or  
country, Egypt or Parthia, Mexico or  
Bithynia.

It is indeed lost labour, thus to at-  
tempt to illustrate history; common-  
place as that is, of the conquest of  
Mexico, so as to produce a true picture  
of the Mexican people as they were.  
There needs nought new of tragic ima-  
gery; no style can touch the heart with  
half the effect of simple fact, and hard  
must be the heart not to shed tears of  
very anguish over the most unvarnished  
recital of the dread doings amongst that  
simple people. Dryden's "Indian Em-

peror," was an acknowledged failure, and yet Dryden possessed dramatic genius in a high degree; he boldly undertook the task of exhibiting the feelings of the Mexicans at the first sight of ships, and the discharge of artillery. He drew a faithful, yet nevertheless, produced a ridiculous picture of the effect wrought on those accomplished savages; so that in spite of ourselves, we laugh while we read, nor do we think that other effect can be produced from the perusal of this *descriptive* passage.

GUYOMAR.

"As far as I could cast my eyes  
Upon the sea, something methought did  
rise  
Like bluish mists, which still appearing  
more,  
Took dreadful shapes, and moved towards  
the shore.  
The object I could first distinctly view,  
Was tall straight trees which on the waters  
grew,  
Wings on their sides, instead of leaves did  
grow,  
Which gathered all the breath the winds  
could blow;  
And at their roots grew floating palaces,  
Whose out-blown bodies cut the yielding  
seas.

MONTEZUMA.

What divine monsters, O, ye Gods! are  
these,  
That float in air and fly upon the seas?  
Come they alive or dead upon the shore?

GUYOMAR.

Alas, they lived too sure, I heard 'em roar,  
All turned their sides, and to each other  
spoke,  
I saw their words break out in fire and  
smoke.  
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on  
high,  
And these the younger brothers of the sky."

Just at this time, Dryden, in imitation of the French theatre, corrupted tragedy with rhyme, a circumstance heightening the ludicrous effect of this odd scene. Yet every one must feel convinced that the artless *naïveté* of Guyomar's observation of the ships being alive, because he heard them roar, is just what a savage would say when he saw vessels for the first time, and heard them discharge a salute to the shore. It is want of judgment in authors to choose subjects which become ridiculous when treated according to their nature, and coldly dull, if the pe-

culiarities of the people and events are generalized. To do our modern author justice, (whose pen has garnished our pages,) we must allow, that he is aware of the necessity of marking the characteristic difference of habit and manner between the invaders, and the invaded; but we think this is the only scene, where he has marked this national character successfully:—it is his very best.

ORCATON.

"These are the prophecies of olden time  
'In after-ages, shall strange warriors come  
'From the sun-rising; they shall skim the  
seas,  
'With the fleet pinions of the wind; and  
walk,  
'The cowering nations, upon others' feet:  
'The deeds of hell, the thunder-voice of  
heaven  
'Shall mark their course o'er earth:—do-  
minion, rapine,  
'Shall be their aim; and in exchange for  
riches,  
'And thrones and sceptres, shall they leave  
behind  
'Shackles of iron, which shall not be riven,  
'Until the tears of many generations  
'Have rusted them to rottenness; and  
then,  
'From the same fetters shall men forge  
them swords  
'For vengeance——'

(Enter TEUTILE).

MONTEZUMA.

How! We looked for no intrusion.—  
Whence comest thou, Teutile?

TEUTILE.

From the camp  
Of mightier than mortals, or from gods,  
Or from the sons of darkness, of whose  
coming  
My messengers have told.

MONTEZUMA.

Nay—we have heard  
No tidings from thee.

TEUTILE.

Yet they were true men.—  
I marvelled they returned not:—on their  
way  
They have met evil fortune.

MONTEZUMA.

And to thee  
Have left the burden of unwelcome news.  
What are these men? Speak they as Mex-  
icans?  
Are they of noble port or lowly mein?

TEUTILE.

Their tongues are various: they seem bold  
of speech,  
And bear themselves right haughtily; they  
spurn

The Gods whom thou adorest : their com-  
mands  
Are with the voice of monarchs.

MONTEZUMA.

And from whence  
Arrived the strangers ? Hast thou numbered  
them ?

What is their mission ?

TEUTILE.

From an eastern shore,  
They crossed the waters, and the winds of  
heaven

Wafted their floating palaces : in number  
They are but few, yet in strength, number-  
less.

They asked for gold ;—but when thy ser-  
vants said

Thou would'st them gone, their chieftain  
bade us bring

Himself into thy presence.

MONTEZUMA.

Ha ! himself ?

Methinks it is a jesting slave, a fool,  
Who sees destruction, yet would fain ad-  
vance

Into her very jaws :—ay, let him come !

Gods ! I would fain be merry at his mad-  
ness ;—

But mirth and I have been estranged of late.

TEUTILE.

More room for terror than for mirth was  
there :—

And some have rudely pictured what they  
saw,

For thine observance.

(*TEUTILE motions to Painters, who enter  
with representations on cloth, and then  
retire.*)

MONTEZUMA (*after examining them*).

I would hear, more fully,

The circumstances of these strange events  
Pictured before me.

TEUTILE.

As, one morn, we left

Their camp, these things were done. The  
chieftain called

Unto his warriors with the trumpet's voice ;  
And, in close phalanx, even as one man,

They did as he commanded, fiercely clash-  
ing,

In mimic battle ; and most terrible things  
Bestrode, with fiery hoof and lightning

eye ;—

A word—and they were mute and motion-  
less ;

Another—and the thunder broke the si-  
lence ;

Then all was still again : and thus we left  
them."

After this scene, Spaniards and Mex-  
icans meet and confer in the Tig and  
Tiri style, as Dr. Johnson calls it, of  
common-place tragedy. We are aware

that the conventional laws of criticism,  
give the poet the allowance of universal  
language. Yet surely a poet of great  
taste and reflection, would not avail  
himself of this permission, when he re-  
members from whence it was derived.  
This latitude was given by the blind  
pedantry of the modern critics of the  
classical school ; they allowed it, be-  
cause the Greeks and Romans allowed  
it. The Greeks and Romans acted ac-  
cording to the rules of nature, or their  
productions would never have survived,  
to give rules to modern critics. The  
Greek language, with some variation of  
patois, was universal throughout the  
Grecian states and her colonies, whether  
Trojan or European. With barbarians,  
who knew not the Hellenic idiom,  
Greek poetry has little to do. When  
the Roman muse sang, Latin was the  
language of the rulers of the known  
world, and woe to the province-king-  
doms, which comprehended not the  
language of their law-givers. Thus no  
law of nature was violated in the suppo-  
sition, that all the characters in the  
Iliad or in the Greek drama, or other  
classics, could comprehend each other.  
It is then, self-evidently, a great liberty  
on the confines of probability, for a  
modern author to take, when inhabi-  
tants of another hemisphere, who have  
had no previous intercourse with each  
other, are supposed to comprehend long  
abstruse speeches at first sight, which  
the most professed musician will scarcely  
venture upon, even in his own craft.

It is possible, that on the stage, if the  
dialogue had been confined to one  
party, and answered by pantomimic ac-  
tion on the other, that something new  
in scenic effect might have been struck  
out. We can indeed imagine the  
speeches of the Spaniards, translated  
into English for the comprehension of  
an English audience ; but that the  
Mexicans, who had no previous inter-  
course with Europe, could hold any  
colloquy with the Spaniards, but by  
signs, it is impossible to believe ; and  
where nature has erected an impassable  
barrier, a poet of taste should surely  
consider himself "warned off" the  
ground.

*Dramatic and Prose Miscellanies of Andrew Becket, Author of Shakspeare's Himself Again.* Edited by William Beattie, M.D.

We here open a new and collective edition of the literary productions of Mr. Becket, a veteran author, who may be considered the last surviving professor of the classical school of English authorship. This gentleman was, in his early career, the friend of Garrick and personally acquainted with Johnson and Goldsmith. We have, in this day, many admirers of these authors, perverted, as our tastes may be, by the bold flights and excursive gyrations of *l'école romantique*, whose leaders, Godwin, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, and Brockden Brown bewitched and seduced the public affection from the track of *l'école classique*. France and Germany, fiercely divided into a literary and civil war, when their authors followed the same example, and *l'école classique* in France still finds partizans sufficient to make a very respectable battle against her bewitching rival. We, too, have many persons in our country who deem verbal polish of style, as the first of literary excellencies, and to them, we recommend the pages of Mr. Becket as being replete with the elegancies of diction and sentiment peculiar to our classic era.

In the first volume, we find some interesting notices of the author by Dr. Beattie, with several dramatic pieces by Mr. Beckett. The comedy is in the style and cast of a bygone age; the Witlings, the Modeleys, the Positives, and Wormwoods of the old comedy, are here but the faded spectres of the artificial school established by Wycherly and Congreve. The moral rectitude of our author has divested the creatures of artificial comedy of their abhorrent wickedness and turpitude of thought; but in so doing, he has struck off the only link which allied the dramatic personæ of this style with human nature. When the good taste and true feeling of Mr. Becket abjured the vicious models offered by these demoralists, he should at the same time have cleared his pages of all resemblance to the lifeless exuvie of their names and demeanour.

Many persons will read with pleasure

the dramas on classical subjects which occupy the rest of the volume. In sentiment they are fine, and in morals pure and blameless. The tragedy of Socrates is far superior to any, whether English or French, hitherto written (and we have seen several) on the death of that great man. The daughter of Socrates, is introduced by the author so as to relieve the monotony of a subject, of all others the least calculated for dramatic effect.

The second volume of this publication is wholly occupied by productions of a superior nature; they are imitative in plan, for imitation was the fatal rock of the classical school; yet the series of dialogues, called "Lucianus Redivivus," is original in execution: they contain some acute criticism, and a great deal of valuable and entertaining information. The *Trip to Holland* is in the style of the *Sentimental Journey*, but a Dutch *Sentimental Journey* is certainly a novel idea.

The contents of this volume have already been stamped by the favour of the public; and that favour will not be withdrawn from the author who republishes his works amidst the deprivations of blindness, and an age extending beyond ninety years.

The volumes are dedicated to the King of Hanover, out of superabundant gratitude, because his majesty has paid an old debt due for thirty years to the author, when Duke of Cumberland: we will not detract from this good deed, for justice (though long delayed) is a rarer virtue than generosity, but we think his majesty would have preferred silence on the subject, and that his grateful creditor had not acknowledged for which of his enduring virtues the tribute of dedication was paid.

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*Bartholomew Fair.* By One under a Hood.

A ballad after the fashion of Johnny Gilpin and Thomas Hood, illustrative of the humours of that famed re-union of the great unwashed, called *Bartlemy Fair*. Well pointed puns, and droll description, are the merits of this small book, which only needs George Cruikshank's illustrations, to become popu-

lar. The catalogue of the shows is very well done, after this style :—

Not e'en the lady without arms,  
A sleeveless purpose knows,  
But fingers cash, by cutting out  
Armorial with her toes.

*Germany.* By Bisset Hawkins, M.D.  
F.R.S., &c.

Since the explosion of the great moral volcano—"the French Revolution," its injurious effects have awakened reflecting minds to examine the laws of social life which govern the great mass of human beings who compose nations. They have discovered the grand truth, that the mis-government of children, of prisoners, and the poor, produces agonies and convulsions which are felt from the base to the apex of the pyramid of a state government. They have reasoned from history, that it is useless to dethrone, insult, and destroy sovereigns for calamities whose causes were prepared, perhaps, a century before a royal family was in existence, as is certainly the case in most political revolutions, and was so notoriously in France. They have wisely looked deeper for the cause of the evil, and have invented the science of "State Economy," which looking far beyond the petty sphere of party politics, analyses what we may call the various strata of human life, examining the conduct and resources of the human creature, in the situations of servant and master, prisoner and gaoler, pupil and teacher, landholder and serf, townsman and country person, and the best modes of conducting to the welfare of each of these several classes.

If these statistical studies meet with the attention they deserve, it is easy to foretell that revolutions will cease, and that the art of government will be better understood for the time to come.

The volume we have before us, is of this important order, and is a collection of statistical facts, gathered with a degree of care and diligence which cannot be too much commended. Dr. Bisset Hawkins has examined Germany with minute attention, and enriched the legislature of his country with the experience of many practical results, the

most important of which, relate to prison and school discipline. Speaking of the schools for juvenile offenders, in Prussia, Dr. Hawkins makes an observation which ought to be noticed by all legislators of public education.

"Since the year 1820, to the honour of his country, twenty-eight institutions for juvenile delinquents or neglected children (none of them larger than for sixty boys or girls), have been established, and supported by voluntary subscriptions, in different parts of the kingdom, under the especial protection of the Minister for Public Instruction. Under this excellent system the indictments against children of an age capable of having thoroughly participated in their benefits, has decreased; while the indictments against children under that age has increased. These schools furnish religious and moral instruction, and accomplish the education of the heart,—while in most common schools, the attainment of writing and reading, and the like, are the points chiefly attended to. This is the true reason why so many prisoners are found in all countries who can read and write, who, in short, are comparatively what is called *educated*: their education has only supplied them with accomplishments, but not with principles of good conduct. Unless religious instruction goes hand in hand with literary education, we only place in the hands of the individual a powerful instrument of mischief to himself and to the community. John Falk, who founded in 1813 a House of Reform for juvenile offenders at Weimar, thus expressed himself in his petition to the Chambers of the Grand Duchy: 'The acquirements mechanically imparted to rogues can serve only as so many master-keys put into their hands to break into the sanctuary of humanity.'"

We notice the Christian spirit which makes Dr. Hawkins correct the phrase, juvenile delinquents, by altering it to neglected children; in this last comprehensive term, perhaps, might be included the origin for the necessity of prisons, pauper-houses, and, in a great degree, madhouses, as well as every other moral affliction of humanity.

Besides the prisons and schools, Dr. Hawkins has discussed the literature of Germany from its first establishment. This department is decidedly the most attractive, in point of entertainment. We think in some instances, Dr. Hawkins scarcely bestows on the great German writers, the praise deserved by their genius; their transgressions in regard to religious belief, have preju-

diced him against their literary eminence.

We find a vast mass of information regarding the histories of the many German States which make up the great brotherhood of that vast empire; information invaluable to the traveller, who could in vain search for it elsewhere.

*Gleanings of Natural History.* By Edward Jesse, Esq., F.L.S. New Edition, 2 vols.

Mr. Jesse (surveyor of her Majesty's parks) is an author who holds a place scarcely inferior in our favour, to his venerable predecessor, the field-naturalist, Gilbert White, of Selborne. There are few of our readers who are not familiar with the works of both these pleasant cheerful writers, and they will be pleased to find that the *Gleanings of Jesse*, in *Natural History*, are now published in a collective form, contained in a set of two very neatly got up volumes, printed with all the beauty of types for which its distinguished publisher is remarkable. These are delightful volumes for young people, and if the work has an error, it is on the side of humanity, in an endeavour to exalt the moral qualities of the animal creation beyond the degree supported by facts, particularly in regard to the assistance they render each other when sick or injured. Mr. Jesse labours to prove that animals aid each other when in misery; this, we think, with the exception of some highly civilized dogs and cats, is contrary to truth. The kindness of animals, to each other, when in distress, appears to us, to spring from purely selfish motives, if ever exercised; but in general, sick animals are cruelly treated by their own species. The hen, for instance, is often cited to children, as a beautiful example of maternity, and she really behaves in an exemplary manner while all her little ones are healthy and thriving, but if a chicken is afflicted with illness, she spurns, pecks, and buffets the creature which most needs her protection and cherishing care, yet, no doubt, out of a preservative instinct to prevent infection reaching the rest of her brood. But how different is the

reasoning maternity of the mother, created in God's image? The child that is weakest, sickliest, even if afflicted with the most contagious complaint, is more tenderly cherished than any of her other little ones. Pious frauds are, in our opinion, never desirable, either in the cause of religion or humanity, and we doubt the wisdom of attributing reasoning benevolence to creatures whose conduct is in general the reverse of kindness to each other, when the trying accidents of disease or injury overtake them. The herd, or flock, may live together in tolerable unanimity after they have, by various battles, ascertained which is strongest; but their conduct is literally inhuman to the sick or distressed of their kind. It is our own species alone, whose progressive mental powers lead them to aid their distressed fellow-creatures, and the lower we descend in the scale of civilization, the nearer the savage approximates to the brute creation, as may be seen by some tribes who destroy their aged relatives.

But after we have recommended Mr. Jesse to be more careful in his examination of facts, our strictures on his work must end. A more delightful companion for a country residence, than his "*Gleanings*," the literary world can scarcely offer; truly, it is a right pleasant task to read his pretty volumes in June, although it be chiefly for the ungracious purpose of reviewing.

*Madame Tussaud's Memoirs and Reminiscences of France.* Edited by F. Hervé, Esq.

We are brought, by Madame Tussaud's work, into the closest acquaintance with the actors in the French Revolution. Madame Tussaud herself, following her professional career, was called into a path untrodden by any other person: from first to last, never were such tasks imposed upon a young and pretty woman, from the commencement of the principal massacres. Yes, our Madame Tussaud, our pleasing, familiar *présidente* of the most amusing exhibition in England, has held in her lap the gory heads, and gazed upon the corpses of every noted person slaughtered in the French Revolution. How

surpassing strange is such a destiny ! How singular that there should be a woman in existence capable of perpetuating the exact resemblance of them ! We will now give her own evidence as to this strange exercise of her professional offices. She is describing her visit to the Bastile, just before its demolition, after it had been taken by the revolutionists :—

“ Amongst others who were induced to visit the prisons, those melancholy mementos of despotism and tyranny, Madame Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends for that purpose ; and whilst descending the narrow stairs, her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling, when she was saved by Robespierre, who, catching hold of her, just prevented her from coming to the ground ; in the language of compliment observing, that it would have been a great pity that so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place. How little did Madame Tussaud then think, that she should, in a few years after, have his severed head in her lap, in order to take a cast from it after his execution.

“ His head presented a most dreadful spectacle ; and immediately after death, it was taken to the Madeleine, where Madame Tussaud took a cast from it, from which the likeness she now possesses was taken.

“ It was not the first time that his features had been submitted to her skilful hands, he having expressed a wish that his portrait should be introduced standing near Marat, as also those of Collot d'Herbois and Robespierre ; Robespierre proposing that they should send their own clothes, in which the figures might be dressed, to afford additional accuracy to the resemblances. Accordingly, the likenesses were taken and apparelled as he desired. It is curious to observe what extraordinary changes the human mind may undergo. Robespierre, when young, wrote a work against the punishment of death, yet perhaps caused more beings to perish than any individual of the age in which he lived.”

Sometimes the murderers, with a strange attachment to the fine arts in the midst of their ferocity, forced the young artist, even in their presence, to exercise her talents, on pain of death. Here are her own words regarding one of those appalling scenes :—

“ Her head was immediately taken to Madame Tussaud, whose feelings can be easier conceived than described. The sa-

vage murderers stood over her, whilst she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate princess. Having known her virtues, and having been accustomed to see her beaming with all that cheerfulness and sweetness which are ever the heralds of ‘temper's unclouded ray,’—to hear her accents teeming but of kindness, always affording pleasure to her auditors, and then, alas ! for Madame Tussaud to have the severed head of one so lovely between her trembling hands, was hard indeed to bear. The features, beauteous even in death, and the auburn tresses, although smeared with blood, still, in parts, were unpolluted by the ruthless touch of her assassins, and shone with all their natural richness and brilliance. Eager to retain a memento of the hapless princess, Madame Tussaud proceeded to perform her melancholy task, whilst surrounded by the brutal monsters, whose hands were bathed in the blood of the innocent.

“ When the Princess de Lamballe was led forth from prison, they required two oaths from her, that she should swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king, the queen, and royalty ; when she replied, ‘I will take the first oath ; the second I cannot, it is not in my heart.’ Upon which one of the bystanders, wishing to save her, said, ‘Do swear however.’ There were many amongst the mob who wished to spare her, but some one having called out, ‘Let Madame be set at liberty !’ which was the dreadful signal for murder, the fatal stroke was given. Her head, heart, and hands were paraded upon pike-heads about the streets ; and some wretch exclaiming, ‘Let us take them to the foot of the throne !’ they immediately proceeded to the Temple, to display the horrid spectacle to the royal prisoners. Some attempts were made to prevent the queen seeing it ; but, hearing that it was the head of the Princess de Lamballe, she instantly fainted as she was exclaiming, ‘Our doom is sealed !’ The king, Madame Elizabeth, and Clery, the valet de chambre, assisted in bearing the unfortunate princess as far as they could from the scene ; but for a considerable time the Temple walls rang with the horrid yells of the brutal mob.”

Humanity is consoled by this extract, horrible as it is. For we gather from it that the sufferings of the angelic princess were terminated with the first blow, a point never before fully ascertained ; and it is certain that Madame Tussaud gives us the actual facts, as the murderers who brought the head, assuredly discussed the death



of their victim while the cast was preparing.

The reader will perceive that the *Memoirs* are not written in the first person by the hand of Madame Tussaud, but from her dictation, by Francis Hervé, Esq., recently a contributor of our own, though they are evidently given to the world just as dictated. Sometimes the particulars of a death are mentioned before the anecdotes relating to the life of the person immolated: at times we go backwards and forwards, straying out of chronological order; but these are slight faults. A second edition, with more attention to arrangement, would certainly increase the value of these very rich materials. The personal descriptions of the celebrated persons of the great revolution, is done with graphic skill scarcely inferior to the representations in the Baker-street Bazaar, and accompanied by anecdotes of manners. We are made as well acquainted with the persons she describes, as if we had witnessed their daily life and conversation. Every word, however, not devoted to personality, was wasted.

The description of Marat scampering off with his plate in his hand to his hiding-place, gives us more genuine information regarding him, than all the bulletins of his government. This monster, in the beginning of his career, was hid at the house of the uncle of Madame Tussaud, who seems to have taken rather a questionable part in the revolution: if a man of feeling, he must often have regretted the shelter he afforded to this atrocious terrorist. We learn more of him here than in any other work.

“The infamous paper of Marat had already provoked a decree against it for having recommended murder, and represented the king and his family in the most atrocious light. The outrageous conduct of this demon had more than once obliged him to conceal himself; and having been a visitor at the house of M. Curtius, he came on a Saturday night, and requested an asylum, having in his hand his carpet bag, containing what few clothes and linen he required. He was received, and remained until the following Saturday. Then was Madame Tussaud a week in the same house with Marat, perhaps the most ferocious monster that the Revolution ever produced. She thus describes his person.

He was *very* short, and not, as stated in a recent work on the Revolution, of middle height, with very small arms, one of which was feeble from some natural defect, and appeared lame; his complexion was sallow, of a greenish hue; his eyes dark and piercing; his hair was wild, and raven black; his countenance had a fierce aspect; he was slovenly in his dress, and even dirty in his person; his manner was abrupt, coarse, and rude. He used to write almost the whole day, in a corner, with a little lamp; and on one occasion he came up to Madame Tussaud, and gave her a tap upon the shoulder, with such roughness as caused her to shudder, saying, ‘There, Mademoiselle, it is not for ourselves that I and my fellow-labourers are working, but it is for you, and your children, and your children’s children. As to ourselves, we shall, in all probability, not live to enjoy the fruits of our exertions;’ adding, that ‘all the aristocrats must be killed.’

“M. Curtius had known Marat at the Jacobin club, and, being a countryman, had invited him to his house. He had been struck with his extraordinary energy and his wild enthusiasm, before the ferocity and cruelty of his disposition had developed themselves. When advocating the cause of liberty and freedom, there was that in his manner which appeared almost superhuman to the populace—bearing down all before it. His command of words appeared unlimited; they flowed from his lips as if they came by inspiration, and from his small person thundered forth a voice which would have befitted a stronger man. Whilst he was displaying his powers of oratory, his eyes glared as if they would start from their sockets, and his gesticulations, which were quite theatrical, resembled those of one who was under the influence of some demoniacal possession. This contributed to awe the multitude, with whom he attained the utmost celebrity. In the cause of republicanism his fanaticism amounted even to frenzy. He had often dined at M. Curtius’s with Robespierre and others of the Jacobin club, and on those occasions Marat would be gay and jocular, laughing heartily, and joining with glee in the conversation, and bandying different jests and witticisms with Robespierre. He generally dressed in a blue coat, or pepper and salt, *à la mode Anglaise* (English fashion), with large lappelles, buff or white waistcoat, light coloured small-clothes, and top boots, frill to his shirt, and the collars worn large above the neckcloth, a round hat with a broad brim, and had usually a dingy neglected appearance, and seldom cleaned himself. He always spoke German to M. Curtius and his family; he was very fond of good eating, and during the time he was staying with them, he said, one day to

Madame Tussaud, 'You young kind creature, let us have a dish of knoutels (a German dish something like macaroni) and a matelote' (a sort of fresh-water fish). He generally showed some anxiety as to what was for dinner. Madame Tussaud states, that he appeared extremely nervous and very cowardly; the slightest noise, even a tapping against the wainscot, would put him quite in a tremor. It is true he was expecting that the government were searching for him, and whenever he heard a strange voice, he would run away and hide himself, which happened sometimes during dinner, when he never forgot to take his plate with him."

Madame Tussaud, by the commands of Robespierre, was forced to model the corpse of his fellow-monster, likewise that of the heroic girl Charlotte Corday, who put him to death.

The reminiscences of Madame Tussaud likewise cast some light on the character of Philip, Duke of Orleans, father to the present King of the French, one of the enigmas of modern history.

"Amongst the most constant visitors at M. Curtius's, was the Duc d'Orleans (the father of Louis-Philippe, the present King of the French), whom Madame Tussaud describes as being a man of about five feet nine in height, and not a short man, as has been stated in a modern work upon the Revolution; she having taken his likeness, and a cast from him, had a better opportunity of judging than most other persons; his features were by no means bad, but his face was disfigured by pimples and red pustules; he was well made, rather stout than otherwise.

"The Duke of Orleans was at length transferred from the prison of Marseilles to Paris, and went through the mockery of a trial. Disgusted with the world, and tired of life, he heard his condemnation with the utmost indifference; and as he was conveyed to execution, when arrived before the Palais Royal, his former home, the scene of his revelries, and of his bacchanalian excesses, he regarded it unmoved. For some reason or other there was a delay of twenty minutes, during which period the cavalcade was stationary. A singular cause has been assigned for its having been thus detained: it is pretended, that Robespierre had demanded of the duke the hand of his daughter, which was indignantly refused by the father; that after his sentence the same proposal was renewed, with an offer, at the same time, that his life should be saved if he would consent; Robespierre engaging to arouse the people in favour of the duke as he arrived before his palace; it having been agreed, that if he consented, he was

to make a signal, when the emissaries of Robespierre were to have rushed forward, well armed, with cries of 'Vive Egalité!' which would have immediately raised the mob in his favour. Then mark the republican! who, notwithstanding all his declamations in favour of equality, would, for a little spice of royalty, have sold his principles—yea, his very soul! But, however debased the Duke of Orleans might have been, he preferred the sacrifice of his life to retaining it at the price of such dishonour; therefore, after the lapse of more than a quarter of an hour, as the signal was not given, the cortège was allowed to pass on, and Robespierre was disappointed; having flattered himself that, in the last extremity, the duke would have relented: but he met his death with the same courage which had accompanied him through life, and which never forsook him, however his calumniators may have asserted to the contrary.

"Madame Tussaud relates a curious anecdote respecting the unfortunate duke. He was in the habit of calling occasionally on a very talented modeller, named Valentino, whom she knew as a friend of her uncle's, and on one of his visits, in the heat of political excitement, the duke took off his stars and orders, threw them on the ground, and trampled and spat upon them. He then went and shook hands with Valentino's workmen, to the number of nearly a hundred, and declared that he was like them, a sans culotte; which term appears never to have been thoroughly understood, but in point of fact, was no other than wearing trousers, which was the costume of all the labouring men at that period."

Madame Tussaud may rest assured that every figure she adds to her exhibition—and she mentions several which we do not remember to have seen—is a valuable present to future history; for history receives a powerful augmentation of interest, when the reader is acquainted with the personal similitude of the subjects of the narrative.

Madame Tussaud gave lessons to the amiable Madame Elizabeth in wax-modelling; thus she had the entrée of the palace, and once, in the days of her youth and beauty, had occasion to box the ears of Louis XVIII., whose misbehaviours well deserved such punishment. Both the lithographs in our copy have been marred in the printing. Madame is, even at her present age, more personable than either of these lithographs, or his Majesty would surely have had no excuse for earning a box on the ear. We cannot help giving, in

conclusion, her account of the discomfiture of the future monarch :—

“ Amongst the visitors to Madame Elizabeth, was often Louis XVIII., then called Monsieur Provence ; but as he carried his excess of politesse to a degree which savoured too much of gallantry to be consistent with his exalted character, according to Madame Tussaud’s notion of things, he received from her a rebuke, which, although sixty years since, remains still forcibly impressed upon her memory. It so happened, that his royal highness and she, met on the staircase together, when he was disposed to carry his politeness to too practical an extreme, and she judged it high time to give him a slap on the face ; which so covered the prince with confusion, that when questioned by Madame Elizabeth, on his entering her presence, as to the cause of his apparent embarrassment, his hesitation in replying at once displayed that he was not so perfect at subterfuge and repartee at that period, as he has since proved himself to be ; and, notwithstanding all his evasive answers, the princess afterwards discovered the cause of his discomforted appearance, and, for the future, his royal highness restricted his expressions of politeness and regard towards Madame Tussaud within more moderate bounds.”

We wanted to know more about Madame herself ; she had better have given us more minute particulars of her own adventures than these two last chapters.

*Celestial Scenery, or the Wonders of the Planetary System displayed.* By Thomas Dick, LL.D.

This is an admirable book by a practical astronomer, from the result of his own observations and experiments, and fit for the great body of the people. The language is elegant yet simple ; as it will awaken delight when read aloud, so it is peculiarly excellent as a book of instruction for youth ; and, indeed, no educational library should be without it. We have read with the greatest satisfaction the description of the planets, and compared them with the numerous and ingenious woodcuts which illustrate them. The composition attempts, in a novel and forcible manner, to delineate celestial scenery, which must greatly assist the reader’s capability to comprehend the subjects. We will take, as an extract, the author’s

picture how our world would appear if seen from the moon.

“ The earth is continually shifting its phases as seen from the moon. When it is *new moon* to us, it is *full moon* to the lunar inhabitants, as the hemisphere of the earth next the moon is then fully enlightened ; so that, at the time when the sun is absent, they enjoy the effulgence of a full moon thirteen times larger than ours. When the moon is in the first quarter to us, the earth is in the third quarter to them ; and, in every other case, the phases of the earth are exactly opposite to those which the moon presents to us. \* \* \* When it is night in the moon—and the nights there are a fortnight long—the inhabitants see at first only a small part of the earth enlightened, like a slender crescent ; then a larger and a larger portion, till at length it becomes entirely luminous. During the whole of these changes the earth is every moment visible, and apparently fixed in the same immovable position ; and as there are no clouds in the lunar atmosphere, the view of the earth, and of the variation of its phases, will never be interrupted. \* \* \* By means of the light thus diffused by the earth upon the moon, it so happens that the side of the moon next the earth is never in darkness ; for, when the sun is absent, the earth shines in the firmament with a greater or less degree of splendour ; but, when the sun is absent from the other hemisphere, the inhabitants have no light but what is derived from the stars and planets. \* \* \*

“ Whether the earth will throw as much light upon the moon, *in proportion to its size*, as the moon diffuses upon the earth, is somewhat doubtful. I am disposed to think that the greater part of the surface of the terraqueous globe will not reflect so much light, in proportion to its bulk, as the general surface of the moon ; for, as the greater part of the earth is covered with water, and as water absorbs a considerable portion of the rays of light, the seas and oceans will present a more dark and sombre aspect than any part of the lunar orb presents to us. But it is highly probable, that the continents and islands will exhibit a lustre nearly equal to that of the mountainous regions of the moon.

“ Although the earth will seem nearly fixed in one position, yet *its rotation round its axis will be distinctly perceptible*, and will present a variety of different appearances. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, will present themselves, one after another, in different shapes, nearly as they are represented on our maps and globes ; and the regions near our poles, which we have never yet had it in our power to explore, will be

distinctly seen by the lunarians, who will be enabled to determine whether they chiefly consist of land or of water. The several continents, seas, islands, lakes, peninsulas, plains, and mountain ranges, will appear like so many spots, of different forms and degrees of brightness moving over its surface. When the Pacific ocean, which occupies nearly half the globe, is presented to view, the great body of the earth will assume a dusky or sombre aspect, except towards the north, the north-east, and north-west; and the islands connected with this ocean will exhibit the appearance of small lucid spots on a dark ground. But when the eastern continent turns round to view, the earth (especially its northern parts) will appear to shine with a greater degree of lustre. These appearances will be diversified by the numerous strata of clouds which are continually carried by the winds over different regions, and will occasionally intercept their view of certain parts of the continents or seas, or render their appearance more obscure at one time than at another. \* \* \* The bands of ice which surround the poles will alternately exhibit a kind of lucid circle, while the verdant plains will appear of a different colour, and assume a milder aspect. By means of these different spots, the lunarians will be enabled to determine the exact period of the earth's rotation, as we determine that of the sun by the appearance and disappearance of the spots on its surface. And as the period of the earth's rotation never varies, it may serve as a clock or dial for the exact measure of time; and the lesser divisions of this period may be ascertained by the appearance, on the margin or the central parts of the earth's hemisphere, of certain seas, continents, or large islands, which will constantly appear on certain parts of the earth's disk at regular intervals of time. Through telescopes such as ours, the variegated aspect of the earth, in its diurnal motion, would present to us, were we placed on the moon, a novel and most interesting appearance.

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"When the sun rises in their eastern horizon, his progress through the heavens will be so slow that it will require more than seven of our days before he come to the meridian, and the same time before he descend to their western horizon; for the days and nights of the moon are nearly fifteen days each, and they are nearly of an equal length on all parts of its surface; as its axis is nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic, and, consequently, the sun never removes to any great distance from the equator. During the day, the earth will appear like a faint cloudy orb, always in the same position; and during night, the stars and planets will be

visible, *without interruption*, for fifteen days, and will be seen moving gradually, during that time, from the eastern to the western horizon. Though the earth will always be seen in the same point of the sky, both by day and night, yet it will appear to be constantly shifting its position with respect to the planets and the stars, which will appear to be regularly moving from the east to the west of it, and some of them will occasionally be hid, or suffer an *occultation*, for three or four hours, behind its body."

And here we must say for ourselves, that we neither affirm nor deny that there are inhabitants of the planets; but we do greatly differ from the learned author, who considers that earthquakes, storms, and other violent phenomena, are as punishments for the sins of the inhabitants of this globe; this opinion is wholly anti-philosophical, and, if pursued to the utmost, would lead us by analogy from general to particular judgments, and of course to conclude that the inhabitants of the most felicitous climates of the globe are the most virtuous; and the innocent Icelanders, with their double inconveniences of volcanic fire and pinching frost, are in a less righteous state than the voluptuous Otaheitans, or ferocious New Zealanders, to say nothing of the habitants of other exquisite climes:—

"Where all but the spirit of man is divine."

We conceive that every inference, marking the judgments of God, whether general or particular, is a weapon too heavy to be wielded by man; and the very attempt to lift it, betrays weakness even in the strongest. Surely if those, on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, stand acquitted by divine authority, the earthquake and the flood need not be attributed to the crimes of those who live near them. With the exception of this one defect, the sentiments of the whole work abound in rightly directed piety; and its tendency is to point out the evident connection between the Almighty and the glorious creations of his will.

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*Astronomy Simplified.* By the Hon. Miss Burton.

The example of two or three distinguished women has opened a new field for the exercise of female intellect. We

have now fair astronomers, who spend more time in the contemplation of the "angel's jewel-shop," as Fanny Kemble quaintly and prettily calls the starry heavens, than in admiration of the trinket-shops in Regent Street, or Piccadilly.

The lady, whose present work is before us, was accomplished in celestial lore, at a time when Mrs. Somerville's astronomical works were unknown to the public. The last few sections are simple, as the author promises in the introductory address. In some of the earlier pages, lengthy words are used, which are not technicalities, but rather an endeavour at elevation of style. On the contrary, the passages describing the Double Stars, Comets, and Nebulæ, are examples of clearness and simplicity. The slight defect we have named does not impair, in an essential degree, the utility of the work, which is perfectly successful in its intention of smoothing the elementary steps of abstrusive science; we also commend the work for its cheapness.

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*A Word to Parents, Nurses, Teachers.*  
By Esther Copley.

This book is remarkable for its plain good sense, and Christian spirit. It is written with due regard to those moral and physical laws, the observance of which, are as needful to the children of the rich, as the poor, and there does not exist a parent, who might not profit by the perusal of it. We recommend it to be purchased by the rich and great, and distributed to their poor neighbours as a valuable cottage present.

"Obedience is the first lesson to be learned, and this must be practised as a habit long before it can be inculcated as a principle. The very habit of regularity in feeding, washing, and dressing a child, is teaching it a lesson. From certain feelings in itself, connected with certain movements on the part of others, it soon comes to be aware of what is to follow. Self-will is natural to children, and the first display of that will of their own, about which they will be sure to strive with growing vigour and resolution, just in proportion as they find by experience that the struggle is successful, generally takes place in the operation of washing and dressing. These, with feeding, sleeping, and waking, form the little round of circumstances and

events of their early days, and these call forth the miniature exhibition of those tempers and dispositions which will be carried out at full length when exercised upon the varied concerns and multiplied connexions of future life. Let a nurse thus accustom herself to consider that she is not merely supplying the wants of a hungry infant, or promoting its health and comfort by cleansing and clothing, she is also forming the character of the brother or sister, the husband or wife, the master or servant, for future life. \* \* The washing and dressing, if properly performed, do not hurt the child, but, on the contrary, are conducive to its comfort. Its violence is not the cry of suffering, but of self-will; but the violence having once succeeded, and the indulgence having once been granted, the business will not in future proceed without. It is so far a settled point that the child is not to learn obedience, but is to have its own way. What a lesson to begin life with! what misery is thus treasured up for the child who cannot *always* have its own way! and what misery will it be prepared to scatter around in its vain endeavours to gain it.

"It is sometimes necessary to take from a child something that it has got hold of. This will be much better done by authority than by force. A wise parent or nurse will sometimes (not too often) call upon a child in a gentle yet firm tone, to give up something that it has in its possession, taking care to have something equally attractive, with which to replace it; but, at the same time, not making any bargain or barter; only asking for the one thing in a manner that convinces the child she is determined to have it; and then freely giving the other to prevent its too keenly feeling the sacrifice. Thus will be formed a habit of implicit obedience, which must in all cases be highly advantageous, and in some critical circumstances, may be the means even of saving life. A lively child, of two years and a half old, was very apt to steal away from his nurse, and get into another room to amuse himself with whatever he found lying about. On one occasion the child's father had been hastily called away, just as he was shaving himself. In his haste, he omitted to put away his razor. Presently the child was missing, and on being called, answered from his father's room, 'only shaving myself!' Providentially the person who discovered him was not the silly nurse-maid, who would have screamed or struggled, and so, in all probability, have occasioned the mischief she ought to prevent, but one who had acquired a complete ascendancy over the child, and who had self-possession enough, as she approached him, simply to say, "Johnny, give me the razor." Habit prevailed, and the dangerous instrument was

instantly resigned. Obedience, then, is the first moral lesson; first both in order of time and importance, and the foundation of all the rest. At first, it has been observed, it must be practised as a habit, but it may soon be inculcated as a duty. Children may and ought, very early to be taught that they are the creatures of God, and that He has commanded them to obey their parents or those set over them, and that they should do so because it is right."

Great good would result to society, if the precepts and instructions of this excellent little book were adopted, as well in public, as private institution for children.

*A Night at Windsor; or, Port-Royal Annals and a Tale of the Turf.* By A. Collingridge. Author of "Rough Sketches Afloat.

We have often observed that the first grand requisite for the success of a book, is the power possessed by its writer of commanding the attention of a reader. This power of genius; is as indefinable in prose as in true poetry; and, moreover, may be united with five score of very definable faults; nevertheless, where it does exist, even critics are forced to read, and read with interest. No one can open Mr. Collingridge's volume without owning that he possesses this quality in no common degree. Yet he has not made a good use of this great, this unattainable gift. He has, it is true, compelled the attention of his reader, but he has not commanded his esteem, nor ever will, while he wastes his talents in exclusively delineating such worthless human rubbish as his heroes, Lavin and Lauder, without contrasting them by characters which do more honour to humanity. There is not one of his personages whose qualities reach the respectable standard of the general society with whom decent people associate. In the first and best tale, the admiral is a villain and murderer of an impossible degree of crime; his lieutenant, Calcot, is a surly, ill-behaved bear; Pack, the surgeon, is an atheist; Noakes, the chaplain, the best of the set, is caricatured into a noodle; and as for the small reptile Trawden, for whose execution the author has wronged us of our sympathy, he seems to have been

hanged somewhat prematurely, and that is the best that can be said of him. Rainer is a manly character, but is too slightly dwelt on to redeem the other bad company. The introduction of Lady S——, and the style of her adventures, of course prevents the author from expecting his work to be a *lady's* book,—a great error in judgment, if he wishes for a lasting reputation; for what fame is worth anything that is not confirmed by women, and what Englishmen can, now-a-days, expect to have honour conferred upon him, except by female hand.

Our author has a capability of entertaining his readers on naval subjects at least equal to the popular novelists in that line, and, like one of the most noted of these authors, indulges in recklessness as to moral rectitude, which has no needful connexion with the subject. Mr. Collingridge has (if he has not done injustice to himself in his book) deeply studied the human heart, but he has examined it only on the worst side; we are often severe on those writers of fiction who endeavour to delineate "perfect monsters which the world scarce ever saw;" but surely to make fiction a series of unbroken narratives, detailing crime and rascality only worthy to figure in the Newgate Calendar, is as glaring an error as a sensible man can be guilty of, and calculated, withal, to be a little more mischievous. We hope to see the clever author in a better track than the one he has pursued in this volume; and if he would promise to show himself in fitter colours, we would ourselves engage to introduce him, at court, as one of *our* (printed) pages.

#### *Yarri's British Birds.* Part VI.

This contains the songsters of the class sylviaæ, and embraces the nightingale, the blackcap, and other charming warblers. The nightingale is well delineated, and the nests form very pretty vignettes: the reed warbler's nest, with its four posts of green rushes, well deserves the attention of the reader. The history of the birds is amusing and well-written.

## BRITISH MUSEUM.

*(Continued from p. 295, Vol. XII.)*

## THE PHIGALIAN ROOM.

It was truly gratifying to witness the delight evinced by so many thousands of the humbler classes who flocked, during the past Easter holidays, to our national depositories, (alas! only two), the British Museum and National Gallery where their laudable appetency for the higher objects or productions of art—the *utile et dulce*, may be nurtured “without money and without price.” We noticed individuals, evidently belonging to those ranks of life, examining the glorious productions of the pencil—not with the idle gaze of curiosity, but, in many instances, a fixed attention, accompanied by sagacity of remark, calculated to shame both the listless indifference, and the affected, overstrained hyperbole ordinarily indulged by the loungers of another “order.” Such seeming progression in the intellectual was, we repeat, the healing balm to the wounded spirit in which we beheld treasures of genius, like these, so unworthily treated in the narrow dens to which their present unhappy fate had consigned them in the former edifice, as well as those admirable reduplications of the plastic emanations from the sculptors of Egina. In one department of the latter, called the Phigalian room, a trumpery wooden entablature, erected in the said apartment, now represents the western tympanum of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island of Egina, adorned long ages since by sculptures from which these casts were taken.

The following account appeared in *The Times* :—

“They were discovered in the summer of 1812, by Messrs. Cockerell and Foster, and were found in the ruins of the temple, immediately under the situation which they must have occupied over the portico, buried under a vast mass of stone, and it is to that that their preservation has been mainly owing. The entire destruction of this temple, from the deep rents and fissures in the fragments of the remaining walls, and from

the uneven lines in the courses of the masonry, it would appear, had been effected, not by the hand of man, nor the gradual decay of age, but by an earthquake, of which the violence must have at once destroyed the whole, and caused so complete a ruin, that its restoration became hopeless after the island had become subject to the Athenian commonwealth, and its prosperity had decayed, and that as the revenues of the community would not admit of an outlay sufficient to rebuild it, so probably the superstitious feeling, common in antiquity, of the unhallowedness of a spot struck by lightning, and shaken by an earthquake, both united to prevent its restoration; and the same cause also preserved the sculptures which it contained: it is only by these reasons that we can account for such magnificent works having been found on the spot on which they must have fallen, and where they must have remained unknown for at least 1800 years. This conjecture seems the more probable, as no mention is made of them by Pausanias or any other author. All or most of the ancient statues that are known, have been removed from the localities they originally occupied. The finest works of the schools of Greece and Ionia, were found in Rome, or in the towns of Italy, and in a later age, the noblest works of Roman artists were removed from thence to decorate the city of Constantine. Agents were employed by the English Government to purchase these statues, but from some cause or other, which it is needless now to deplore, they became the property of the King of Bavaria, and are now in the royal gallery at Munich. The story, to which these figures relate, has not yet been satisfactorily determined; the actions of the *Æacidae*, the tutelary gods of Egina, offer no explanation of the combat. When Ajax defended the body of Patroclus, Jupiter sent Minerva to revive the courage of the Greeks. The figure of that goddess, and the leather armour and Phrygian cap of one of the archers in the group, would seem to intimate some connexion with the war of Troy.

“But, to whatever legend of the heroic ages it may belong, it is a scene full of life and spirit; all the figures are in action, and the action of all is varied. In the centre stands the figure of Minerva, as the presi-

ding deity of the combat ; she stands upon a sort of pedestal, and rises above all the others ; she is completely armed ; her breast is guarded by a cuirass, on her left arm she bears a shield, and in her right hand, which is extended across her body, she no doubt held a spear, probably of bronze, as the hollow to receive it in the hand, remains ; on her shoulder is a peplon or mantle, and the body is covered with a drapery which falls in thick folds nearly to the feet, on which are sandals ; the proportions of her limbs are not larger than life. Divinities among the Greeks were usually represented as exceeding in stature the human form. When Minerva overcame Mars, he covered seven acres—*ἑπτὰ ἐπὶ ὄχλῳ πιδάρα πειράν* :—

“Thundering he falls, a form of monstrous size,  
“And seven broad acres covers as he lies.

“The countenance of the goddess is dignified yet benignant. Immediately in her front is lying, supported on his right arm, a dying warrior ; he seems as if sinking from the effort he has made to rise ; another warrior is hastening to seize his spoils ; while a third, with an uplifted javelin, is rushing forward from behind, to the rescue. At either end of the pediment, is a dying and fallen warrior : the one on the right appears as if in the act of drawing a javelin from his body ; the expression of countenance is that of extreme pain, and the action of the arms and muscles shows desperate resolution, contending with weakness. The figure on the left of the pediment is sinking into death from the effort he has made to rise ; an arrow has pierced his thigh, and locked it to his leg. Some of the figures, which have bows and arrows, are shooting and taking aim, bending one knee to the ground, drawing the bow-string to the right ear. The action is most true to nature, and the eagerness with which they seem to mark the flight of their arrows, is admirable ; others are armed with javelins ; all appear in motion, casting and hurling their darts in every direction around, as if guarding or striving to capture the body of the wounded hero in the centre.

“The view of the whole group, taken from the door of the Elgin-room, is absolutely startling, so much does it resemble reality, and so much does it show the immense superiority of ancient art, over the tame sculptures of the present day. These statues, which ought to be ten in number, exclusive of the centre figure of Minerva (but here is one most unaccountably missing from this group,) ornamented the western pediment of the Temple ; the height of each is upwards of five feet, and that of the goddess is nearly six ; like the statues of the tympanum of the Parthenon, they are completely isolated from the wall ; they are not

reliefs, but perfect statues, yet the execution is equal in every part, both in what is seen, and what is hid ; this seems to have been the common practice in the ancient school of Grecian sculpture ; its effect must have been far more imposing than the simple bas-relief, or even alto-relief, affixed to the walls. Pausanias speaks of the sculptures decorating the tympana of the Parthenon as statues. Spon and Wheeler in the last century, described them as such, and now we have them in possession, we know them to be so, though many authors had previously mentioned them as bold alto-reliefs. Izozea has preserved a tradition that Phidias, and his pupil Alcamenes, each executed a figure of Minerva ; the master, calculating the height to which the statue was to be elevated, excavated the eyes and mouth deeper than seemed necessary ; the pupil thought not of this, and the features of the goddess as executed by him, were in perfect proportion, and were preferred to that by the master, till each was elevated to its proper station, when the superiority of the statue of Phidias was acknowledged. In our day we may inquire the utility of this seeming waste of skill and labour, as it is clear that from the ground the spectator could only view the front of the figure, but according to Pausanias, it was the custom of the ancients, to exhibit the statues to the public before they were elevated to the façade of the Temple. Thus, the artist whose works were declared the most perfect, by the collected votes of his fellow-citizens, was called to decorate the public monuments of his native city, and the temples of the gods. Honour, more than gain, was the prize he sought, nor was the energy of his genius, or the labour of his life, expended in vain : that man could not be called poor, whose labours had gratified the pride of his countrymen, and whom the public voice had selected to embellish the monuments of his country.

“Perhaps there are not in the Museum any sculptures that deserve greater attention and study than these casts. The school of Egina succeeded that of Sicyon and Corinth, and preceded by some centuries, that of Phidias or the Athenian school. The great fault of the Sicyonic sculptors is the hardness of their outline, and the Egyptian repose of their figures ; that of Egina having broken through the rules which for centuries had been followed, represented their figures as in action, grouped them together, gave full play to the muscles and the limbs, and made considerable progress in attaining that perfection which was afterwards attained by the Athenian artists. Yet it is easily to be seen, that in these statues the heads belong to an earlier school than the bodies ; they all present, in a great degree,



a likeness to each other; there is a sharpness of feature and peculiarity of appearance which was lost in a more improved state of the art, and which tends to show that in those early ages the busts of heroes and of gods had a sort of prescriptive character and resemblance. The features of all are sharp, the mouths are slightly opened, the eyes are long and narrow, the chins are long, and the foreheads low; the hair is brought down, which gives an oval form to the countenance, which would otherwise appear angular; the expression on the faces even of the wounded and dying, though in pain, is as yet if rejoicing in the ardour of the combat. The hair is in small knobs or curls, resembling shells, undulating and falling in spiral lines, down the back, and laboured with as much regularity as if the knobs or curls were to be numbered; this is known to be a characteristic of the earliest, or Archaic and Etruscan age. It is singular, that the figure of Minerva is so placed, that she seems in the act of turning; the cuirass that covers her breast, is smooth, but has evidently been inlaid with scales of gilt; on the edge has been a border of snakes of bronze, as some remains attached sufficiently prove; indeed the helmets of all the figures have been decorated and inlaid with metal ornaments, the holes for the insertion of which are visible. The same thing is also to be observed in the Parthenon sculptures. It was the practice of the ancient artists not only to colour their statues, but to ornament them with gold and ivory. Virgil says, in the first book of the *Æneid*, ver. 596—

"Quale manus addunt elori decus, aut ubi flavo  
Argentum, Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro."

"Like polished ivory, beauteous to behold,  
Or Parian marble, when enclosed in gold."

"No figures that have reached our times, exceed, if indeed they equal these in minuteness of execution and perfection of costume. Some of the figures are completely armed, with helmet, cuirass, and greaves; some of the helmets have visors, but none of them are down, the countenances of all are exposed. The helmets have lofty crests, which extend as low as the back, and form a complete defence to the neck. The shields are three feet and a half in diameter, form a complete circle, and have a boss or projection in the centre. The bows are small, and of the Indian or African shape, the ends return from the centre, and when tightened, form a crescent, the string passing over the bow. The defensive armour of one figure in particular is extremely curious: it is intended to represent leather, and fits tightly to the shape of the wearer, extending from the neck to the ancles; the arms are bare from the elbows, and on the head

is a Phrygian bonnet; the style of the features of this figure, have more of an Asiatic cast than the others. The manner of fastening on the armour is very carefully shown; the buckles and straps appear to have been of metal. All the figures show an advanced state of the arts. In the articulation of the bones there is great beauty, and the nicety of the execution of the joints and muscles can hardly be surpassed. By whom these sculptures were executed, cannot be determined; that they are of a much earlier age than those of the Parthenon, or of those of the Arcadian Temple of Phigalia, cannot be doubted. Allowing this to be a correct opinion, it would give them a date of near 600 years before the Christian æra. From the costume of the archer in the leathern armour, which is Asiatic, and some have thought Persian, it has been supposed that they might have been executed about the time of the battle of Salamis, but this can be nothing beyond conjecture.

"That the story described is far more likely to relate to the Trojan war is a better conjecture: the auxiliaries of Priam came from all parts of Asia. Sicyon, Corinth, and Egina, where the most ancient schools of sculpture. Callon, one of the earliest artists of Egina, is mentioned by Pausanias; he speaks of a statue of his, formed of wood and ivory, but says his style was hard. The most celebrated of a later date, were Glaucis and Onatus; these are mentioned by the same author in his second book; Glaucis made a chariot, drawn by four horses, for Galon, King of Syracuse, which was dedicated in the sacred grove at Olympia, on the occasion of his being declared victor in the chariot race. Those of Egisias also resembled in style the Tuscan, or Etruscan manner; these artists lived, in all probability, 500 or 550 years preceding the Christian era. The next we hear of was Calamon, "who was superior in his art." "*Duriora et Tuscanicis proxima Callon, atque Egisias jam minus rigida calamis,*" &c. (Quintilian, *Orat. Instit.*) But the most celebrated of all this school was Myron, whose famous statue is mentioned by Pliny and Quintilian. This statue is lost; the figure of the Discobolus in the Museum is supposed to have been a copy of it: to which of these sculptors we should attribute the fabrication of these figures must necessarily be uncertain, as the same dryness of manner, more or less, prevailed, in all their works—"Quid, tam distortum, et elaboratum, quam est ille Discobolus Myronis," &c. (Quintilian, *Orat. It.*), and no inscriptions were found in the ruins of the Temple from which they were taken. Both the eastern and western pediments of the building in which these statues were placed, have been

painted of different colours; the tympana have been coloured a light blue, the mouldings under and over the cornice red, and the superior moulding of the cornice in eucastic; the fragments which were found, were sufficiently preserved to show this, the greater part of the apex of the pediment being entire. The statues also were partially coloured; the mantle of Minerva was flame colour, and the arms and ornaments, it may be concluded, were of gilt bronze. What the effect of this may have been, when elevated on a magnificent front of architecture, the great depth of the pediment acting as a frame to a picture, we cannot determine, as it is not the fashion of our age, and indeed it would be a bold effort, for an artist now-a-days to make the attempt; but this is certain, that if that is to be accounted the perfectibility of art, which approaches the nearest to nature, the representation of a combat, or of any other legend, which is to be exhibited and preserved, would perhaps not appear less ineffectually represented if the figures of which it is composed, were arrayed in the colours they must have worn when in existence, rather than in the pale simplicity of marble. That this was the practice of the Grecian schools there are numberless facts to prove, and as none have exceeded, if indeed equalled it, in the taste for the sublime, the public of these days should be apt to pause, before they conclude that the ancient practice was wrong. The methods of the Roman artists were different; the pediments of their buildings, were more shallow than the Grecian, and bas reliefs, as appears from the fastenings which remain on the Parthenon and other edifices, succeeded that bolder style, the superiority of which has been acknowledged by the united suffrages of nation.

"Of the eastern pediment of the Temple there are but five figures perfect, although the fragments of fourteen were found, which have since been partially restored by Thorwaldsen; besides four female statues, which adorned the acroteria, they are far superior in design and execution to those already described; they also tell the story of a combat; in comparison with them, these, beautiful as they are, would seem as if the workmanship of the pupils, not those of the master. The whole of the casts from these sculptures are in the vaults of the Museum. When they were sold to the King of Bavaria, it was a condition of the purchase, that the public museums of Europe should have the liberty of taking copies; it is hoped, that as the nation has been deprived of a collection of sculptures, only yielding to the Elgin in beauty, and exceeding them in antiquity and preservation, that while tens of thousands were expended on that collection, which to the artist and the antiquary may be inesti-

mable, but the greatest part of which, to the public in general, appear but as so many headless, armless, and legless figures, and decayed blocks of marble, placed in beautiful confusion, and of which the value consisted principally, that they were part and parcel of that temple which Goth and Ottoman had spared, of that temple which the spectators affirmed groaned from its foundations, as they were torn by foreign hands from its venerable walls, the desecration of which, seemed an act of sacrilege."

With reference to the total absence of taste evinced by the authorities of the Museum in the way these casts are at present exhibiting there, surely some permanent disposition of them might be, or, perhaps, is to be effected in a way that would redound to the credit of the Trustees as well as the nation; or must a *self-elected* national committee come forward to take such matters generally under its protection?

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Despite the architectural inconveniences and incongruities of our present National receptacle, for the exhibition of modern British Art the present and 70th of the academy, seems very generally to be considered as highly creditable to the state and progress of painting in England:—A land where steam-engines and staple commodities, of all and every description engross so exclusively the attention and interests of high and low, rich and poor. The humanizing influences of art, in every department, are, and must make themselves, to a certain extent, visible on the character of a great nation like this; still we are far from the attainment—and it is a serious question with us, whether we ever shall attain generally, that elevated, enthusiastic feeling, which loves art—not merely for the sake of the momentary amusement it affords *pour passer le temps*, taste,—or for any appeal made by it to the animal passions,—but as the highest gift accorded by infinite wisdom for the purifying our baser natures, and elevating our minds at proper intervals, from "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth." But to descend from generalities to individualities—though history, portraiture of familiar life, and landscape, hold fairly their several and ordinary pro-

portions upon the walls, we recognize scarcely any addition of names coupled with striking genius, and on the other hand, with much regret, perceive a lamentable degeneration in the productions of some, whose names alone were, formerly, sufficient warranty for satisfaction and delight. Let us instance, in proof—

No. 60.—By Sir David Wilkie. *The First Council at Buckingham House*.—Apart from the extrinsic interest a picture of this description must necessarily bear from containing numerous portraits of noble and distinguished individuals, and correctness of drawing, it has little whereon to rest a claim to rank high as an effort of art. It contains, it is true, an interesting likeness of Her Majesty; but there is an absence of life pervading the groups, very unusual in this eminent artist's productions, and the peculiarity of tone by no means pleases us.

No. 201.—*The Bride at her Toilet, on the day of her Wedding*, is in his happiest style. His other contributions (four in number), we are sorry to say, are portraits.

At the productions of Mr. Howard, R.A., we must also confess, we gazed with great regret, so wholly unworthy are they of his former high fame. They not only frequently exhibit slovenliness of drawing, but his colouring partakes of the chalky meretricious glare which is so much deprecated in the modern French school.

Mr. Etty, however, keeps his stand most worthily; his No. 16.—*A Bivouac of Cupid and his Company*, is a charming composition. No. 490.—*A Nymph*; and No. 232.—*Miss Lewes in the character of a Flower Girl*, are both full of poetry, grace, and nature.

No. 420.—*The Converted Jew*; and No. 46.—*The Prodigal Son*; are altogether of a graver character, and evince the possession of a more severe and sober tone than common;—certainly most delightful to witness, as a decided step towards the correction of the glare, which has so long continued to detract from the ordinarily high merit of this talented artist.

Mr. Maclise, has, in two or three instances, been very successful; and could he wean himself from that wild

spirit of exaggeration, which at times almost touches upon caricature, we do not know any artist who has shown more rapid improvement of late.

No. 137.—*Salvator Rosa, painting his friend Massaniello*, is one of his happiest efforts.

No. 301.—*The Wood-ranger*; and 308.—*The Page with a brace of Pheasants*; both possess great merit: the latter is our favourite.

No. 512.—*Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall*, is a very elaborate composition, but very faulty in colour, and partaking generally of this artist's peculiar faults and excellencies.

Mr. Allan has (alas!) only one clever picture. No. 156.—*The Slave-market, Constantinople*.

Messrs. Pickersgill, Phillips, and Reinagle, and the President, Sir M. A. Shee, have contributed their quota of portraits, possessing their average and several excellencies.

What can we say of Mr. Ward's allegorical caricatures? for they deserve no other designation, however forcibly they may be painted; and must enter our protest against the poetical quotations affixed: we trust they are not also perpetrated by the worthy R.A.

Mr. Boxall is as graceful as usual. We regret he exhibits but two portraits—347 and 446.

Edwin Landseer has contributed six subjects from his unrivalled pencil—21 and 462, two noble dogs. But we must not be lynx-eyed in our gaze, and, by the dash of our pen exterminate many productions affixed to the walls of the Royal Academy.

THE SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.—There is a something of lightness and fitness in this Gallery, which gives at once to the visitor a sensation of pleasure: nor will the effect, this year, be found to be evanescent; for, amongst the various styles of British art assembled upon its walls, are pictures of great talent and considerable beauty. However invidious to notice some, when we cannot afford time or space to notice all, yet the following, in our humble judgment, awakened in us a just interest, as testified by the following memoranda:—

No. 108.—*Portrait of Dr. Thomas*

*Elliotson* : J. Ramsay ; is a well-finished picture, as well as a good likeness.

No. 107.—*The Ravine of the Desert, Mexico* : D. T. Egerton. In very good keeping, and altogether a clever picture, but hung in so low a situation as to present a most unfavourable light for the observer.

No. 122.—*Game in danger* : G. Stevens. Painted with great fidelity to nature, and one of the gems of the room.

No. 144.—*Rue de Moulins, Rouen* : C. F. Tomkins. The figures introduced amidst the picturesque architecture of that ancient city are cleverly sketched, and there is a breadth which reminds one of Stanfield.

No. 145.—*Rue des Quais, Caen* : L. J. Wood. A subject akin to the last-mentioned ; the water extremely well painted.

No. 188.—*Portrait of Lady Adelaide Webber and Child* : J. Holmes. A good picture ; the details boldly handled.

No. 316.—*An Allegorical Picture of Her most Gracious Majesty the Queen* : E. Latilla. Painted upon a very large scale, and, though not devoid of merit, it belongs to a class of art not altogether to our taste. The cream-coloured charger is well drawn ; his sorrowful eye seems to pine at the restraint inflicted by the bit.

No. 231.—*Children of Mrs. Goad* : F. T. Hurlstone. Natural, and consequently very pleasing.

No. 327.—*The Village Inn* : W. Shayer. A cheerful village scene peculiar to "Merry England"—a style of subject which must warm the heart of every gazer sufficiently unsophisticated to enter into the spirit of "sun-burnt mirth," and rustic revelry.

No. 343.—*Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen* : J. Boaden. The hair and dress cleverly put in, but the neck too long for Her Majesty's.

210.—*The Sibyl* : F. T. Hurlstone. Though a work of merit, yet not strongly characteristic enough of the weird sisterhood.

No. 252.—*Portrait of a Lady* : S. Lawrence. From every point of view this picture attracts and rivets attention from the easy gracefulness of figure.

No. 189.—*The Miser Alarmed* : H. E. Dawe. The almost shrieking alarm of

the harpagon portrays at once the childish value felt for his hoarded gold. The intent of the artist is caught at a glance—no small merit.

No. 195.—*Mrs James Campbell and Child* : F. T. Hurlstone. Beauty of nature and art combined.

No. 170.—*Sleep* : E. U. Eddis. Well executed.

No. 491.—*Portrait of a Lady* : J. Gray. The execution is good, but the accessories are not such as to win a favourable reception for the painting.

No. 429.—*Sunset after a Storm* : J. Tennant. A very pleasing picture, exhibits capabilities which hold out promise of undertaking and accomplishing greater things. There is a great deal of mind evinced in this landscape.

No. 434.—*Rue du Pont Amiens* : C. F. Tomkins. Of great merit—the artist treads most worthily in the steps of Canaletti.

No. 372.—*A Family Group* : T. Smart. The clever grouping of some fifteen persons in a canvass of such small dimensions is well deserving of attention and praise. There are several subjects in it, which taken singly, would doubtless be considered good portraits.

No. 157.—*The Anchorite at Devotion* : H. E. Dawe. A picture which must command attention in every point of detail ; although we had rather have beheld the sanctity of devotion portrayed by a calmer expression of pious assurance in the eye of an aged penitent.

No. 427.—*The Day-Dream* : S. Howell. The colouring charming, the damsel pretty. Much grace and elegance pervade the subject, which on many accounts cannot fail to please.

No. 414.—*Beach Scene* : J. Stark. Well exhibits the serenity of a calm sea-side sunset.

No. 386.—*The Little Catholics*. T. Roods. Very interestingly treated.

No. 159.—*The Duchess of Roxburgh* : A. Robertson. A clever water-colour drawing.

No. 10.—Mr. Hoffman is as usual excellent in his landscape ; in this instance, a scene on the river Greta, near Keswick, Cumberland, he has outdone himself. He is establishing for himself a lasting fame.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION.—No. 1.**—*Stratford going to Execution, and Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers of Cromwell*: A most honourable, and at the same time, a well-merited place has been assigned to this and another picture by the same hand, among the *chef-d'œuvres* by the old masters, of which the present highly interesting exhibition is composed. With every natural predilection for native talent, joined to an earnest desire to foster it to the utmost of our ability, we cannot refrain from remarking, that were our historical painters of the present day but to produce works of art comparable to these admirable illustrations of English history, we dare venture to affirm, that, no matter where exhibited, artists would no longer experience lack of fame, fortune, or patronage. The subdued firmness, and high-bred grace pourtrayed in the figure of the condemned Stafford kneeling to receive the blessing of Bishop Laud, whose hands are with difficulty stretched forth to Heaven, through the iron grating of the cell, in order to bestow it, is most forcibly painted, and exquisitely touching. The same may be applied to the calm and dignified resignation of the unfortunate Charles, disturbed at his prayers by the insults of Cromwell's ruffian soldiers, who are seen puffing tobacco smoke in the monarch's face; yet the monarch remains undisturbed even by a frown, or the contraction of a muscle. A truly beautiful conception, and reflecting the highest honour upon the school from which it emanates; nay, we think, founds. We had, some time ago, occasion to praise our continental neighbours for choosing the same subject.

**No. 7.**—*Portrait*: by Gorgione. In drawing, admirable, and in tone, clear and sparkling as a jewel. The polished cuirass looks as though it would reflect one's features, *veluti in speculum*.

**No. 27.**—*A Passage—Karl du Jardin*: The effect of evening exquisitely soothing to one gazing upon this landscape, amid the dust, heat, and glare of "leafy June," in London.

**No. 32.**—*Cavalier on Horseback*: A sketch; but a most finished one, by Velasquez. For colour and spirit not to be surpassed.

**No. 98.**—*A Man in his Study*: by

Bramer. A very brilliant production, and exceedingly like Rembrandt, in effect.

**No. 62.**—*Christ Bearing the Cross*: Caravaggio. A fine picture, upon which we have only to remark further, that the head of the principal figure, that representing the Saviour, looks more like the one which should appertain to either of the thieves, and that rather the worse of the two. This is the only defect in an otherwise splendid performance.

**No. 47.**—*A Landscape*: Much in this composition is truly beautiful.

**No. 74.**—*Portrait*: A very dignified head, painted with great force.

**No. 57.**—*Cavaliers Playing Draughts*: Eckhout. So named, which baptism we very much question. A perfect *bijou*, however, and a splendid specimen of the Flemish school.

**No. 48.**—*Carlo Dolce*. Exceedingly lovely, and one of those specimens of touch and colour from this master's hand, which testify the appropriateness of the cognomen he bears—*Dolce*.

**No. 125.**—A very strange piece, whether as regards subject or treatment; representing witches and demons at their incantations. It would present a good illustration from Goëthe's *Faust*, and is altogether a very amusing piece of diablerie. The arabesque border with its devices, is as quaint as the group it encloses.

**Ns. 139.**—*Portraits of Doges*: by Titian. All superlatively fine.

**No. 140.**—*Dead Game*. A superb Weenix; but belonging to a class of art, to which the highest praise we are disposed to award, is—clever as far as it goes.

**No. 12.**—*Portrait of the Dutch translator of the Homer*: Rembrandt. Exhibiting all, and even more than ordinary, of that extraordinary force and depth of *chiaro-oscuro*, for which he is so justly celebrated; at the same time devoid of that peculiar Dutch feeling of vulgarity, which is commonly associated with even the finest productions of this school.

**No. 128.**—*Albano*. Cold, and classically beautiful, like many other mythological subjects from the same pencil.

**No. 41.**—*A Man Drinking*: Murillo.

One of those wonderful life-like productions of the celebrated Spaniard.

No. 36.—*Portrait of a Cavalier*: Velasquez. Although the pose of the figure would be impossible, without the balance afforded by the cap, which is curiously put on, it is a rich and magnificent portrait; the colouring as brilliant as in any of Titian's paintings, whose works, Mengs says, were greatly surpassed by Velasquez; "*Dans l'intelligence du clair obscur, et dans la perspective aeriennne.*"

No. 141.—Canaletti. A cold evening sunlight view in Venice. The effect produced upon the mind by the dwelling upon this picture, is truly wonderful, so great is the care, correctness, and truth with which it is painted; there is a pervading freshness and vitality which proclaims the triumph of art, and that too, elicited from not the most congenial of subjects, heavy masses of inelegant architecture, unrelieved by a sufficiency of foliage.

No 63.—*Dutch Boors Merry making*: Jan Stein. We are really surprised at the singular want of judgment shown by the Directors of the British Institution, in admitting this wretchedly painted picture upon their walls; it could only have been placed there by way of foil, to enhance the brilliancy and value of the gems by which it is surrounded.

No. 115.—A picture painted after the manner of Watteau, when that school was on the decline; but very beautiful in arrangement of colour, of which it presents a perfect *bouquet*.

No. 117.—A most vigorous sketch by Rubens: a study for a picture.

No. 87.—*Holy Family*: Andrea del Sarto. One of the finest productions of this artist with which we are acquainted.

No. 92.—Greuze. Quite unworthy of a place in this collection, and we very much question its originality.

No. 85.—*Fruit and Flowers*: Van Os. Painted with great fidelity to nature. We would direct our readers to look at the bunches of currants, and if their mouths do not water, all we can say, is, that their tastes differ very much from ours.

No. 86.—*L'Evantail*: Rubens. Portrait of a Dutch lady holding a fan, thereby naming the picture. It is a

sparkling head with a rich crimson-toned background, warming up the flesh most magically.

No. 94.—*A Group of Ecclesiastics*: Remarkable for the true religious fervour imprinted on every countenance of the group, particularly on that of the young man holding up the palm-branch.

No. 119.—*Christ Scourged*: A terrific piece of reality; for force and expression one of the most powerful examples of drawing we ever remember to have seen.

In conclusion, we cordially congratulate and thank the Directors and contributors to the present Exhibition of the Institution, equally for the rich treat the walls of the gallery furnishes forth to the amateur, as for the valuable and varied studies which the *chef-d'œuvres* selected from continental schools, thus present to the students and patrons of the arts in Great Britain.

**LEDA AND THE SACRED BIRD.**—This exquisite painting, which some day we trust to see adorning the walls of our National Gallery, is attributed by the proprietor J. Isaacs to Leonardo da Vinci. None can, indeed, behold it without acknowledging that it possesses surpassing merit. Add to this, the peculiar twist of the swan's neck, marks a delicacy and persuasiveness of passion which indeed none but a master-hand could have thought of infusing into the breast of *one of the feathered tribe*. The contour of the limbs of Leda, the graceful undulation of the whole frame, the perfect drawing of the feet with the demi-tints which play so enchantingly in light and shade, around the sunny softness which suffuses the features, rivet the beholder:—

"There, for ever there, chained to the chariot of triumphant art,  
We stand as statues and would not depart."

**THE RECUMBENT TITIAN VENUS.**—This charming Venus, in the St. James's Gallery, *has eyes*, bright and brilliant, gazing on each of her admirers. The repose of the limbs closely resembles that in the Fitzwilliam collection as Cambridge. The head, however, it altogether of a different character—that

of a sun-burnt ruddy peasant girl, and, in all probability, a faithful portraiture of the living proportions which, in the pride of youth, health, and exceeding loveliness *yielded* themselves at the shrine of art as a votive model. This Venus, although it loses of the ideal in contrast with the sister and more classic chef-d'œuvre by the same hand at Cambridge—a nude and sitting female, is nevertheless atoned for by the wakeful and animated consciousness with which she gleams with life, as the eye attentively studies the varied combinations of light and shade by which the illusion is effected. It is strange, however, how very closely the countenance resembles that of Mary II., except in the darkness of the features, and a certain air *de paysanne*.

**THE COSMORAMA, REGENT STREET.**—The progress made in every department of art, is indeed surprising. In a minute after quitting the gay and bustling throng in Regent Street, we found ourselves among “the tombs in the valley leading to Palmyra, and its ruins;” it is, however, impossible to enter into a minute detail, for the City of Constantina, with the breach apparent, which was made lately by the French, La Mer de Glace, the City of Algiers, the interior of St. Peter's, the new Devil's Bridge, St. Gothard, most accurately depicted, were successively presented to our wandering but attentive gaze. All of these admirably represent the objects upon a large scale, and with an illusion truly astonishing. Algiers pleased us the least, and “Palmyra in Ruins and her Tombs,” the most.

**SIGNIOR GAGLIARDI'S MECHANICAL MUSEUM.**—A very ingenious exhibition of wax automaton figures, richly costumed, and formed into moveable groups, surrounded by appropriate scenery, is now exhibiting by Signior Gagliardi. By means of concealed machinery, varied motion is given to the eyes, limbs, and heads, and even a semblance of respiration. The group of Androcles and the wounded lion, whose very roar being feigned, is exceedingly illusive. A representation of the Slave

Market at Constantinople, and a tableau on a very extensive scale, representing Coriolanus on the walls of Rome, with the Volscian army composed of three hundred figures, form very striking features in this novel and attractive exhibition.

**TYPORAMA OF THE UNDERCLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.**—We recently noticed this exhibition as one of attractive interest; but a more leisurely inspection induces us now to speak of it as a model of great intrinsic merit, and in bringing it again before the public in general, as a work of art, and science combined, we cannot help expressing our satisfaction at the very beautiful manner in which the country is exemplified; and the scientific world will have cause to praise highly, the talent of the artist who has planned and perfected this trigonometrical model.

The Typorama is a map model of the Undercliff, Isle of Wight, on the scale of three feet to the mile, extending from Shaoklin to Black Gang Chine. The work was altogether undertaken from scientific motives, by a gentleman of fortune, with a view to show the advantage offered by the adoption of map-modelling over the method at present in use for mapping, to obviate the great defect of maps and plans which the engraver's skill has hitherto been unable to overcome, namely, that maps merely represent the base of the irregularities of the surface of our globe, whilst on the contrary, map-models delineate the hypothencuse, or slopes of all elevations, as well as the base. Every undulation of the surface of the hills, valleys, and plains, appear also in map-models with distinctness and tangible reality, which contrast **strongly** with the *faint* impressions made to the eye, through the medium of the engraved lines of a map.

When railroads and canals are about to be formed, estimates are usually given of the expense and time required for the different cuttings and excavations; but from the mode now adopted, it is almost impossible to arrive at accuracy, either as to outlay, or time requisite for the accomplishment of such works. Whereas, by the use of such map-models, data would be acquired, on which the most accurate calculations might be founded, and this, by putting such companies to very little more expense than that of the survey, which the order of the House of Commons obliges them to incur. It would indeed, have been a fortune to this gentleman, had he but exhibited his model a few years ago, since we feel almost confident that the legislature would, in almost every instance of dispute, such as that exhi-

bited by the Brighton Railway companies, have required a survey and modelling of this description to have been prepared for them. However, there are yet many great public undertakings which will requite the exercise of this gentleman's talent, and we feel confident in the result. To speak again of the work before us, for the purpose of composing the model, an accurate trigonometrical survey was first taken, and some notion may be formed of the labour which has been bestowed upon this work of art, when we state that very nearly ten miles in length of the coast, and three in breadth, have been compressed into the short space of twenty-five feet in length, by six in breadth, and yet in a manner so accurately correct, that not only every field-path and house, but even the most minute objects, the steps, for instance, of the houses, are visible to the naked eye, and most distinctly perceptible through the magnifying glasses with which the model is surrounded. Being also painted from nature, it is as interesting to the observer as any

panoramic view, and far more tangible. Around the room are stored divers fossils, which have been collected on the spot, to exemplify the geological strata; there is also a collection of the principal seaweeds, plants, and insects, found in the isle. Well do we remember the delight we once had in traversing nearly all round and across, in every direction, this interesting and much frequented spot, and we should have been most glad, had we become previously (as by such a model we could have been in a quarter of an hour), with all the twistings, turnings, heights and depths of the singular and most picturesque of our fashionable watering places—the Isle of Wight.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—It is long since we spoke of the progress of this great undertaking. During such a throng of visitors in town, we feel satisfied that the curious cannot inspect any place from which they will return more content.

### Music of the Month, Concerts, &c.

"*Io t' Amo.*"—Music composed by the Hon. HEENRIETTA MARIA BEAUCLERK. Words by Carlo Pepoli. A very elegant romanza in the canzonetta style. We can honestly say that believing it to be, and looking at it as a first effort, it evinces exceeding good taste; a true feeling of the Italian school of expression, and a talent for lyric composition, most delightful to witness in the fair amateur, a successful emulant of the sister muse—Poetry. We subjoin the Italian of Carlo Pepoli:—

"Nel dir Alfredo in t' amo  
Sento al mio sen ristoro  
Ma dir quant' io t' adoro,  
Lingua mortal non può.  
Ma dir quant' io t' adoro  
Lingua mortal non può.

"Sei lungi, ed io ti chiamo  
Sei presso ed io sospirò  
Son teco ed io deliro  
Parlar, tacer non so.  
Son teco, ed io deliro  
Parlar, tacer non so.

"Nel dir mio bene io t' amo  
Sento che sià la vita,  
Vo in estasi rapita  
Nel dir io tua sarò  
Vo in estasi rapita  
Nel dir io tua sarò.

"Viver con tè sol bramò  
E fida al primo amore  
S'io spiro sul tuo core  
Beata io spirerò.

"*We shall meet no more.*"—Ballad written by the Hon. MRS. NORTON. A pretty, plaintive, simple air, the out-breathing, apparently, of a broken spirit; but not very remarkable, in point of originality, as regards either its melodic or poetic phrases.

"We shall meet no more by the sunny hills  
Where the lonely wild flower springs and  
dies;

We shall meet no more by the murmur'ing  
rills

Where the cool blue waters softly rise.  
The sunshine and flowers all bright remain  
In their lonely beauty as of yore;

But to me they'll never be bright again;  
We shall meet no more, we shall meet no  
more.

We shall meet no more in the lighted halls,  
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts;  
I may list in vain as each footstep falls,  
I may watch in vain as each form departs.  
There are laughing voices, but thy young tone,  
Its cheerful greeting has ceased to pour;  
Thy form from the dancing train has gone,  
We shall meet no more, we shall meet no  
more.



"*Diadeste*," an opera buffa, composed by M. W. BALFE.

"*I met her in the wreathed halls*."—Sung by Mr. Templeton. A pretty *cantabile* ballad

"*The Rose King*."—Sung by Miss Poole. A wild, graceful romance, in a minor key, arranged with an *ad libitum* chorus, changing to the relative major of the solo movement.

"*My bark is bounding near*."—This very sweet serenade is delightfully sung in the opera, by its talented composer. We rank it as the gem of the solos.

"*Life is but a summer day*."—Duet, sung by Messrs. Phillips and Templeton. A charming duet, the words and music exceedingly well-adapted.

"*Diadeste, charming play*."—Sung, by Miss Romer and Mr. Templeton. The characteristic melody of the opera, a brilliant *allegro grazioso*, several times repeated during the piece, both as a duet, and in a concerted form.

"*Softly down the brow of evening*."—Scena by Miss Romer. A rather florid composition, which requires considerable power of execution, to give it proper effect, and even possessing such powers without considerable taste, there is full exercise for talent to perfect the execution of the different passages.

MRS. HENRY MASON'S NEW MUSICAL ANNUAL.—Words by RICHARD JOHNS, Esq. We are not very friendly to this species of compilation, being in most cases, little more than a concocted dose of flattery,

administered to some name flourishing over the dedication page. We do not mean to allege this of the work under review; it is prettily got up, and reflects considerable taste upon the fair composer and selector. The music and words, are both upon a par, with respect to their several merits.

"*I love but thee*."—Ballad by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. Arranged by Pio Cianchettini. A new edition of an old and very charming song—of a species rarely met with, now-a-days.

MISS COOPER and HERR ERNST gave, in conjunction, a delightful concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, to a crowded and fashionable audience. The excellent programme for the evening's entertainment, led indeed, to great expectation. The fair and talented *beneficiare* possesses a voice of great sweetness, flexibility, and power. The beautiful aria, "*Non mi dir*," touched the hearts of her auditors. In the sweet ballad by Reinbault, "*Happy Land*," she was equally successful. The duetto buffo, "*Io di tutto*," was delightfully sung by Miss Cooper and De Begnis, who were deservedly encored, as was also that which must be a favourite with every one,—" *J'ai de l'argent*!" sung by the latter. Wilson gave with pathos, "*My boyhood's Home*." Miss Cooper gave a French romance, "*Philomèle*," with charming effect. The flute *obligato* was delightfully played by Herr Ernst, and also a concerto full of playful sweetness. Miss Cooper played Czerny's brilliant variations on the piano-forte "*Le petit Tambour*," with great brilliancy of execution, delicacy, and firmness of touch.

Count Pepoli, Professor of Italian literature at the University of London, is giving a series of Lectures on Music, at the Marylebone Institution. Count Pepoli was an intimate friend of Bellini, and is the author of two *libretti* of the *Somnambula* and the *Puritani*. His amusing and instructive lecture we are sorry to see so little attended. Elsewhere, in our present number, are given the words of a very charming song, "*Io t'amo*," written by this talented foreigner, and set to music by the Hon. Henrietta M. Beauclerk.

Ahmed Fethi Pasha, a distinguished vizier, who filled the office of Ottoman ambassador, at Vienna, had been sent by the sultan to represent his Highness at the approaching coronation of her Majesty, but having been detained by illness at Malta, Sarim Effendi, the resident ambassador in London, will fill that honourable situation. His Excellency intends giving a series of grand entertainments, and on the day of the coronation, a

splendid illumination and exhibition of fireworks in front of the embassy in the Regent's Park.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution Dinner, at Freemason's Tavern. Sir D. Ackland, Bart. in the chair. It was announced at the anniversary meeting on the 23rd of June, that Her Majesty voluntarily signified her intention to be the patroness of the society; This intimation was received with loud applause. The following donations were collected in the course of the evening. The Duke of Sutherland, 10*l.*; Lord Francis Egerton, 5*l.*; Lord Northwick, 15*l.*; Duke of Norfolk, 10*l.*; Marquis of Westminster, 50*l.*; Sir T. D. Ackland, 5*l.*; Mr. Ackland, M.P., 200*l.*, by bequest from Lord Farnborough; Sir M. A. Shee, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Mr. Phillips, R. A., 5*l.*; Sir J. Rennie, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Sir D. Wilkie, 5*l.*; Sir D. Chantrey, twenty guineas; the amount collected during the evening, was 444*l.*

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

[The Second Issue of this Magazine for June contained Plates exclusively of *Walking Dresses*; Paris, June 10.]

## July Fashions.

Paris, June 24.

Plate 13.—*Evening, or Summer Ball Dress* of white thin muslin. The corsage low, à l'enfant, with a deep revers of pelerine décolletée round the bosom. Long, full sleeves, with three frills, put on at top, and a deep poignet (wrist) formed of the sleeve itself, gathered (in small gathers) into four very narrow bands; two rows of insertion, *entredeux*, are let into the bottom of the skirt of the dress. Hair, in smooth bands as far as the tip of the ear, it is then braided, brought very low at the sides of the face, and afterwards twisted up with the back hair, which is in two *rouleaux*, rather low towards the back of the head; two full-blown roses are placed on the left side, one on the other. White silk stockings, black satin shoes, pale lemon-coloured kid gloves, coloured ceinture with long ends fastened in front.

The dress of the second figure is precisely similar, with the difference of the material of the dress, this one being cedar colour satin.

No. 14.—*Dinner and Evening Dress*. Dress of *mousseline de laine* embroidered all over in detached bouquets, done

in tambour work (*au crochet*) and in twisted silks. Corsage low, cut slightly *en cœur*, at the bosom, fitting perfectly tight to the bust, and without *à point*. Long full sleeves brought low upon the shoulder (see plate) in very minute plaits, and retained by two small bands or *poignets*. At the commencement of the full part of the sleeve is a narrow frill, cut on the cross way of the material, and put on without any fullness whatever; the outside of the sleeve is ornamented with a bow of satin ribbon, with long ends, a second small bow is placed on the upper part of the wrist. (See plate.) The skirt of the dress has two flounces at bottom, the upper rather less deep than the lower. Dress cap of blonde, ornamented with green or pink ribbons; the crown is as plain as possible, and the trimming, consisting of deep borders of blonde, intermixed with green or pink ribbons, exceedingly full at each side of the face. (See plate.) Long blonde lappets are in lieu of *brides* or strings; hair in smooth bands. Black satin shoes; white kid gloves.

The sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

PORTRAIT OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA: Drawn by J. Duffett Francis; engraved by Lewis. This is a very excellent likeness, conveying to the beholder that sweet expression of dignified simplicity which is so attractive a feature in Her Majesty's countenance.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS: from the picture painted for the Town-hall of Dover; dedicated by Mr. Boys to Her most gracious Majesty. This is indeed a treasure of an engraving, 24 in. by 20, or

thereabouts, with all the freshness of superior art. We have seen neither engraving nor picture of late which has given us greater satisfaction. Whilst we have this to gaze upon, we shall, in a degree at least, console ourselves for the absence (officially) of the noble Duke from the grand procession of the 28th of June.

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.—Messrs. Griffin and Hyams have issued a Medal, commemorative of Her Majesty's Coronation, which has a very passable resemblance to that exalted individual.

## THEATRES.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—With the exception of Covent Garden, where "Woman's Wit" shines nightly with additional splendour, universal dulness seems to have enveloped the various establishments; so we must confine ourselves to Her Majesty's Theatre.

Taking the novelties according to their dates, Donizetti's opera of "*Parisina*" was produced on the first ultimo. The story is nearly the same as that of Lord Byron's Poem. Grisi sustained the part of the heroine; Rubini that of Hugo; and Tamburini the stern inexorable Azzo. The music is not of the first order for originality, although there are many pleasing airs in the opera, which by the bye has been got up in the most complete manner. The Ducal hall and gardens in the first act, and the illuminated gallery in the second are master pieces of scenic art.

On the 5th appeared for the first time this season, the ever fascinating Taglioni. She danced a *pas de deux* with Signor Guerra, and went through two acts of "La Sylphide."

We pass on to Madame Persiani's benefit, which took place on the 7th, when Rossini's opera "*Matilda di Shabran*," was performed to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. This opera was originally written for the Carnival at Rome in the year 1821; and the plot chiefly consists in the love of a Saracen prince, in the time of the crusades, for a Christian captive, Matilda di Shabran, which two characters were beautifully supported by Rubini and the fair beneficiare. Tamburini and Lablache also took parts in the opera—the latter, a highly comic one. Taglioni added the same performances to the bill of fare as on the night of her first appearing.

We close our list of novelties with the benefit of M. Paul Taglioni which took place on the 14th of June, Comarosa's opera "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*," being revived for the occasion—Persiani taking the part of Carolina. But the grand attraction was an entirely new ballet entitled "*Miranda, ou le Naufrage*," the idea of which has been evidently taken from "*The Tempest*." It consisted of three tableaux, in each of which Taglioni danced a different *pas*. The first scene is on the sea shore. Guyman (Guerra) a young Spaniard, is shipwrecked and saved from death by the nymph Miranda (Taglioni), daughter of the Genius of Good. The nymph and the Spaniard become the victims of a mutual passion, and, faithful to his love,

the youth pays no regard to the other inhabitants of the isle. The *pas* introduced by Taglioni in this tableau is a bow and arrow dance, in the course of which she shoots an arrow off the wing and bounds across the stage, waving a bow over her head in the pure recklessness of a child of nature. In the second tableau the Genius, to put Guzman's affection to the test, encloses his daughter in a fairy case, composed of gauze, through which the lover may gaze on the idol of his heart but cannot touch her. Soon, however, she quits the veil, and strews a line of roses as the barrier between herself and Guzman. This gives rise to an ingenious *pas de deux*—Guzman springing to the side of Miranda, while she at the same instant bounds over to his, so that they are still separated by the roses. At last Guzman removes the flowers, and his mistress disappears. The third tableau is a fairy palace, to which the Genius conducts Guzman, and, finding his love sincere, unites him to his daughter. The scenery is exceedingly beautiful and the groupings managed with great skill: in our opinion the Shipwreck deserves to become a first rate favourite.

We should not neglect to mention that on the night that Taglioni first introduced her new mazurka, which is a combination of Polish, Russian, and Cossack movements, she had the honour to be encored by our most gracious majesty, the Queen.

**THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—It is said this pretty establishment will open on the 2nd July, with the following Company:—Peake, manager; T. Cooke, musical director; Baker, stage manager; Seguin; Compton; Manvers; Frazer; Wieland; W. Bennett; Brindall; M'lan; Miss Rainsforth; Mrs. E. Seguin; Poole; Melville; Simon; and Farebrother. We wish them success.

**OLYMPIC.**—This theatre closed on the night of the 31st May, when Madame Vestris delivered the following appropriate address:—

"Ladies and gentlemen.—It has been my practice to address a few words to you on the last night of each season; it would ill become me to omit doing so when we are about to part for a longer time than usual.

"Offers of so liberal a nature have been made to me from America, that no one who

labours for ultimate independence would be justified in declining them.

"Eight seasons of continuous success, unexampled, I really believe, in theatrical annals, major or minor, have stamped with an indelible mark of public approbation the system I had the honour to introduce in this theatre.

"That system was simply to set before you in the best manner, and as far as the Lord Chamberlain's license would admit, of the best entertainments I could procure, to realize the illusion of the scene by an unflinching outlay upon proper costume, and careful attention to the decorations of the stage. Your constant attendance has shown that efforts, however humble, to elevate the dramatic art, are not wasted upon a British public, and liberality has proved the best economy.

"Great as has been the favour which I have ever experienced at your hands, and highly as you have been pleased to estimate whatever requisite for the stage I may possess, I am convinced that the great success of the Olympic is more owing to the manageress than to the actress: and I have, therefore, no fear that Madame Vestris's Theatre will lack support in Madame Vestris's absence, especially when it shall be found that the Olympic is conducted pre-

cisely on the same principles, and that it will boast next season a comic company adequate in point of numbers to all its wants, and not to be surpassed in point of individual excellence by the united theatres of the metropolis.

"I have great pleasure in adding, that I am promised the best exertions of all those dramatic writers of whose works you have been accustomed to approve. And now that I have told you what you have to expect, promise me that when the cat's away you will come and see the mice play.

"Seriously, and in conclusion, I wish you, ladies and gentlemen, earnestly and sincerely that good fortune, which I am sure you wish me, and I bid you for a season respectfully and most gratefully farewell."

The company presented Madame Vestris, we understand, with a splendid perrideaux and brilliant bracelet, engraved "To Madame Vestris, a token of affectionate regard, from the company of the Royal Olympic Theatre, May 31, 1838," manufactured by Makepeace and Walford, of Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Madame Vestris and her company have (as usual after *finally* taking leave) been performing for a limited number of nights at the Haymarket.

### THOUGHTS ON TWILIGHT SEA-SCENERY.

BY TENNANT LACHLAN, AUTHOR OF "THE MILL CHURCH," &c. &c.

The chariot of day now rolls on the billow  
Through the gates of the golden west;  
And the last pale light illumines the pillow  
Where the heroes of England rest.

The zephyr is softly and fondly sighing  
O'er the lids of the scented rose;  
The hum of the world to silence is dying,  
And echoes are seeking repose.

Where the white jasmine twines, the bees are winging,  
Well freighted with sweets to their cell;  
And, o'er a cradle, a mother is singing  
The slumberer's lullaby spell.

A star from the skies most slyly is peeping  
'Tween the leaves of a closing flower;  
The bird in its nest, with its mate is sleeping,  
Where the trees of the forest lower.

I gaze, as the veil of twilight is shading,  
Alike both the sad and the gay;  
And oft I long, as the sunbeams are fading,  
Far, to fly on their wings away.

MR. RIDDLE'S UNIVERSAL PEN-HOLDER is upon a new and improved construction, by the introduction of a small spring, which keeps open one portion of the extremity between which, and the usually formed penholder, the pen is introduced by a sliding ring, which falls from the upper extremity of the staff; the power of the spring is counteracted, and a lower adjunct or jaw firmly closed upon the pen, so that, according to the will of the writer, greater or less elasticity can be given to the pen. This neat and simple improvement, executed in silver, is equally applicable to steel or other pens.

*The Caravanseras* are an extraordinary establishment. They are immense buildings, generally with one large dome in the middle, and a smaller one at the extremity of either wing; within these is room for a considerable number of persons and their horses. They are open gratis to every traveller; there is a recess for each man whereupon to spread his bedding, and standing room for his horse. According to the old Mahometan law, wherever there was a mosque there should be a caravansera. There is no other country which has such hospitable institutions as that of affording shelter for man and horse without requiring payment: unfortunately the decay of these noble buildings has kept pace with the progress of civilization: we found most of them in ruins which rendered them much more picturesque but less serviceable.

So much did the taste for resemblances in wax prevail during the reign of Louis XVI., that he, the queen, all the members of the royal family, and most of the eminent characters of the day, submitted to Madame Tussaud, whilst she took models from them; and when the ambassadors of Tippoo Saib were at Paris, the royal family amused themselves with the credulity of the Indians; after they had seen the public exhibition of M. Curtius, of wax figures, they were shown, as they supposed, such as were at the palace of Versailles; but instead of their being placed under the glass cases, prepared to receive them, the courtiers themselves entered them, whilst the king and queen were highly amused with the remarks of the Indians, who were much struck with the wax figures, as they imagined them to be, so exactly imitating life.

About this period, as superstition held its sway more in France than at present, a prophecy by Mademoiselle Bruce de Périgord, a relation of Talleyrand, created a powerful

sensation; although she had declared it for six or seven years before, yet persons were still expecting the fulfilment of the predictions of this modern Cassandra. She was an abbess, and about the close of the reign of Louis XV., she foretold that there would be a revolution in France; that for a long period there would be neither king nor queen in France, but that there would be a sort of chaos, which would be ultimately succeeded by a succession of monarchs, which would endure for ever. That it required no supernatural power to foresee that a revolution must take place in France, all must be agreed, as it was often threatened, and dreaded, during the reign of Louis XV.: to which event Madame du Barry alluded, when she said to that monarch, pointing to a picture of Charles I. of England—"If you had not a minister sufficiently courageous to resist the efforts of your Parliaments, and to brave their threats, they would treat you as he was treated." The fact is, that France, for fifty years prior to the Revolution, had been existing with a volcano raging within her vitals, which must burst, sooner or later; and, whenever it did, chaos must be, for a time at least, the consequence; therefore, "it needed no ghost to tell us that," nor any one endued with the cabalistic art to foretell the convulsion which since occurred. With regard to the correctness of the race of kings and queens which are to endure for ever, we must leave for posterity to decide. Mademoiselle de Périgord was the superior of the convent of St. Clerc, at Paris, and performed a pilgrimage to Rome, telling Pope Pius VI. that he would be hurled from his throne and imprisoned; the verifying of these warnings, and the fact of her giving up the money and silver of her convent to the nation, during the Revolution, caused her to be regarded at Paris with a respectful veneration. She sat to Madame Tussaud for her portrait, in 1799, having survived the storm she predicted, and lived to a very advanced age.—*Madame Tussaud's Memoirs.*

*Mildness is the leading characteristic of the Turkish Character.*—The Turks, as servants, are remarkably faithful, and the feeling of hospitality is carried to such a romantic excess, that even a band of robbers are awed by it. If you can once enter their camp, and say you claim their hospitality, you are not only safe from them, but they would defend you against the attacks of others, considering you as under their protection; but had they met you within a certain distance of their bivouac, before you could have claimed their hospitality, and thereby touched their honour, they would have made free with your property and perhaps with your life.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

MAY 30.—After granting an audience to Viscount Melbourne, Her Majesty took a carriage drive.

The Duke of Sussex afterwards gave a state entertainment to Her Majesty, at Kensington Palace. The following were invited to meet the Queen at dinner:—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Argyll, the Marchioness of Westminster, the Marquises Landowne and Conyngham, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, the Earl and Countess of Lichfield, the Earl of Albemarle, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Countess of Leicester, Viscount Melbourne, Lady Cecilia Underwood, Lord John Churchill, Mr. Stephenson, Lord Dinorben, Lady Mary Stephenson, Lady Mary Stopford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne (Lady in Waiting on the Queen), The Maid of Honour in Waiting, and Lady Theresa Digby.

The service used on this occasion, was silver. In the centre of the dinner table, was the magnificent silver candelabrum, presented this year to H. R. H., by his "affectionate brethren, the English Freemasons," on the Royal Duke having completed the term of 25 years, as Grand Master of the Fraternity. The candelabrum forms a beautiful circular temple, supported by fluted Corinthian columns. On the top of the dome, is a small statue, with figures at each pedestal; the whole elaborately ornamented with Masonic emblems. At the end of the apartment was a baupied of gold.

Her Majesty was evidently much gratified, by this mark of affection from her Royal Uncle, and graciously condescended to be even only as a guest, amongst the other distinguished visitors.

H. M. the Queen Dowager, took a carriage airing to Kensington, in a pony phaeton and four.

The Princess Augusta, took an airing in Regent's Park, in an open barouche and four.

June 1.—Viscount Melbourne, had the honour of an audience.

The Duke and Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured Her Majesty's Theatre, with their presence.

The Princess Augusta, visited the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Duke of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

2.—Viscount Melbourne, and Lord John Russell, had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty had a dinner party at the New Palace, many Foreign Ambassadors were present.

The Band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards attended.

H. M. the Queen Dowager, took a drive to Bushy-park.

3.—Her Majesty and Her August mother, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York, from the 2nd chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the 4th, 5th, and 6th verses. Prayers were read by the Sub-dean, and the lessons by the Rev. C. Welsey, and J. H. Dakins; the altar service, by the Bishop of London and the Sub-dean. The commandments and chaunt were (by command of Her Majesty), Sale's in B. The Anthem "Let God arise," (Greene), was sung by Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, and J. B. Sale. Sir G. Smart, presided at the organ.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel.

The Sacrament was administered by the Bishop of London, and the Sub-dean. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, attended the service.

Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, had a dinner party. Invitations were sent H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, the Danish Minister, and Baroness Blome the Netherlands Minister, and Mad. Dedel, the Hanoverian Minister, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, Baron Bourqueney, French Charge d'Affaires; Baron Bentinck, Baron Lebzelter, and Col. Jones.

Her Majesty took a carriage airing in an open barouche, attended by Countess Mulgrave.

4.—Her Majesty, after granting an audience to Viscount Melbourne, left town at twenty minutes before four o'clock, in an open barouche and four, escorted by a party of Lancers, for Windsor Castle, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and Countess Mulgrave, Lady in waiting. Two open

carriages and four followed; one containing Lady Flora Hastings, Lady in waiting on the Duchess of Kent; Hon. Miss Dillon, Lady Theresa Digby, and Colonel Wemyss; the other, the Hon. Miss Paget, the Baroness Lehzen and Miss Davye. The royal party entered the park by the marble arch. A crowd of spectators was present.

The Queen Dowager took an airing in the afternoon in a pony phaeton and four: also H.R.H. the Princess Augusta, in a carriage and four.

Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar left town to attend the Eton Montem. His Serene Highness is on a visit at Frogmore Lodge, the residence of H.R.H. the Princess Augusta.

Viscount Melbourne left town for one day for Windsor.

5.—Her Majesty, after honouring the Eton Montem, high Salt Hill, with her presence, but without following in the boys' procession, returned with the royal suite to town, at twenty minutes past four o'clock from Windsor Castle, in an open barouche and four—One hundred pounds minus for Salt! In the evening the Queen and Duchess of Kent honoured Her Majesty's theatre with their presence. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were also present to witness the *debut* of Mademoiselle Tagliani.

The Queen Dowager took a drive to Chelsea in a pony phaeton. The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty at Marlborough House.

The Princess Augusta, attended by Miss Wynyard, walked in Kensington Gardens.

Prince George was present at Eton, to attend the Eton Montem.

Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar returned to Marlborough House.

6.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent gave her last sitting for her portrait to Mr. W. G. Ross. The Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, visited the Queen Dowager at Marlborough House.

The Princess Augusta took an airing to Fulham in a carriage and four.

7.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

Her Majesty gave a dinner party.

The Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough House.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

The Duke of Cambridge was present at the anniversary meeting of the Charity Schools of the Metropolis in St. Paul's Cathedral.

8.—Her Majesty held a Levee at St. James's, and was attended by the Countess Mulgrave, Lady in Waiting; Lady Portman, Assistant Lady in Waiting; Lord Lilford, Lord in Waiting; Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Groom in Waiting; Col. Wemyss, Equerry in Waiting; Mrs. Cavendish and Mrs. Powell, pages of Honour.

Her Majesty gave private audiences before the Levee to foreign ministers from the King of the Sicilies and the King of Denmark.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, attended the Levee.

At the Entrée Levee, the following presentations to Her Majesty, took place:

Le Comte Joseph Zichy, Le Marquis Visconti Le Comte Solaxar, and Le Prince Potiatowsky by Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador.

Le Baron de Behr, and M. C. Mertins, by the Belgian Minister.

The following Noblemen and Gentlemen, were also presented to the Queen.

*Presented by*

Astley, Sir Jacob.....	Viscount Torrington
Alsager, Capt. R.....	Duke of Wellington
Asaph, St. Dean of.....	Mr. Barneby
Ashworth, Colonel.....	Major-Gen. Sir R. Dick
Adams, Ensign Fred.....	Leut.-Gen. Adams
Baker, Sir Edward.....	Lord Foley
Briggs, Mr. John P.....	Earl of Minto
Brodie, Mr., of Brodie.....	Lord Saltoun
Balguy, Mr.....	Lord Chancellor
Broun, Mr.....	Sir Henry W. Martin, Bart.
Bonstetten, Le Baron de.....	Count de Solis
Brown, Rev. John.....	Lord Glenelg
Burn, Mr.....	Lord John Russell
Byng, Commander.....	Mr. Fred. Byng
Broadhead, Lt.-Col.....	Marquis of Headford
Borough, Sir E. R.....	his uncle, Visc. Lake
Burnaby, Rev. Gustavus.....	Vise. Glentworth
Berkeley, Mr. Robt.....	Viscount Southwell
Bransford, Mr.....	Rt. Hon. H. Labouchere
Bateson, Mr.....	Sir R. Bateson, Bart., M.P.
Bartlett, Dr.....	Duke of Sutherland
Blundell, Mr.....	Sir Richard Bulkeley
Baines, Mr. M.P.....	Lord Morpeth
Bransford, Major.....	Earl of Harewood
Bridgeman, Lieut.-Col.....	Earl of Bradford
Browne, Capt. J. Dean.....	Earl of Courtown
Browne, Lieut.-Col.....	Duke of Beaufort
Clonbrock, Lord.....	Earl of Gosford
Chapman, Capt.....	Duke of Wellington
Croft, Sir J. Bart.....	Rt. Hon. Sir H. Hardinge
Chalmers, Dr. A.....	Sir John C. Hobhouse
Courcy, Hon. W. De.....	Mr. Bernard Beamish
Corbett, Mr. R.....	Rt. Hon. C. W. W. Wynn
Cathcart, Sir John.....	Duke of Buccleugh
Colville, Mr.....	Lieut.-Col. Colville
Carrington, Mr.....	the Champion Dymoke
Conway, Mr. Shipley.....	Visct. Combermere
Cuthbert, Mr.....	Right. Hon. H. Ellis
Cormac, Mr.....	Viscount Palmerston
Carmichael, Mr. Gibson.....	Lord Ellbank
Campbell, Lieut. J. C.....	Duke of Argyll
Codrington, Lieut.....	Sir Bethel Codrington
Craven, Earl of.....	Earl of Albemarle
Cavan, Earl of.....	Duke of Wellington
Cassillis, Earl of.....	Duke of Buccleugh
Campbell, Sir J., K.C.T.S.....	Lord Beresford
Christie, Ensign F.....	Col. Sir A. Christie
Dickson, Mr. G. Fred.....	Lord Palmerston
Dillon, Hon. Theobald.....	Viscount Dillon
Dowling, Mr. Alfred.....	Visct. Palmerston
Dundas, Sir David, Bart.....	Earl Kinnoul
Dottin, Mr., M.P.....	Vice-Ad. Lord Colville
Denman, Lieut.....	Colonel Beattie
Dalrymple, Lt. J.....	Lt.-Col. B. Drummond

*Presented by*

Dawson, Cornet G. M. . . . Rev. J. M. Dawson  
 Duff, Capt. W. . . . Capt. Northwick Duff, R.N.  
 Dent, Commander C. C. . . . Earl of Minto  
 Dunbar, Sir W. R. Bart. . . . Mr. Blair, M.P.  
 Drummond, Hon. W. H. . . . Visct. Strathallan  
 Drew, Capt. . . . . Duke of Wellington  
 Drewe, Mr. . . . . Lord John Russell  
 Dugdale, Mr. Stratford . . . . Lord Portman  
 Davenport, Mr. J. . . . Mr. Bingham Baring  
 Davis, Mr. . . . . Viscount Southwell  
 Dashwood, Mr. . . . . Viscount Loftus  
 . . . . . glinton, Earl of . . . . Duke of Buccleugh  
 Evans, Mr. . . . . The Lord Chancellor  
 Ellis, Capt. . Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Grant, K.C.B.  
 Fuller, Rev. R. F. . . . Sir T. F. Drake, Bart.  
 Fitzgerald, Sir W. Bart. . . . Col. A. Christie.  
 Fitzgerald, Sir J. Bart. . . . Sir W. Freemantle  
 Fulford, Mr. B. . Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Adams  
 Franklin, Mr. Wm. . . . . Gen. Hodgson  
 Frampton, Lieut.-Col. . . . Earl of Dorchester  
 Francis, Capt. Alfred . . . . Lord Radstock  
 Fludyer, Lieut.-Col. . . . . Col. D'Oryly  
 Gustard, Lt. H. . . . Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart.  
 Gibbes, Sir S. O. Bart. . . . Lord Colchester  
 Gibbons, Mr. . . . . Colonel Wood  
 Goulburn, Mr. Serj. . . . the Lord Chancellor  
 Gillum, Mr. Stephen Fryer . . . Lord Ossulston  
 Gausson, Mr. Campbell . . . Hon. E. Butler  
 Goodlake, Mr. T. M. . . . . Lord Foley  
 Griffith, Mr. . Gen. Houston, Bart. K.C.B.  
 Greenfell, Mr. Charles . . . . Earl of Craven  
 Gifford, Ensign, Lord . . . Adjutant General  
 Graves, Capt. . . . Vice-Admiral Honyman  
 Gunning, Capt. . . . . Earl of Bradford  
 Hutton, Mr. Robt. . . . Viscount Morpeth  
 Hutchison, Mr. . . . . Duke of Hamilton  
 Herschel, Sir John . . . . Viscount Adare  
 Hutchinson, Mr. R. H. . . . Lord Bloomfield  
 Hall, Mr. Robt. M.P. . . . Duke of Beaufort  
 Hoste, Lieut.-Col. Sir G. . . . Earl Howe  
 Hale, Mr. Robert . . . . Duke of Beaufort  
 Hartopp, Mr. . . . . Earl of Lichfield  
 Harrington, Mr. . Maj.-Gen. Gomm, K.C.B.  
 Hammer, Sir John . . . . Lord Kenyon  
 Harford, Mr. . . . . Lord Glenelg  
 Hutt, Mr. . . . . Lord Glenelg  
 Hill, Mr. . . . . The Lord Chancellor  
 Ingham, Mr. M.P. . . . Bishop of Llandaff  
 Irving, Mr. . . . . Mr. Mackinnon, M.P.  
 Jephson, Mr. M.P. . . . . Lord Morpeth  
 Jones, Capt. E. . . . Col. Sir W. Wynn, Bart.  
 Keppel, Capt. Hon. R.N. . . . Earl of Albemarle  
 Keighley, Mr. H. . . . Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart.  
 Kater, Mr. . . . . Lieut.-Gen. B. Reynardson  
 Lovat, Lord . . . . . Viscount Falkland  
 Lefevre, Mr. Shaw . . . . Lord John Russell  
 Leven, The Earl of . . . . Duke of Buccleugh  
 Lamb, Sir Chas. K. M. . . . The Lord Steward  
 Locke, Capt. . . . . Duke of Wellington  
 Lindsay, Rev. Thomas . . . Bishop of Derry  
 Leigh, Mr. Hanbury . . Viscount Melbourne  
 Ludlow, Mr. Sergeant. . The Lord Chancellor  
 Lawley, Mr. . . . his father, M. B. Thomson  
 Lush, Dr. . . . . Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart.  
 Lindesay, Mr. . Rt. Hon. C. W. W. Wynn  
 Long, Mr. . . . . Earl of Northesk  
 Legge, Mr. R. V. . . . Lieut.-Gen. Vincent  
 Long, Mr. F. B. . . . . Earl of Elingham  
 Lawless, Mr. . . . . Lord Cloncurry

*Presented by*

Lindsay, Lieut.-Col. . . . Duke of Buccleugh  
 Lynch, Capt. . . . . Sir George Staunton  
 Lyddell, Capt. . . . . Earl of Mulgrave  
 Layard, Rev. B. . . . . Sir F. Wetherall  
 Lascelles, Lieut.-Col. . . . Lord Saltoun  
 Mackenzie, Mr. F. M. P. . . Lord Colville  
 Moubray, Mr. . . Vice-Ad. Sir R. H. Hussey  
 Moore, Mr. G. H. . . . Marquis of Sligo  
 Musket, Mr. G. A. M. P. . . Hon. W. Cooper  
 Menzies, Lieut.-Col. . . . Sir R. Williams  
 Montague, Capt. G. . . . Viscount Falkland  
 Michell, Capt. P. H. . . Gen. Sir W. Anson  
 Monekton, Lieut.-Gen. Lieut.-Col. Monekton  
 Maule, Mr. . . . . The Lord Chancellor  
 Madam, Capt. . . . . Duke of Wellington  
 Marsham, Mr. Stratton . . . Lord Suffield  
 Maugin, Rev. A. . . his father, Capt. Mangin  
 Mitford, Mr. O. . . . . Sir John Beresford  
 Marton, Mr. M. P. . . . . Lord Henniker  
 Mayo, Dr. . . . . Lord Dinorben  
 Newman, Sir R. . . . The Duke of Somerset  
 Noel, Hon. W. . . . . Lord Carbery  
 Nisbett, Mr. . . . . Marquis Conyngham  
 Orde, Sir J. Bart. . . . Lord de Saumarez  
 Parker, Mr. T. . . . . Lord Skelmersdale  
 Powell, C. pt. . . . by his father, Col. Powell  
 Parrott, Mr. M. P. . . . Duke of Somerset  
 Peel, Rev. John . . . Archbishop of Canterbury  
 Paul, Mr. . . . . Duke of Hamilton  
 Ponsonby, Mr. Chas. . . Viscount Melbourne  
 Packe, Mr. M. P. . . . Marquis of Exeter  
 Peploe, Mr. . . . . Lord Dynevor  
 Parker, Mr. Montague . . . Lord Rolle  
 Pering, Rev. J. S. . . . Rev. Dr. Dakins  
 Penfold, Rev. S. . . . Lord Bishop of London  
 Pechell, Rev. H. . . . . Sir J. B. Pechell  
 Parker, Mr. Joseph . . . Visct. Combermere  
 Powell, Ensign B. . . . . Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Robinson, Mr. R. . . . Sir R. Oswald Mosley  
 Riggisberg, Le Baron de S. . Count de Salis  
 Rees, Capt. . . . . Duke of Wellington  
 Rowley, Hon. R. . . . Marquis Headfort  
 Ricketts, Mr. W. H. . . Hon. H. B. Lygon  
 Rollo, Hon. W. . . . . Earl of Kinnoul  
 Rawnsley, Rev. T. W. . . Rt. Hon. H. Ellis  
 Richardson, Assist.-Surge. . Mast.-Gen. Ord.  
 Roberts, Lieut. T. W. . . Earl of Brecknock  
 Roberts, Lieut. R. . . Vice Ad. Sir C. Adam  
 Russell, Com. Lord F. . . Lord J. Russell  
 Raleigh, Lieut. . . . . Earl Anherst  
 Symons, Major . . . . . Col. Lord Rolle  
 Sondham, Major . . . . . Earl Surrey  
 Shaw, Col. Sir J. K. . . . Marquis Camden  
 Sandham, Capt. . . Maj.-Gen. Sir F. Mulcaster  
 Stanley, Sir T. M. . . Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley  
 Sayers, Rev. A. . . . . Earl of Fingall  
 Stracey, Rev. George . . Bishop of Norwich  
 Stones, Mr. W. H. . . . Earl of Abingdon  
 Scott, Mr. . . . . Duke of Buccleugh  
 Stone, Mr. J. B. . . . Mr. Bramston, M.P.  
 Sheppard, Sir T. C. . . Sir O. Moseley, Bart.  
 Selby, Mr. . . . . Sir Archibald Christie  
 Strathallan, Viscount . . . Earl of Kinnoul  
 Stephenson, Capt. . . . Duke of Wellington  
 Teesdale, Mr. . . . . Duke of Wellington  
 Turnbull, Mr. . . . . Sir Chas. Imhoff  
 Twiss, Mr. Horace . . . Lord Chancellor  
 Thornton, Mr. . . . Earl of Leven and Melville  
 Tweeddale, Dr., R.N. . . Sir T. Troubridge



*Presented by*

Tenison, Mr. E. .... Earl of Leirtrim  
 Tottenham, Mr. Loftus. .... Viscount Loftus  
 Tryon, Lieut., Robt. R.N. .... Sir P. Campbell  
 Urmston, Sir J. .... Viscount Strathallan  
 Unwin, Mr. .... Lieut.-Col. Colville  
 Valpy, Mr. A. J. .... Lord John Russel  
 Verner, Mr. .... Earl of Belfast  
 Waldegrave, Hon. Capt. .... Lord Radstock  
 Waterford, Marquis of. .... Archbishop of Armagh  
 Warrington, Earl. .... Lord Carteret  
 Wanchope, Capt. .... Rr. Ad. Sir P. Campbell  
 Weller, Capt. .... Duke of Wellington  
 Weynton, Capt. .... Duke of Wellington  
 Willoughby, Sir H. Bart. .... Earl of Digby  
 Walpole, Rev. R. .... Bishop of London  
 Wyndham, Mr. W. .... Lord Sandys  
 Wood, Com.-Gen. Sir. .... Gen. Sir F. Wetherall  
 White, Mr. Andrew .... Lord Holland  
 Whitgrave, Mr. .... Sir O. Mosley, Bart.  
 Warre, Mr. .... Lord Falkland  
 Walker, Mr. .... Duke of Wellington  
 Welby, Mr. .... Duke of Rutland  
 Whatman, Capt. .... Col. Sir John Shaw  
 Westera, Lieut.-Col. .... Hon. S. W. Lumley  
 Wallace, Capt. T. .... Maj.-Gen. Sir C. Deacon  
 Young, Capt. .... Duke of Wellington

After the Levee Her Majesty held a Privy Council.

Viscount Palmerston presented Lord Howard de Waldon to Her Majesty at an audience in the royal closet.

Her Majesty also gave audiences to Viscount Melbourne, Marquis Lansdowne, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Earl Albemarle, Marquis Conyngham, Lord John Russel, Lord Foley, Earl Chester, the Field officer in waiting, and Lieut.-Col. Robinson, Captain of the Queen's Guard.

9.—Her Majesty took an airing in the park, in an open barouche and four.

The Queen honoured the performance of *Parisina* with her presence. The Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta, were also present.

The Queen Dowager and the Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty.

10.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the chapel Royal. The sermon was preached by Archdeacon Todd. Prayers were read by the Rev. B. Vivian, and the lessons by the Rev. Mr. Knapp. The anthem was "Praise the Lord, O my Soul." Sir George Smart presided.

The Dean of Hereford was the Deputy Clerk of the closet in waiting. In the Royal suite were the Countess of Mulgrave, Lady Flora Hastings, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Paget, Lord Lilford, Sir Frederick Stovin and Colonel Wemyss.

The Queen Dowager also attended the service, and afterwards received the sacrament, which was administered by the Rev. Dr. Sleath. In her Majesty's suite were the Viscountess Barrington, Hon. Miss Eden, and Earl Howe.

The Princess Augusta, attended by Miss Wynyard; Duchess of Gloucester, by Lady Caroline Leveson and Sir Samuel Higgins; and Duke of Cambridge, by Colonel Jones, at-

tended divine service in the Magdalen Hospital.

The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge had a dinner party. Amongst the company, were, Baron Bulow, the Prussian Minister; Prince Sontzo, the Grecian Minister; Baron Munchausen, the Hanoverian Minister; Baron Gersdorff the Saxon Minister; Countess Mottzau, Baron Werther, Colonel and Mrs. Stepney Cowell, and Colonel Jones.

11.—The Queen held a Court at the New Palace, for the reception of the Prince de Ligne, the Ambassador extraordinary from H.M. King of the Belgians. After the audience, His Highness presented to the Queen, the five noblemen of the Embassy, viz: Court de Cruquenbourg, Colonel of Cavalry, Secretary to the Embassy; Count D'Arsehot, Baron D'Hooghworst, Count D'Andelot, and M. le Capitaine de Moerkerke, Attachés to the Embassy.

His Highness went to the Palace in a state carriage drawn by four greys. His Highness afterwards paid visits to all the members of the Royal Family.

Her Majesty, accompanied by her august mother, and attended by the Countess of Mulgrave, left town for Windsor, at ten minutes before 4 o'clock.

Her Majesty had a dinner party, at Windsor Castle; covers were laid for thirty persons.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, drove to Kensington in an open phaeton and four.

The Duchess of Cambridge, and Princess Sophia Matilda, visited the Queen Dowager at Marlborough House.

12.—Windsor.—Her Majesty went in state to Ascot races with the royal suite, in seven carriages. The Royal cortège left the Castle at half past 12 o'clock, in the following order:—the first carriage contained the Queen, the Duchess of Kent, Prince George of Cambridge, and the Countess of Mulgrave, (Lady in Waiting). Second Carriage—the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and a Maid of Honour. Third Carriage—Lady Flora Hastings, (in waiting on the Duchess of Kent); Lady Caroline Legge, (in waiting on the Duchess of Gloucester); the Duke of Grafton, and a Maid of Honour. Fourth Carriage—Lord and Lady Fitzroy. Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox, Countess of Albemarle, and the Lord Chamberlain. Fifth Carriage—Lady Theresa Digby, the Hon. Mrs. Brand, the Earl of Mulgrave, and a Maid of Honour. Sixth Carriage—The Duke of Argyll, Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Lilford, and Hon. Col. Cavendish. Seventh Carriage—Mr. Digby, Sir Frederick Stovin, Sir Robert Otway, and the Hon. Charles A. Murray. The Earl of Erroll, in a pony phaeton.

The gentlemen of the party wore the Windsor uniform.

The Royal procession passed through the town, to Ascot, by the Long Walk, and Great Park drives, and direct through the Long Walk to the Castle, at a quarter past six o'clock. The visitors remaining at the Castle, joined the royal circle at dinner.

There was a company present of twenty-four persons. Dinner was laid in the Waterloo Hall.

Her Majesty enjoyed the races exceedingly, entering with great spirit into the equestrian contest; but it would be difficult to say whether the bets were for or against Her Majesty, who, in the most condescending and gracious manner, received the repeated demonstrations of respect and devotion from her loyal and dutiful subjects.

Prince George of Cambridge only arrived on the morning of the Races.

13.—Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, took an airing in the Parks in a pony phaeton and four, and afterwards visited the Princess Augusta at Clarence House.

The Duchess of Gloucester returned to town after a visit to Her Majesty, at Windsor.

Windsor.—Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke of Grafton, and Lady Laura Fitzroy; the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox; the Duke of Argyll, Earl and Countess Albemarle, and Sir Frederick Stovin left the Castle this morning.

Marquis Anglesea, Lord Paget, the Ladies Paget, Viscounts Falkland, Torrington, and Melbourne; Sir Henry Wheatley, and Mr. Brand arrived at the Castle, and joined the royal circle at dinner.

Her Majesty took a drive in an open carriage, in the Great Park, attended by the Countess of Mulgrave.

Her Majesty again honoured Ascot race course with her presence. The Royal cortege left the Castle at half past twelve, consisting of seven carriages and four, and proceeding through the town of Windsor entered the Long Walk, and soon diverging to the right by a private road, passed onwards towards the course. Notwithstanding the torrents of rain which fell all day, crowds of spectators flocked in front of the royal stand, and paying dutiful homage to their Sovereign, received in return those mild and gracious testimonials of consideration, which penetrated all hearts with feelings of attachment. The weather was very unfavourable, but the royal windows were never closed, and her Majesty was constantly in sight. Although H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent (who never appeared to greater advantage), and many other illustrious persons were present, the whole attraction was evidently centred alone in her Majesty, who was from time to time, with amiable condescension, in frequent communication with all those about her. The Royal Party did not depart until nearly the close of the races, but luckily just before rain unceasing and in torrents, terminated the pleasures of the day, and quickly drove all persons homeward.

14.—Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta and Duchess of Gloucester visited the Hanover Square Rooms.

The Duchess of Cambridge accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, took an airing to Kew.

15.—Her Majesty, attended by the Countess Mulgrave, arrived in town from Windsor, at ten minutes past four o'clock, accompanied by her august mother.

The Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, honoured with their presence the Fancy Fair at the Hanover Square Rooms.

18.—Her Majesty held a court at the New Palace.

The Marquis de Brignole, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Sardinia, had an audience to deliver his credentials. Likewise La Marquise de Brignol, Sardinian Ambassador; and Baron Cetto, Bavarian Minister. The court was attended by the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord in Waiting, Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway, Groom in Waiting, and Colonel Wemyss, Equerry in Waiting.

After granting an audience to Viscount Melbourne, Her Majesty took an airing in the Parks, between five and six o'clock.

11. M. the Queen Dowager took an airing to Kensington. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta.

II. H. Prince Christian of Holstein Glücksburg, accompanied by Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal, M. de Chambellan de Bille, and Le Comte de Blucher, arrived at Farrance's Hotel, Belgrave Street, at half past two o'clock, p.m.

Madame Dedel has been unexpectedly obliged to leave London for Rotterdam, in consequence of the alarming illness of her eldest son.

19.—Her Majesty gave a state Ball.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Her Majesty. The Duchess of Northumberland and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of Her Majesty.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge honoured a morning Concert at the Hanover Square Rooms with their presence.

20.—Her Majesty held a Levee at St. James's Palace, when the following presentations took place:—

*Presented by*

Ainslie, Capt. W. R.	..... Duke of Argyll
Ashley, Hon. Henry	..... Earl of Radnor
Audley, Lord	..... Viscount Falkland
Alexander, Mr. Robt.	..... Mr. J. Alexander
Alliston, Mr.	..... Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel
Alderson, Dr. M.D.	..... Hon. Baron Alderson
Arcedeckue, Mr.	..... Earl Munster
Aglionby, Mr.	..... Admiral Sir E. Codrington
Arkwright, Dr.	..... Lieut.-Col. Chatterton

*Presented by*

Abbs, Major .... Gen Sir G. Anson, K.C.B.  
 Allen, Lieut. B. R. N. .... Earl of Cawdor  
 Angelo, Lieut. .... Major Perry  
 Atkins, Capt. .. Lieut.-Gen. Hon. P. Stuart  
 Audry, Cornet ..... Earl Bruce  
 Apthorpe, Capt. P. .... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Arabin, Lieut.-Col. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Bathurst, Sir F. H. .... Earl of Bruce  
 Bryan, Mr. G. .... Capt. Bryan, M.P.  
 Balfour, Dr. T. Graham .. Sir J. McGregor  
 Bedford, Lieut. .... Earl of Cardigan  
 Brock, Lieut. E. .... Sir W. Houstoun  
 Bruce, Capt. .... Duke of Richmond  
 Brandon, Major } ..... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Brett, Captain }  
 Burnaby, Lieut. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Blackford, Lieut.-Gen. .... Gen. Lord Hill  
 Bax, Capt. H. B. Rt. Hon. Sir R. W. Horton  
 Baldero, Capt. M. P. .... Lord Haytesbury  
 Bennet, Major ..... Lord Lyndoch  
 Barron, Capt. .... Earl of Mulgrave  
 Brandreth, Capt. .... Lord Minto  
 Bennett, Capt. .... ditto  
 Brazier, Capt. .... ditto  
 Blaye, Capt. .... ditto  
 Baker, Capt. J. V. .... ditto  
 Brown, Mr. J. .... Viscount Morpeth  
 Bushby, Mr. G. A. .... Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Nicholls  
 Bland, Mr. N. .... Colonel Reeves  
 Balfour, Mr. J. .... Sir C. Adam  
 Bewes, Mr. M. P. .... Lord Ebrington  
 Bailey, Mr. M. P. Maj.-Gen. H. B. Lygon  
 Bailey, Mr. J. M. P. .... Sir A. Dalrymple  
 Boothby, Mr. C. .... Earl of Liverpool  
 Bowers, Major .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Lloyd  
 Boswell, Capt. J. D. .... Lord Montague  
 Barton, Mr. F. .... Right Hon. H. Corry  
 Burges, Mr. .... Earl of Leitrim  
 Blauco, Mr. .... Hon. Sir E. Cust  
 Blair, Mr. .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Brisbane  
 Brisbane, Commander .... Sir J. Barrow  
 Blackwood, Commander F. .... Sir C. Adam  
 Bruddyll, Mr. C. .... Mr. J. B. Estcourt  
 Beetham, Major .... Gen. Hodsten  
 Bushe, Capt. .... Marquis Conyngham  
 Barrow, Lieut. Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Gordon  
 Blake, Lt. M. .... Lord M. Hill  
 Brady, Lieut. .... Lieut.-Col. Despard  
 Browne, Capt. .... Lt.-Gen. Sir R. Barton  
 Bingham, Ensn. Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Bradford  
 Bishopp, Major P. .... Earl of Shrewsbury  
 Bruce, Major .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Inghill  
 Budd, Lieut. W. S. .... Lord Holland  
 Beare, Capt. .... Marquis of Thomond  
 Bruce, Hon. J. .... Marquis of Huntley, K.T.  
 Bellew, Sir Patrick ..... Lord Morpeth  
 Blackett, Sir Edward ..... Earl Eldon  
 Bristow, Mr. .... Viscount Northland  
 Bellingham, Sir A. Bart. .... Hon. H. Ellis  
 Bennett, Mr. Burlton .... Viscount Galway  
 Brotherton, Mr. .... Earl of Cardigan  
 Barton, Rev. H. .... Dean of Hereford  
 Barber, Mr. .... the Lord Chancellor  
 Broadley, Mr. H. M. P. Dean of Hereford  
 Burrows, Mr. .... Lord Cole  
 Boyce, Mr. .... Sir R. Otway  
 Bruce, Hon. Fred. .... Marquis Huntley  
 Briggs, Mr. of Alexandria. Earl of Munster  
 Bamfylde, Rev. C. T. Bp. of Bath & Wells

*Presented by*

Burgess, Rev. Richard .... Dean of Chester  
 Burke, Mr., to present  
 his History of the }  
 Extinct and Dormant } Adm. Sir W. Otway  
 Baronetries }  
 Buck, Mr. .... Hon. Gen. Sir W. Lumley  
 Bentinck, Mr. H. .... Lord Lovat  
 Cooper, Mr. H. S. .... Duke of Devonshire  
 C. Moore, Mr. Cregoe. .... Maj.-Gen. Fair  
 Colquhoun, Sir J. Bart. .... Duke of Argyll  
 Candler, Mr. E. .... Earl of Westmoreland  
 Collier, Sir Francis. .... Sir Thomas Hardy  
 Carew, Rev. Gerald ..... Mr. Ackland  
 Creyke, Rev. Stephen. Archbishop of York  
 Calcraft, Mr. .... Marquis Cholmondeley  
 Collier, Rev. Robt. .... Earl of Ilchester  
 Croxson, Mr. Boydell. .... Sir Rowland Hill  
 Colley, Mr. High Sheriff. Dean of Hereford  
 Cooper, Sir F. Grey. .... Earl of Ilchester  
 Cornwallis, Earl. .... Earl Haddington  
 Courtenay, Lord. .... his father, Earl of Devon  
 Cumming, Sir W. G. Bart. Duke of Argyll  
 Coventry, Hon. W. .... Earl of Coventry  
 Craven, Mr. Chas. .... Sir John Walter Pollen  
 Cardigan, Earl of ..... Lord Hill  
 Clifford, Lord. .... Duke of Norfolk  
 Chichester, Sir Arthur. .... Earl of Stradbroke  
 Clinton, Lord Wm. P. .... Duke of Newcastle  
 Congreve, Mr. .... Lord Clonbrook  
 Christmas, Mr. .... Mr. W. Villiers Stuart  
 Constable, Sir Clifford. .... Duke of Norfolk  
 Cumming, Dr. .... Duke of Argyll  
 Coote, Mr. Chat. E. .... Lord Cloncurry  
 Cox, Mr. S. P. .... Lord Vernon  
 Collier, Sir Francis. .... Sir T. Hardy  
 Chalmers, Mr. M. P. .... Lord J. Russell  
 Carey, Mr. Stanley. .... Captain Beddingfield  
 Carew, Mr. W. H. B. .... Lord Elliot  
 Collier, Mr. M. P. .... Lord Ebrington  
 Cole, Mr. Arthur. .... Viscount Cole  
 Colquhoun, Mr. .... Duke of Argyll  
 Campbell, Mr. Thomas .... ditto  
 Crompton, Mr. .... Earl Mulgrave  
 Cooke, Commander. .... Sir R. Otway  
 Cox, Colonel Sir W. .... Lord Beresford  
 Cockran, Captain. .... Lord King  
 Candler, Lieut. R. N. .... Earl of Coventry  
 Croly, Captain. .... Colonel Reeves  
 Collard, Captain. .... Col. Sir J. Polten, Bart.  
 Cochrane, Lt.-Col. S. .... Sir T. Cochrane  
 Coles, Major E. .... Earl of Ilchester  
 Cameron, Lt.-Col. C. H. .... Lord Saltoun  
 Cairnes, Lt.-Col. .... Sir T. Wetherall  
 Corbally, Captain. .... Earl of Fingall  
 Cameron, Lt.-Gen. Sir J. .... Lord Hill  
 Cadell, Lt.-Col. .... ditto  
 Cro-se, Lt.-Col. .... ditto  
 Corbett, Mr. .... ditto  
 Chapple, Commander E. .... ditto  
 Cornwall, Commander. .... Sir J. Beresford  
 Chatterton, Mr. .... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Cane, Mr. E. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Carpenter, Capt. .... Sir J. Nicolls  
 Dansey, Lieut.-Colonel }  
 Douglas, Lieut.-Colonel } .. Sir H. Vivian  
 Dixon, Captain ..... }  
 Duff, Lt.-Gen. the Hon. Sir A. .... Lord Hill  
 Dundas, Major-Gen. .... Lord Hill  
 Dalwood, Mr. J. H., M. P. .... Lord Segrave

*Presented by*

Drummond, Mr. J. ... Viscount Strathallan  
 Dealy, Mr. .... Marquis of Conyngham  
 Dashwood, Capt., R.N. .... Capt. Meynell  
 Dunlop, Mr., M.P. .... Earl of Eppingham  
 Dowdeswell, Mr. W. .... Lord Foley  
 Dickson, Commander M. ... Sir A. Woodford  
 Dickson, Mr. J. F. .... Lt.-Col. Chatterton  
 Davis, Mr. G. W. .... Lt.-Gen. Sir K. Grant  
 Dawkins, Col. .... Gen. Sir W. Clinton  
 De Lacy, Capt. ... Chancellor of the Exchequer  
 Dennis, Capt. .... Colonel Finlay  
 Dunbar, Lieut. ... Sir W. H. Dunbar, Bart.  
 Drummond, Capt. .... Colonel D'Oyley  
 Dunn, Capt. .... Sir D. Ackland  
 De Salis, Ensign .... Lord Downes  
 Dyott, General .... General Hodgson  
 Downes, Mj.-Gen., Lt. Duke of Wellington  
 Dalrymple, Lt.-Gen. Sir ... Lt. Gen. Lord Hill  
 Dalton, Colonel T. .... ditto  
 Deverell, Captain ... Adjutant General  
 Davenport, Admiral Sir S. ... Lord Minto  
 Devon, Captain .... ditto  
 Dickenson .... ditto  
 Devereux, Hon. W. .... ditto  
 Drummond, Comd. Hon. Vist. Strathallan  
 Dalrymple, Captain .... ditto  
 Dalbiac, Lieut. .... Sir C. Dalbiac  
 Dunganon, Visct. .... Mr. R. Bernal, M.P.  
 Drummond, Mr. Alderman ... Lord Morpeth  
 Daly, Mr. Denis. .... Mr. Daly  
 Denny, Mr. .... Viscount Cole  
 Dormer, Lord. .... Duke of Norfolk  
 David's, Bishop of St. .... Lord Liverpool  
 Dale, Rev. W. H. .... Bishop of London  
 Dingwall, Mr. D. .... Earl of Errol  
 Dickenson, Rev. W. .... Lord John Russell  
 Exmouth, Viscount ... Viscount Hawarden  
 Elwes, Mr. H. C. .... Lord Worsley  
 Elwes, Mr. C. C. .... Lord Worley  
 Eden, Hon. & Rev. ... Marquis Conyngham  
 Edenborough, Mr. S. B. ... Capt. G. Palmer  
 Ellerton, Mr. L. ... Admiral Sir R. Ottway  
 Evatt, Colonel. Lt.-Gen. Sir F. W. Gordon  
 Edwards, Colonel ... Lord John Russell  
 Elwood, Lt.-Col. ... Mr. Herbert Curteis  
 Evens, Lieut. Thomas. ... Earl of Surrey  
 Elliot, Commander G. .... Lord Minto  
 Edwards, Lt.-Gen. R. ... Viscount Strathallan  
 Fox, Mr. Lane. .... Duke of Leeds  
 Fitzharris, Lord. .... Lord Tankerville  
 Fortescue, Hon. Rev. J. ... Visct. Ebrington  
 Fowke, Sir Fred. .... Duke of Rutland  
 Follitt, Rev. J. ... J. S. Packington, M.P.  
 Fowke, Mr. .... Duke of Rutland  
 Forster, Mr. J. .... Earl of Cavan  
 Fitzgerald, Mr. .... Earl of Pingall  
 Fanshawe, Capt., R.N. ... Lord Teignmouth  
 Fulford, Lieut. J. R.N. ... Mr. B. Talford  
 Fraser, Capt. ... Maj. Gen. Sir A. Woodford  
 Forest, Capt. T. .... Lord Minto  
 Foote, Capt. J. .... ditto  
 Fitzgerald, Mr. .... ditto  
 Farren, Mr., late Cons. Genl. ... Lord Glenelg  
 Frere, Mr. P. H. .... Colonel Rushbrooke  
 Farquharson, Lieut. ... Marquis of Conyngham  
 Fitzherbert, Mr. .... Duke of Norfolk  
 Freeston, Lieut. .... Lord Minto  
 Forbes, Col. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Fellows, Sir J. .... Marquis Cholmondeley

*Presented by*

Ferguson, Sir R., Bart. ... Mr. J. Alexander  
 Freeman, Mr. F. W. .... Lord Suffield  
 Goodricke, Sir Francis. .... Lord Dinorben  
 Greene, Mr. M. P. .... Lord Stanley  
 Galway, Viscount. .... Duke of Rutland  
 Gerard, Mr. .... Mr. Wm. Patten  
 Glynne, Sir Stephen. ... Viscount Acheson  
 Gosset, Mr. Allen. .... Sir Wm. Gosset  
 Gordon, Mr. J. Adam. ... Marquis of Huntley  
 Greatheed, Mr. .... Sir H. Martin, Bart.  
 Gregory, Rev. Thomas ... Lord Muskerry  
 Gresley, Sir Nigel. ... Sir H. Oakley, Bart.  
 Glenlyon, Lord. .... Lord Forester  
 Granville, Dr., to present his work on the  
 Spas of Germany. ... Marquis of Exeter  
 Gosset, Rev. J. .... Sir B. Stephenson  
 Galton, Mr. D. .... Lord Byron  
 Gurney, Mr. .... Earl of Aberdeen  
 Gilson, Mr. G. .... Earl of Surrey  
 Galway, Rev. T. G. ... Marquis Chandos  
 Gore, Mr. R. J. O. M. P. ... Viscount Clive  
 Gwill, Mr. J. .... Sir J. Webb, K.C.H.  
 Gurdon, Mr. B. .... Mr. Gurdon  
 Gardiner, Mr. M. .... Lord John Russell  
 Grant, Mr. of Money-musk. Earl of Aberdeen  
 Gore, Com. Hon. His R. H. the D. of Sussex  
 Guerdon, Mr. .... Earl of Albermarle  
 Gibson, Mr. .... Lord Charles Fitzroy  
 Gordon, Capt. Hon., R.N. ... Earl of Aberdeen  
 Grey, Captain H. .... Viscount Howick  
 Galway, Mr. M. B. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Geddes, Lt.-Col. ... Maj. Gen. Sir J. Maclean  
 Gordon, Lieut. Bertie. ... Earl of Aberdeen  
 Gascoigne, Major ... General Gascoigne  
 Gipps, Lieut.-Gen. ... Earl of Winchester  
 Grenfell, Lieut. L. .... Lord Minto  
 Hume, Mr. E. K. ... Rt. Hon. S. Rice, M.P.  
 Hamilton, Mr. C. B. ... Earl of Haddington  
 Hull, Mr. Arthur Hill. ... Earl of Belfast  
 Hindley, Mr., M.P. ... Rt. Hon. C. Thomson  
 Horrocks, Mr. .... Duke of Hamilton  
 Honyman, Lt.-Col. ... Colonel D'Oyley  
 Henderson, Col. ... Gen. Hon. Sir G. L. Cole  
 Haly, Capt. .... Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Pringle  
 Hamilton, Mr. R. ... Gen. Sir J. Wetherall  
 Hunter, Mr. .... Sir C. Hunter, Bart.  
 Henry, Lt.-Gen. A. .... Duke of Leinster  
 Hodgson, Capt. S. .... General Hodgson  
 Hamilton, Captain B. ... Earl of Haddington  
 Hothouse, Mr. M. P. ... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Hogge, Lieut.-Col. ... Lord W. Bentinck  
 Hickey, Ensign ... Captain Hickey, R.N.  
 Hay, Col. Lord J. ... General Lord Hill  
 Hotham, Captain W. .... Lord Minto  
 Howard, Lord. .... Earl of Eppingham  
 Heathcote, Sir W. .... Lord Arden  
 Hook, Rev. Dr. .... Bishop of Ripon  
 Hammick, Sir Stephen. ... Earl Grey  
 Howard, Mr. H. .... Lord Morpeth  
 Hartopp, Sir E. Cradock. ... Lord Foley  
 Houndsworth, Mr. M. P. ... Marquis Chandos  
 Hughes, Mr. B. M. P. ... Lt. W. de Chesby  
 Howard, Mr. .... Lord Acheson  
 Holland, Mr. R., M. P. ... Lord John Russell  
 Howard, Mr. .... Duke of Norfolk  
 Hare, Sir Thos. .... Lord Henniker  
 Holman, Lieut. Jas. R.N., the blind travel-  
 ler, to return thanks. ... by Capt. J. King  
 Hadde, Lord. .... Earl of Aberdeen

*Presented by*

Hill, Sir D. .... Earl Albemarle  
 Hepburn, Sir T. B. .... Earl of Haddington  
 Hepworth, Rev. W. Chapl. to H. M. Forces  
 Harbin, Rev. W. .... Sir Robt. Gardiner  
 Hallward, Rev. N. W. .... Lieut.-Col. Delap  
 Hamilton, Mr. W. .... Vis. Palmerston  
 Hyndman, Mr. .... Mr. Mayers  
 Hope, Commander. .... Lord Minto  
 Hamilton, Lieut. A. G. .... Sir C. Dalbiac  
 Hampton, Captain. .... do  
 Heigham, Captain. .... Lt.-Col. Chatterton  
 Hone, Lieutenant. .... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Hooper, Lieutenant. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Innes, Mr. .... Duke of Roxburgh  
 Ireland, Rev. E. S. .... Marquis Downshire  
 Isted, Mr. .... Sir Charles Knechtly  
 Ibbetson, Captain. .... Earl Gosford  
 Ingleby, Captain J. .... Lord Bloomfield  
 Innes, Capt. J. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Ibbetson, Capt. .... Lt.-Col. Chatterton  
 Jermingham, Hon. E. F. .... Lord Lovat  
 — Mr. C. E. .... ditto  
 Johnson, Mr. E. .... Earl of Abingdon  
 Johnstone, Mr. W. H. .... Mr. H. Johnstone  
 Jackson, Mr. C. C. .... Hon. M. Elphinstone  
 Jervise, Colonel. .... Earl of Camperdown  
 Jocelyn, Captain. .... Lord Bolton  
 Jackson, Lieut.-Gen. .... Lord Minto  
 Jenkins, Major. .... Earl of Cardigan  
 Johnston, Lieut. J. G. .... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Knipe, Mr. .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir D. Gilmore  
 Kerrison, Lt.-Gen. Sir E. .... Lord Hill  
 King, Mr. Bolton. .... Lord Dinorben  
 Knight, Mr. .... ditto  
 King, Mr. R. D. .... his father, Capt. J. King  
 Knox, Captain C. .... Lord Northland  
 Kenyon, Lt.-Gen. .... Lord Minto  
 Kemmis, Mr. W. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Kelly, Mr. Fitzroy. .... the Lord Chancellor  
 Kingsborough, Visct. .... Earl of Mountcashell  
 King, Hon. James. .... ibid  
 Knox, Hon. Mr. .... Viscount Northland  
 Kennedy, Sir John. .... Duke of Leinster  
 Kynaston, Mr. .... Sir R. Hill, Bart.  
 Logan, Rev. T. D. .... Right Hon. F. Shaw  
 Leigh, Mr. B. .... Earl of Warwick  
 Lysons, Rev. Mr. .... Mr. H. T. Hope, M. P.  
 Lewis, Mr. George. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Lewis, Mr. .... Lord Vaux of Harrowden  
 Lambert, Mr. .... Earl Talbot  
 Lethbridge, Lt.-Col. Sir G. Adams, K.C.H.  
 Lovell, Mr. J. H. .... Earl Bruce  
 Levett, Lieut. B. B. .... General Sir G. Anson  
 Lang, Mr. C. P. .... Sir J. Owen  
 Leigh, Colonel B. W. B. .... Maj.-Gen. Brown  
 Lawrence, Capt. J. .... Sir J. C. Hobhouse  
 Langley, Lieut. Geo. C. .... Lord J. Stuart  
 Lascelles, Capt. .... Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Pringle  
 Lenox, Ensn. Lord F. G. .... Duke of Richmond  
 Lyon, Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. .... Gen. Lord Hill  
 Lloyd, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Evan. .... do  
 Little, Captain. .... Earl of Rosslyn  
 Loring, Sir W. .... Lord Minto  
 Lake, Sir W. .... ditto  
 Lipscombe, Lieutenant. .... Sir J. Beresford  
 Lock, Lieut. J. B. .... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Lincoln, Earl of. .... Duke of Newcastle  
 Leigh, Mr. Chandos. .... Lord Dormer  
 Louth, Lord. .... Earl of Fingall  
 Leeson, Sir W. .... Earl of Mulgrave

*Presented by*

Lonsada, Mr. F. B. .... Sir C. Constable, Bart.  
 Lowndes, Mr. .... Viscount Galway  
 Lister, Mr. C. M. P. .... Sir G. Strickland  
 Lee, Mr. R. .... Earl de Grey  
 Lefroy, Mr. T. .... Viscount Gort  
 Morgan, Mr. M. P. .... Sir C. Morgan  
 Maxwell, Mr. H. .... Earl de Grey  
 Maitland, Mr. Fuller. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Meynell, Mr. Hugo. .... Marquis of Headfort  
 Murray, Dr. A. .... Rt. Hon. Sir G. Murray  
 Morant, Rev. J. .... Rt. Hon. J. C. Hobhouse  
 Moyes, Mr. E. F. .... Marquis of Queensbury  
 Magenis, Mr. Fred. .... Viscount Cole  
 Marten, Mr. P. .... Sir Francis Colliot  
 Michell, Rev. J. .... Lord John Russell  
 Moore, Rev. W. J. .... High Sheriff of Surrey  
 Mills, Mr. Samuel. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Magennis, Mr. A. .... Viscount Palmerston  
 Mountcashell. .... Marquis of Sligo  
 Murray, H. J., C. P. .... Lord Glenlyon  
 Monkland, Mr. .... Lord Byron  
 Mackintosh, Mr. R. J. .... Visct. Palmerston  
 Mildmay, Mr. H. St. John. .... Lord Ashburton  
 Mansel, Sir John Bart. .... Lord Cole  
 Mill, Mr. .... Lieut.-Col. Buckley  
 Milman, Sir Wm. .... Col. Wood  
 Mackenzie, Mr. .... Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, M. P.  
 Maclean, Commander. .... Lord Minto  
 Maxwell, Mr. N. .... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Munro, Ensign. .... Sir W. Houston  
 M'Coy, Ensign. .... Sir W. Clinton  
 Macnamara, Mr. .... Sir E. Hamilton, Bart.  
 Mountney, Mr. .... Lieut.-Gen. Callender  
 Mostyn, Mr. .... Lord Portman  
 Miles, Mr. H. .... Sir H. Nicholas  
 Morant, Mr. .... Colonel Buckley  
 Montefiore, Mr. Jacob. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Maxse, Mr. .... Lord Seagrave  
 Marshall, Mr. W. M. P. .... Rt. Hon. T. S. Rice  
 Murray, Mr. H. S. .... Hon. Col. Murray  
 Mathew, Capt. W. .... Lord Lismore  
 Macnamara, Mr. E. .... Sir E. Hamilton  
 Muttelbury, Lt.-Col. Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Macleod  
 Aloney, Lieut. W. .... Marquis Lansdowne  
 Mead, Lieut. R. N. .... Maj.-Gen. Cleiland  
 Maxwell, Mr. C. .... Rt. Hon. R. C. Ferguson  
 M'Coy, Commander. .... Ad. Sir G. Colburn  
 Magens, Major. .... Viscount Cole  
 Munro, Lieut. .... Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Stevenson  
 Muttelbury, Capt. } by his father, Lieut.-  
 } Col. Muttelbury  
 Morris, Lieut.-G., R.N. .... Sir J. B. Peacheil  
 Maude, Lieut., Hon. .... Vis. Hawarden  
 Meyer, Capt. .... Colonel Brotherton  
 Miller, Ensign J. .... Lt.-Gen. Sir C. Halkett  
 Morell, Ensign W. C. .... Maj.-Gen. Fraser  
 Mills, Captain. .... Lord Fitzroy Somerset  
 Macadam, Lt.-Col. K.H. .... Sir W. K. Grant  
 Macdonald, Captain A. .... Adjutant-General  
 Mackay, Capt. Hon. D. .... Lord Minto  
 North, Mr. F. .... Marquis Lansdown  
 Newton, Lieutenant. .... Colonel Freemantle  
 Noreliffe, Lt.-Col. .... Maj.-Gen. Sir C. Dalbiac  
 Nicolls, Lt.-Gen. Sir J. .... Lord Hill  
 Norris, Captain. .... Sir E. Hamilton  
 Nutt, Major. .... Lt.-Gen. Hon. C. Colville  
 Neville, Captain P. .... Lord F. Somerset  
 Nixon, Lieutenant. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Nicholls, Lieutenant. .... Sir J. Nicholls  
 Norbury, Earl of. .... Viscount Combermere

*Presented by*

Norwich, Dean of.....Bishop of London  
 Neale, Mr. J.....Earl of Errol  
 Noel, Mr. Augustus.....Lord Birbham  
 Neave, Mr. Wm. A.....Lord Lyttelton  
 Ormonde, Marquis of...Duke of Wellington  
 Oakeley, Sir H. Bart. Archbp of Canterbury  
 Ogden, Mr.....The American Minister  
 Oakeley, Rev. Fred. Rev. Sir Oakeley, Bart.  
 O'Meagher, Mr.....Viscount Lismore  
 Oswald, Mr. A.....Lord Levison  
 O'Hanlon, Mr.....Viscount Morpeth  
 Oakley, Ensign S.....Lt.-Gen. Sir E. Lloyd  
 Orde, Lt.-Gen.....Gen. Lord Hill  
 O'Connell, Lieut. W. B. Sir. M. O'Connell  
 O'Connell, Lieut. M. C.....ditto  
 Oldrey, Commander.....Lord Minto  
 O'Reilly, Lieut. J.....ditto  
 Oliphant, Capt.....Viscount Strathallan  
 Ouchterlony, Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Port, Rev. B.....Mr. W. Patten  
 Price, Mr. M. P.....Dean of Hereford  
 Pearson, Rev. J.....Lord Foley  
 Perkin, Rev. F. D. Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Imhoff  
 Palmer, Rev. H.....Marquis Chandos  
 Pease, J. jun., M. P.....Viscount Morpeth  
 Praed, Mr. W. T.....Earl Falmouth  
 Pearson, Mr.....Earl Mountcashel  
 Palmer, Mr. J., jun. ....by Lord Glenelg  
 Pusey, Mr.....Earl of Radnor  
 Paynter, Mr. W.....Maj.-Gen. Sir P. Ross  
 Pringle, Mr. M. P.....Lord Montague  
 Playfair, Major. Earl of Leven and Melville  
 Patten, Mr. W. M. P.....Lord Stanley  
 Poining, Mr.....Sir W. Gossett  
 Pettigrew, Mr.....Duke of Hamilton  
 Portman, Lieut. W., R.N.....Lord Portman  
 Phipps, Lt.-Col., Hon. C.....Earl Mulgrave  
 Pearl, Commander J.....Duke of Sussex  
 Phipps, Major.....Marquis Lansdowne  
 Prettejohn, Cornet. Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Gordon  
 Paget, Ensign.....Sir E. Pagett  
 Powys, Lieut. the Hon. R. N.....Lord Lilford  
 Portman, Captain.....Lord Portman  
 Proctor, Lieut. B.....Sir W. B. Proctor  
 Paget, Gen. Sir E.....Gen. Lt. Hill, G. C. B.  
 Probyn, Captain. G.....Lord Glenelg  
 Pringle, Captain.....ditto  
 Phipps, Hon. Edmund.....Earl of Mulgrave  
 Pollen, Sir John Walter.....Earl of Eldon  
 Peard, Mr. John.....Sir W. Follet, M. P.  
 Palmer, Sir G.....Duke of Rutland  
 Palmer, Mr. G. M. P. Sir C. B. Vere, Bart.  
 Palmer, Rev. Dr.....Earl Digby  
 Palmer, Mr. E. H.....Abp. of Canterbury  
 Parry, Mr. T. G.....Lieut.-Col. Chatterton  
 Quanborough, Lieut.....Sir J. C. Hobhouse  
 Rice, Rev. H. M.....Colonel Rice  
 Ricketts, Rev. G. T.....Vice Chancellor  
 Raddiger, Mr.....Lord Glenelg  
 Ramsay, Lieut. W. Rt Hon. Sir G. Murray  
 Robinson, Lt.-Col. Gen. Sir W. Lumby  
 Rattenbury, Lieut. R. F.....Lord Vailletot  
 Rushout, Lieut.....Colonel Cavendish  
 Reeve, Colonel.....General Lord Hill  
 Ridge, Captain.....Sir W. K. Grant  
 Roy, Rear Admiral Lord Sir J. Beresford  
 Raikes, Ensign. F. T.....Sir W. Houston  
 Rochfort, Lieutenant. Lt.-Col. Chatterton  
 Ross, Colonel Sir H.....Sir H. Vivian

*Presented by*

Round, Mr. M. P. Mr. John Round, M. P.  
 Round, Mr. John, M. P. Lord Rayleigh  
 Rothschild, Lionel de... Marq. Lansdowne  
 Randolph, Rev. J. H.....Dean of Chester  
 Russell, Sir R. Frankland. Earl of Ilchester  
 Ross, Mr. Horatio... Marquis Carnarthen  
 Rundle, Mr. M. P. Viscount Ebrington  
 Rowe, Rev. M. S. Bishop of Winchester  
 Rice, Rev. H. A. M. ....ditto  
 Shelley, Mr.....Earl of Albemarle  
 Starkie, Mr.....the Lord Chancellor  
 Steward, Mr. Chas. Edw. Lord Glenelg  
 Salis, Count Fane de... Earl of Gosford  
 Sitwell, Sir George.....Sir Fred. Stovin  
 Sinclair, Sir George.....ditto  
 Stonestreet, Rev. G. G. Bishop of Lincoln  
 Sadler, Rev. J. H. Earl of Camperdown  
 Scrope, Mr. Poulett... Mr. P. Thompson  
 Salusbury, Rev. Mr. Sir W. Curtis, Bart.  
 Smythe, Sir E. Bart. Mr. R. M. Bellew  
 Stuart, Mr. J. M. P. Lord J. Stuart, M. P.  
 Seymour, Mr. Fred. Sir G. Seymour  
 Sirtees, Mr. Duke of Cleveland  
 Stewart, Mr. P. M. Duke of Somerset  
 Scriven, Mr. Serjeant. the Lord Chancellor  
 Styleman, Mr. Lord Sondes  
 St. John, Rev. E. Lord Bolton  
 Sombre, Colonel D. Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Stovell, Mr. ....ditto  
 Stewart, Lt.-Col. Sir H. Vivian  
 Saville, Lieutenant, H. B. ....ditto  
 Smith, Lieutenant M. ....ditto  
 Skinner, Lieutenant. ....ditto  
 Staunton, Mr. ....ditto  
 Sherman, Captain Sir W. H. Clinton  
 Sunders, Mr. R. Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Nicholls  
 Stewart, Mr. E. ....Earl of Galloway  
 Schouberg, Mr. J. Rear Admiral Schomberg  
 Simpson, Lieut.-Col. Lord Strathford  
 Stopford, Mr. W. Lord Montague  
 Sinclair, Capt. Sir J. G. Lord Glenelg  
 Sleagh, Maj.-Gen. Lord Combermere  
 Spry, Captain F. Colonel Wingrave, R. H.  
 Smith, Mr. G. R. Lieut.-Col. Maberly  
 Stuart, Hon. G. ....Earl of Moray  
 Stuart, Hon. Lt. A. 67th Rt. Earl of Moray  
 Sherborne, Lord. ....Earl of Albemarle  
 Stuart, Lord Dudley. Lord J. Stuart  
 Smyth, Sir J. Bart. Gen. Lord Lynedoch  
 Smyth, Mr. ....Mr. R. W. Bellew  
 Southwell, Mr. Lt.-Lieut. Marq. Headford  
 Spalding, Dr. Hinton. Rt. Hon. Hyde East  
 Shepherd, Rev. Dr. Capt. Peckell, R. N.  
 Sampson, Rev. G. B. Bishop of Derry  
 Shephard, Mr. N. York. American Minister  
 Seymour, Mr. Ker. ....Earl of Ilchester  
 Stanford, J. F., C. C. Cam- }  
   bridge, travelling Bache- } Marq. Camden  
   lor, on going abroad. }  
 Sutherland, Mr. W. Maj.-Gen. Maclean  
 Sykes, Lieut.-Col. ....Sir T. Brisbane  
 Scale, Lieutenant. Colonel Scale, M. P.  
 Sheddin, Captain Duke of St. Albans  
 Stewart, Captain. Colonel D'Oyley  
 Strutt, Commander. Rt. Hon. H. Corry  
 Smales, Lieut. and Adj. Major Parry  
 Scott, Captain Sir W. Olway  
 Scudamore, Lieut.-Col. Viscount Eastnor  
 Spong, Captain Hon. Lt.-Gen. Stewart

*Presented by*

Surtees, Coronet..... Duke of Cleveland  
 Stephenson, Captain..... Earl of Limerick  
 Stratford, Lieut.... Hon. Col. W. Stratford  
 St. John, Major..... Lord Hill  
 Steuart, Captain, W. D..... Earl Mulgrave  
 Sparshott, Captain E..... Lord Minto  
 Smart, Captain..... ditto  
 Symmons, Commander..... ditto  
 Sinclair, ditto..... ditto  
 Steane, Lieut.-Gen..... ditto  
 Stuart Lieut..... ditto  
 Turtot, Sir T..... Rt. Hon. Sir G. Ouseley  
 Trollope, Mr. B..... Sir. H. Martin, Bart.  
 Thomson, Mr. H..... Earl of Gray  
 Tait, Capt. R.N... Maj.-Gen. Sir D. Gilmore  
 Townley, Maj. C..... Earl of Albermarle  
 Temple, Mr..... Lord Foley  
 Truman, Lieut. C..... Colonel Jackson  
 Tomlinson, Captain..... Earl of Cardigan  
 Taylor, Colonel..... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Temple, Mr..... the Lord Chancellor  
 Tennent, Mr. E., M.P... Sir R. Peel, Bart.  
 Tichborne, Sir Henry.... Marquis of Sligo  
 Throckmorton, Mr..... Duke of Norfolk  
 Talbot, Mr..... Lord Lyttelton  
 Trederost, Mr..... Earl of Sheffield  
 Trotter, Mr..... Lord Arden  
 Talbot, Mr. M..... Earl of Ilchester  
 Tighe, Mr..... Lord J. Stuart  
 Vesey, Hon. T..... Earl of Yarborough  
 Vizard, Mr. W..... Lord Chancellor  
 Vavasour, Mr..... Earl de Grey  
 Vane, Lord Harry..... Duke of Cleveland  
 Vandellur, Mr. H..... Earl of Clare  
 Vyse, Col., Hon..... Earl of Devon  
 Vernett, Lieut. J. S. du. Maj.-Gen Cleiland  
 Vaughan, Col..... Earl of Sandwich  
 Vigoureux, Col... Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Ponsonby  
 Verner, Lt.-Col..... Earl of Belfast  
 Vandeleur, Lt.-Gen. Sir J... Sir W. Clinton  
 Upton, Mr..... Viscount Templeton  
 Waller, Mr..... Earl Hardwicke  
 Weeding, Mr... Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Lushington  
 Webb, Mr. J..... Hon. W. Ponsonby  
 Winterbottom, Mr... Sir J. Dyke Ackland  
 Wombwell, Mr..... Earl of Belfast  
 White, Maj.-Gen... Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Brisbane  
 Ward, Mr. H. G..... Earl of Mulgrave  
 Westens, Mr. B..... Marquis Conyngham  
 Warden, Commander... Sir Patrick Campbell  
 Winchester, Major... Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Duff  
 Walpole, Lt... Maj.-Gen. Sir F. Mulcaster  
 Wood, Lt. W.... Lt.-Gen. Hon. P. Stewart  
 White, Cornet..... Vice Admiral White  
 Woolrycke, Mr..... General Lord Hill  
 Walde, Mr..... Lord Minto  
 Watts, Captain..... ditto  
 Watkins, Colonel J..... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Woolridge, Colonel W } .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Whitfield, Mr. C. T. }  
 Weld, Mr..... Lord Stourton  
 Weld, Mr. John..... ditto  
 Williams, Sir J..... H. R. H. Duke of Sussex  
 Weld, Mr. Edw..... Earl of Effingham  
 Wodchouse, Mr. Edm... Earl of Aberdeen  
 Walgrave, Earl of... Duke of Wellington  
 Ward, Lord..... Lord Hatherton  
 Williams, Sir J. B... H. R. H. Duke of Sussex  
 Wilson, Mr. H..... Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart.

*Presented by*

Wood, Mr. G. W., M.P..... Lord Holland  
 Waddington, Mr., M.P... Earl of Stradbroke  
 Webber, Mr. C. T..... Earl of Mountcashell  
 Wrottesley, Mr..... Earl of Tankerville  
 White, Mr..... Sir H. Sinyth  
 Wacey, Mr. S. T.... Marquis of Downshire  
 Willis, Mr. F..... Sir W. Gossett  
 Wilder, Rev. J. Mc Mahon... Lt. Gen. Pigot  
 Whitmore, Rev. Geo..... Mr. Whitmore  
 Wood, Mr. F..... Earl de Grey  
 Young, Mr..... Viscount Melbourne  
 Young, Mr., British Guiana... Lord Glenelg  
 Young, Mr. E. K... Gen. Sir W. T. Carroll  
 21.—The Queen held a drawing-room, at  
 which the following ladies were—

*Presented by*

Acheson, Viscountess... Countess of Meath  
 Ashley, Hon. Mrs. H... Countess Denbigh  
 Arundell, Hon. Mrs. A. } Right Hon. Dow.  
 Lady Arundell.  
 Arcedeckne, Miss..... Her Mother  
 Anderson, Miss..... Lady Cottenham  
 Ainsworth, Miss... Hon. Mrs. Annesley  
 Buccleuch, Duchess..... Lady Montagu  
 Bathurst, Lady H... Countess Tankerville  
 Backhouse, Miss Jane.... Mrs. Backhouse  
 Balcarres, Countess... Countess Mexborough  
 Beresford, Lady... Viscountess Trimlestown  
 Bristome, Lady Alicia... Visctss. Northland  
 Baker, Lady Elizabeth... Lady Tavistock  
 Blackett, Lady... Countess Tankerville  
 Bramston, Mrs..... Lady Eustace  
 Bailey, Mrs..... Viscountess Forbes  
 Bennett, Mrs. B.... Dow. Visctss. Galway  
 Bland, Mrs. N..... Lady Saltoun  
 Boldero, Mrs..... Lady Agnes Buller  
 Baring, Mrs. Henry... Viscountess Anson  
 Barrington, Hon. C. } Countess Dartmouth  
 Barrington, Hon. G. }  
 Beresford, Miss Harriet... Lady Beresford  
 Buck, Miss..... } Hon. Lady Lumley  
 Buck, Miss Emma. }  
 Beresford, Miss Susan... Lady A. Beresford  
 Burdett, Miss..... Mrs. Otway Cave  
 Bourne, Miss..... Her Mother  
 Baker, Miss Louisa..... Lady E. Baker  
 Brotherton, Mrs..... Lady Barham  
 Boyle, Mrs. Courtenay... Count. Stradbroke  
 Brown, Mrs..... Mrs. Gibson  
 Bedingfield, Hon. Lady... March. Carmarthen  
 Burton, Hon. Mrs. R.... Countess Fingal  
 Bingham, Mrs..... Lady Bolton  
 Bridgeman, Mrs. E..... Countess Bradford  
 Blair, Mrs. H..... Marchioness Tweedale  
 Bebb, Mrs..... Countess Kinnoul  
 Bassett, Mrs..... Viscountess Anson  
 Bethell, Mrs..... Lady Clifford Constable  
 Brown, Mrs. R... Lady Talbot de Malahide  
 Bullock, Mrs.... Lady Beauchamp Proctor  
 Bushby, Mrs..... Lady Rodney  
 Blount, Miss Apollonia... Countess Fingal  
 Bonham, Miss Harriet... Lady Garvagh  
 Bullock, Miss... Her mother, Mrs. Bullock  
 Beauchamp, Miss... Lady Beauchamp Proctor  
 Brotherton, Miss..... Lady Braham  
 Bullock, Miss H. M. } Her mother, Lady  
 Bullock.  
 Baring, Mrs. F..... Countess Haddington  
 Briggs, Mrs..... Lady Barham

*Presented by*

Blaauw, Mrs. .... Countess Sheffield  
 Barron, Mrs. W. .... Countess Mulgrave  
 Biddulph, Mrs. R. M. .... Lady H. Mortyn  
 Bryan, Mrs. G. .... Countess Shrewsbury  
 Cigala, Countess of ... Dow. Count. of Clare  
 Craven, Countess. .... Countess Verulam  
 Corry, Visctss. Lady Talbot de la Malahide  
 Courtenay, Lady. .... Lady Cottenham  
 Charteris, Lady J. Her mother, Ctss. Wemyss  
 Chantrey, Lady. .... Countess Leicester  
 Cumming, Lady G. .... Countess Charlemont  
 Cooper, Mrs. Charles Purton (Countess de  
 Geslin). .... Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Cloncurry, Lady. .... Countess Mulgrave  
 Canning, Miss G. .... Countess Charlemont  
 Constable, Lady Clifford. .... Countess Powlett  
 Clinton, Lady C. A. P. } Duchess of Hamilton  
 Clinton, Lady H. .... }  
 Cator, Lady Louisa. .... Hon. Lady Lumley  
 Cathcart, Lady G. .... Countess Mansfield  
 Coote, Lady. .... Countess Charlemont  
 Caldwell, Lady. .... Lady George Murray  
 Clonbrock, Lady. .... Lady Euston  
 Cooper, Lady. .... Mrs. Grant of Money-musk  
 Cole, Lady Frances. .... Lady Howden  
 Croft, Lady. .... Countess Balcarras  
 Chetwynd, Lady. .... Countess Lichfield  
 Cocks, Lady Margaret. .... Countess Somers  
 Coventry, Hon. Mrs. W. .... Lady A. Cotton  
 Cockburn, Hon. Lady. .... Lady Lyttelton  
 Colville, Mrs. Henry. .... Mrs. Chandos Leigh  
 Clay, Mrs. .... Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Conyers, Mrs. .... Lady Wrottesley  
 Chatterton, Mrs. .... Countess Brandon  
 Coulson, Mrs. .... Lady Montfort  
 Caldwell, Mrs. .... Countess Charlemont  
 Congreve, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady Clonbrock  
 Currie, Hon. Mrs. Raikes. .... Lady Portman  
 Christie, Miss Mary M. } Lady Christie  
 Christie, Miss Frances. }  
 Cator, Miss Emma. .... Lady Hamilton  
 Coote, Miss. .... Countess Claremont  
 Coulson, Miss. .... Lady Montfort  
 Corbel, Miss. .... Lady Theresa Digby  
 Cole, Miss. .... } Lady Frances Cole  
 Cole, Miss Louisa. }  
 Chichester, Miss. .... Lady Clifford Constable  
 Currie, Miss. .... Mrs. Moore Halsey  
 Colmore, Mrs. George. .... } Lady Rodney  
 Colmore, Miss C. Gregoe. }  
 Clayton, Miss. .... Lady Rundlesham  
 Cator, Miss. .... Lady Hamilton  
 Crawford, Miss. .... Her mother  
 Caldwell, Miss. .... Lady de Saumarez  
 Colborne, Mrs. Ridley. .... Countess Albemarle  
 Caldwell, Miss Louisa. .... Lady de Saumarez  
 Crampton, Mrs. .... Viscountess Mulgrave  
 Conyers, Miss. .... Her mother  
 Cotton, Miss Susannah } Hon. Mrs. Dundas  
 Cotton, Miss Anne M. }  
 Clementson, Miss. .... Mrs. Clementson  
 Cary, Mrs. S. Her mother, Lady Beddingfield  
 Crawford, Mrs. .... Lady John Russell  
 Corbel, Mrs. .... Lady Theresa Digby  
 Campbell, Mrs. .... Lady Gordon Cummins  
 Clementson, Mrs. .... Hon. Mrs. W. Noel  
 Chaplin, Mrs. .... Lady W. Powlett  
 Christmas, Mrs. .... Lady Frankland Russell  
 Doyle, Miss Sylvia .... Countess of Kinnaird

*Presented by*

Davenport, Miss. .... Hon. Mrs. Dundas  
 Drummond, Miss. .... Mrs. John Drummond  
 Daly, Miss. .... her mother, Mrs. Daly  
 Daly, Miss Rosa. .... Mrs. Daly  
 Davies, Mrs. Frances. .... Countess of Sheffield  
 Dalrymple, Mrs. E. .... Duchess of Somerset  
 Daly, Mrs. .... Countess of Meath  
 Drummond, Mrs. J. .... Countess of Euston  
 Davies, Mrs. .... Lady Willoughby d'Ereshby  
 Drewe, Mrs. .... Lady Frances Clinton  
 Duff, Hon. Lady. .... Marchioness Camarthen  
 Dukinfield, Lady. .... Mrs. Spencer  
 Duff, Miss. .... Lady Duff  
 Duff, Miss J. W. .... Hon. Lady Duff  
 Darnley, Countess. .... Lady Barham  
 Dartmouth, Countess. .... Countess Mulgrave  
 Davison, Lady. .... Lady Gomm  
 Dunlop, Lady Harriet. .... Viscountess Anson  
 Delafield, Lady Cecil. .... Lady T. S. Rice  
 Douglas, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady Portman  
 Dickson, Miss Julia. .... Lady G. Murray  
 Dingwall, Mrs. D. Her mother, Lady Bridge  
 Dundas, Hon. Mrs. .... Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Drummond, Mrs. B. .... Lady Maryborough  
 Dashwood, Mrs. .... Mrs. Broadwood  
 Essex, Countess. .... Marchioness Tavistock  
 Edmonstone, Hon. Lady. .... Lady F. Hotham  
 Edward, Miss Jane. .... Lady Hamilton  
 Edmonstone, Miss A. .... Lady Edmonstone  
 Eustace, Miss Alicia. .... Lady Eustace  
 Edwards, Mrs. .... Hon. Mrs. Eyre  
 Elwes, Mrs. Charles Carey. .... Lady Worsley  
 Eaton, Miss. .... Lady Angley  
 Edwards, Miss. .... Lady Hamilton  
 Elwes, Mr. Chas. Carey. .... Lady Worsley  
 Forester, Miss. .... Lady Anson  
 Frankland, Miss. .... Lady Frankland Russell  
 Fenwick, Miss. .... Lady Portman  
 Farquar, Miss. .... Lady Mulgrave  
 Freemantle, Miss Cecilia. .... Lady Fitzgerald  
 Ferrand, Mrs. W. .... Duchess of Hamilton  
 Fairfax, Mrs. Charles. .... Lady Stourton  
 Fitzgerald, Mrs. .... Countess of Fingal  
 Freeman, Miss W. Mrs. Williams Freeman  
 Farnham, Miss Eliza. .... Lady Louisa Pole  
 Fox, Lady Caroline Lane. .... Lady Portman  
 Fitzharris, Visctss. .... Countess Tankerville  
 Forbes, Lady Louisa. .... Countess Wemyss  
 Fitzgerald, Lady. .... Countess Shrewsbury  
 Fletcher, Lady Charlotte. .... Countess Wemyss  
 Fraser, Lady. .... Countess Meath  
 Fane, Miss Louisa. .... Mrs. Chaplin  
 Fraser, Hon. Miss. .... Lady Saltoun  
 Fane, Mrs. Cecil. .... Lady W. Powlett  
 Folliott, Mrs. .... Mrs. Shippard  
 Foley, Mrs. John. .... Lady Lyttelton  
 Fenwick, Mrs. .... Lady Portman  
 Freeman, Mrs. W. .... Lady C. Pecheil  
 Ferrand, Mrs. W. .... Duchess of Hamilton  
 Fairfax, Mrs. Charles. .... Lady Stourton  
 Fitzgerald, Mrs. .... Countess Fingal  
 Galway, Viscountess. .... Dow. Visctss. Galway  
 Gordon, Lady Frances. .... Duchess of Hamilton  
 Gore, Hon. Miss. .... Hon. Lady Beddingfield  
 Garvagh, Lady. .... Countess Mulgrave  
 Groby, Lady Grey of. .... Countess Wemyss  
 Gerard, Lady. .... Countess Lichfield  
 Graham, Lady Caroline. .... Lady Lucy Clive  
 Grieve, Hon. Mrs. .... Hon. Lady R. Cockerell



*Presented by*

Gerard, Mrs. .... Lady Gerard  
 Gossett, Mrs. Allen ... Lady Gossett  
 Gordon, Mrs. .... Mrs. Grant  
 Gillum, Mrs. .... Countess Tankerville  
 Garland, Miss. .... Her mother, Mrs. Garland  
 Grant, Miss. .... Lady Gardner  
 Glynn, Miss. .... Countess Meath  
 Glynn, Miss Mary ..... Ditto  
 Goddard, Miss. .... Lady Shelley  
 Greatehead, Mrs. .... Hon. Mrs. Ayre  
 Gordon, Mrs. .... Lady Orde  
 Gore, Mrs. Ormsby ... Countess Mexborough  
 Gibson, Mrs. .... Lady Winnington  
 Goodlake, Mrs. .... Lady Elizabeth Baker  
 Grant, Mrs. .... Duchess of Somerset  
 Guthrie, Miss. .... Mrs. Bannerman  
 Gent, Miss. .... Lady Rendlesham  
 Garland, Mrs. .... Lady Talbot de la Malahide  
 Greville, Hon. Mrs. .... Countess Mansfield  
 Hamilton, Mrs. H., on her } Duchess of  
   return from South America, } Hamilton.  
 Hoverdon, Miss. .... Mrs. Howden  
 Hawkes, Mr. .... }  
 Hawkes, Miss. .... } Lady Anne Cilve  
 Hawkes, Miss A. .... Lady Lucy Clive  
 Halford, Mrs. .... Countess d'Ponthieu  
 Hammer, Lady ..... Countess of Lichfield  
 Hay, Lady James. .... Marchioness Tweedale  
 Handley, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady Worsley  
 Hawkins, Mrs. .... }  
 Hawkins, Miss. .... } Countess Albemarle  
 Hawkins Miss C. .... }  
 Hawker, Miss. .... Lady Rodney  
 Heathcote, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady W. D'Ereshy  
 Halfound, Mrs. Douglas. .... Lady E. Drake  
 Hale, Miss. .... Hon. Miss Berkeley Page  
 Hay, Lady Louisa. .... }  
 Hay, Lady Charlotte } March. Tweedale  
 Hay, Lady Elizabeth }  
 Howard, Lady. .... Viscountess Anson  
 Herschel, Lady .... Lady A. Maria Donkin  
 Horte, Lady Harriet } Countess of Leicester  
 Horte, Miss Psyche }  
 Hill, Lady Marcus. .... Lady Maryborough  
 Hill, Lady. .... Countess of Bradford  
 Heneage, Mrs. .... Lady Worsley  
 Harland, Mrs. .... Mrs. Vansittart  
 Halsey, Mrs. Moore. .... March. Tavistock  
 Halsey, Miss. .... Mrs. Moore Halsey  
 Howard, Mrs. G. .... Viscountess Andover  
 Hawker, Mrs. Sophia. .... Lady Rodney  
 Hay, Miss. .... her mother Lady Montgomery  
 Hawkins, Mrs. Eliz. .... Counts. Albemarle  
 Holford, Miss. .... Dow. Lady Clifford  
 Hail, Miss. .... Lady Cotton Sheppard  
 Herries, Miss Maria. .... Miss Herries  
 Ilchester, Dow. Countess. .... March. Lansdown  
 Isted, Mrs. .... Lady Lilford  
 Inglis, Miss Arabella. .... Lady Oranmore  
 Inglis, Miss. .... Lady Oranmore  
 Inglis, Mrs. .... Lady Oranmore  
 Inglis, Miss Elizabeth. .... Lady Oranmore  
 Irby, Hon. Frederica. .... Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Irby, Hon. Cecilia. .... Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Irby, Hon. Emily. .... Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Joy, Mrs. Joy. .... March. of Lansdowne  
 Jones, Miss Anne. .... Lady Barham  
 Jervoise, Mrs. .... Lady Bolton  
 Jones, Miss Thewitt. .... Lady Dormer

*Presented by*

Kelly, Mrs. Fitzroy. .... Mrs. Fitzgerald  
 Keppel, Wm. Mrs. .... Countess of Albemarle  
 Knox, Hon. Miss. .... Viscts. Northland  
 Kerr, Lady Henry. .... Duchess Buccleugh  
 Keble, Miss. .... Mrs. Taylor  
 King, Lady. .... Lady George Murray  
 Kenyon, Hon. Mrs. T. .... Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Kaye, Mrs. .... Lady James Stuart  
 King, Mrs. Bolton. .... Countess Poulett  
 Kerr, Mrs. .... Duchess of Buccleugh  
 Knight, Miss. .... Countess Poulett  
 Kerr, Miss Agnes. .... Mrs. Kerr  
 Kerr, Miss Mary. .... ibid  
 Kenyon, Miss Emma. .... Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Long, Miss Emma. .... Counts. of Portsmouth  
 Leinster, Duchess of. .... March. of Tavistock  
 Listowel, Countess of. .... Countess Mulgrave  
 Lefroy, the Hon. Mrs. .... Viscountess Forbes  
 Latouche, the Hon. Mrs. .... Countess of Meath  
 Lyttelton, Hon. Caroline. .... Lady Lyttelton  
 Lovat, Lady. .... Hon. Lady Beddingfield  
 Legge, Lady Anne. .... Lady Harriet Paget  
 Lambert, Lady H. .... Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Legge, Lady Mary. .... Lady H. Paget  
 Lambert, Lady H. .... Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Lambert, Lady Alicia. .... ibid  
 Hewellyn, Mrs. .... Mrs. Tudor  
 Levett, Mrs. .... Viscountess Anson  
 Lindsay, Mrs. J. .... Countess of Balcarres  
 Lonsada, Mrs. J. B. .... Lady C. Constable  
 Lowth, Mrs. .... Lady Rodney  
 Lee, Mrs. Chandos. .... Lady Nugent  
 Leigh, Mrs. Boughton. .... Countess Denbigh  
 Lewis, Mrs. .... Hon. Mrs. Vansittart  
 Lock, Mr. W. .... Mrs. Meynell  
 Long, Mrs. William. .... Lady Lyttelton  
 Lowndes, Mrs. of Barrington, was present.  
 Lloyd, Miss. .... her mother Lady, Trimlestown  
 Leigh, Miss. .... Mrs. Boughton Leigh  
 Leigh, Miss Grace Boughton. .... ibid  
 Legard, Miss C. .... Mrs. Bobt. Alexander  
 Latouche, Miss Char. .... Hon. Mrs. Latouche  
 Locke, Miss. .... Mrs. Jervoise  
 Levett, Miss. .... Mrs. Levett  
 Lowth, Miss Sophy. .... Mrs. Lowth  
 Mountcashell, Countess of. .... Viscs. Forbes  
 Manners, Lady Adeliza. .... March. Tavistock  
 Melfort, Countess Edward de. .... ibid  
 Munster, Countess of. .... Countess Shrewsbury  
 Morant, Lady Caroline. .... Countess Rosslyn  
 Montgomery, Lady. .... March. Wellesley  
 Mostyn, Lady H. .... March. of Landsowne  
 Mansel, Lady. .... Hon. Mrs. Denman  
 Monson, Lady. .... Countess of Clarendon  
 Mackenzie, Lady Muir. .... Countess Kinnoul  
 Moreton, Lady. .... Countess of Lichfield  
 Moore, Lady Jane. .... Countess Mountcashell  
 Maxse, Lady Caroline. .... Countess Euston  
 Maxwell, Miss H. H. .... Duchess of Somerset  
 Middleton, Mrs. C. .... Dow. Lady Beddingfield  
 Maxwell, Mrs. Constable. .... Lady Howden  
 Morgan, Mrs. .... Lady Rodney  
 Mildmay, Mrs. H. .... Countess Haddington  
 Musters, Mrs. J. .... Lady Catherine Stewart  
 Martin, Mrs. Pitney. .... Lady Alice Peel  
 Meynell, Mrs. .... Mrs. Waymouth  
 Miles, Mrs. William. .... Lady Miles  
 Miles, Mrs. .... Lady George Murray  
 Manley, Mrs. .... Lady Louisa Pole

*Presented by*

Martyn, Mrs. M....Mrs. Hall, of Llanover  
 Milford, Mrs. O...Lady Margaret Walpole  
 Murray, Mrs. James A....Lady G. Murray  
 Monkland, Mrs.....Countess Nelson  
 Miles, Miss.....Mrs. Miles  
 Moss, Miss.....Duchess of Hamilton  
 Michell, Miss.....Lady Belhaven  
 Montague, Hon. Miss J....Lady Montague  
 Montague, Miss Jane.....ibid  
 Montgomery, Lady.....March. Wellesley  
 Montgomery, Miss.....Lady Montgomery  
 Montague, Miss Isabella.....ibid  
 Murray, Hon. Mrs....Lady Montgomery  
 Mansfield, Miss.....Mrs. Mansfield  
 Martin, Miss.....Mrs. Francis Davies  
 Mackay, Miss C.....Countess Huntingdon  
 Noel, Hon. Mrs. W.....Lady Barham  
 Norbury, Counts. of...Counts. of Charlemont  
 Northland, Viscts...Countess of Mexborough  
 Norton, Hon. M. E.....Lady Grantley  
 Nicholls, Lady.....Lady George Murray  
 Nugent, Lady.....Marchioness of Tavistock  
 Newman, Miss C.....Duchess of Somerset  
 Newman, Miss Caroline.....ibid  
 Newman, Miss.....ibid  
 Neville, Miss.....Mrs. Broadhead  
 Neville, Miss Fanny.....Countess Dartmouth  
 Nicholls, Miss Mary.....Lady Nicholls  
 Nicolls, Miss Sophia.....ibid  
 Ongley, Lady.....Lady Charlotte Talbot  
 Ongley, Miss.....Lady Ongley  
 Otway, Lady.....March. of Queensbury  
 Orde, Lady.....Countess of Plymouth  
 Otway, Miss Letitia.....Lady Otway  
 Orde, Mrs. John.....Lady Bolton  
 Orde, Miss M.....Mrs. John Orde  
 O'Connell, Mrs. J.....Countess of Fingal  
 Otway, Miss Augusta.....Lady Otway  
 Purcell, Mrs.....Countess of Fingal  
 Portal, Mrs.....Mrs. John Drummond  
 Phillips, Mrs.....Countess of Lichfield  
 Penefather, Mrs. Major.....Mrs. G. Evans  
 Pechell, Lady C.....Countess of Haddington  
 Power, Miss Ellen.....Countess of Fingal  
 Pualet, Lady Charles.....Lady Howden  
 Powlett, Lady William...Lady Anne Beckett  
 Poleworth, Lady.....Countess of Denbigh  
 Pearson, Miss.....Countess Mountcashell  
 Paget, Miss Frances...Lady Harriet Paget  
 Pearson, Miss E...Countess of Mountcashell  
 Portal, Miss.....Mrs. Portal  
 Phillimore, Miss.....Mrs. J. Phillimore  
 Phillimore, Miss Mary.....ibid  
 Peel, Miss.....Lady Peel  
 Phipps, Hon. Mrs.....Countess Mulgrave  
 Pollen, Lady.....Countess of Craven  
 Payne, Lady.....Countess Maxa  
 Paget, Lady Harriet...Countess Dartmouth  
 Palmer, Lady.....Dow. Lady De Clifford  
 Plunket, Hon. Louisa.....Lady Oranmore  
 Plunkett, Hon. J.....Lady Oranmore  
 Petre, Hon. Isabella.....Lady Petre  
 Phipps, Hon. Mrs...Dow. Count. Mulgrave  
 Pitman, Mrs.....Lady Cottenham  
 Petre, Mrs. Henry.....Lady Trimblestown  
 Phillimore, Mrs. J.....Lady Cottenham  
 Peard, Mrs. John.....Lady Follet  
 Pearson, Mrs.....Countess of Mountcashell  
 Pugh, Mrs.....Lady Lucy Clive

*Presented by*

Rose, Miss.....Countess of Sheffield  
 Rolleston, Miss.....Mrs. Rolleston  
 Rice, Hon. Katherine....Lady Eliz. Dulton  
 Rice, Miss Caroline.....ibid  
 Rose, Lady.....Countess of Sheffield  
 Rodney, Lady.....Lady Bolton  
 Russell, Lady Frankland...Lady G. Murray  
 Ravensworth, Lady...Countess of Mulgrave  
 Rodd, Lady.....Lady Lyttelton  
 Russell, Mrs. D. Watts...Dow. Lady Sitwell  
 Rennie, Mrs.....Lady Rennie  
 Rothschild, Mrs. L. de...Baroness Rothschild  
 Rushout, Hon. Mrs...Hon. Lady R. Cockerell  
 Ramsden, Hon. Mrs...March. of Tavistock  
 Rice, Hon. Maria...Lady Elizabeth Dutton  
 Ramsden, Lady.....Lady Howden  
 Ramsdes, Miss.....ibid  
 Ramsden, Miss C...March. of Tavistock  
 Rolleston, Mrs.....Lady Cotten Sheppard  
 Roche, Mrs.....Lady James Hay  
 Reading, Mrs. Packe.....Lady Cottenham  
 Scott, Lady H. M...Duchess of Buccleugh  
 Strachan, Miss...Lady Strachan, Marq. Salsa  
 Southwell, Viscountess...Countess Fingall  
 Strachan, Lady Marq...Countess Ludolf  
 Scott, Lady Montagu...Duchess Buccleugh  
 Siltoun, Lady.....ibid  
 Stanley, Lady Massey...Countess Mulgrave  
 St. John, Mrs. Edward...Lady Louisa Pole  
 Shirley, Mrs.....Countess of Bradford  
 Stopford, Mrs.....Lady Lilford  
 Shepherd, Mrs...Lady Talbot de Malahide  
 Shippard, Mrs.....Countess of Huntingdon  
 Scudamore, Mrs.....Lady Lyttelton  
 Stewart, Mrs. Edward...Lady K. Stewart  
 Selby, Madame...Countess of Charlemont  
 Stansfield, Mrs. Compton...Lady Portman  
 Shedden, Mrs. L...Rt. Hon. Lady Arundel  
 Sheil, Mrs. Lalor...Countess of Fingall  
 Stonor, Mrs.....Lady Dormer  
 Smith, Mrs. Loraine...March. Tavistock  
 Smith, Mrs. G. R.....Lady Howden  
 Sheppard, Lady C...Countess Shrewsbury  
 Sitwell, Lady.....Lady Waterpark  
 Sitwell, Dow. Lady...Lady T. Spring Rice  
 Southwell, Hon. P...Viscountess Southwell  
 Southwell, Matilda.....ibid  
 Smythe, Lady.....Countess of Fingal  
 Stournton, Lady.....ibid  
 Scott, Hon. Mrs.....Lady Poleworth  
 Shippard, Miss.....Countess Huntingdon  
 Shippard, Sarah.....ibid  
 Shirley, Miss Sarah...Countess Huntingdon  
 Stacy, Miss.....Hon. Lady Bedingfield  
 St. John, Miss.....Mrs. St. John  
 Smith, Miss.....Countess of Huntingdon  
 Smythe, Miss.....Lady Smythe  
 Selby, Miss.....Lady Christie  
 Stopford, Miss.....Lady Lilford  
 Smith, Miss Alicia...Lady Beresford  
 Shirley, Miss Louisa...Mrs. Shirley  
 Skinner, Mr.....Viscountess Southwell  
 Talbot, Hon. Fanny Gabrielle, Chanoinesse  
 du Chapitre Royal de St. Ann de Mu-  
 nich, and Baroness of Austria....Lady  
 Talbot de Malahide.  
 Tierney, Miss.....Lady Wheatley  
 Tierney, Miss M.....Ditto  
 Tweeddale, March.....Duchess Buccleugh

*Presented by*

Turner Hon. Lady. . . Hon. Mrs. Vansittart  
 Tighe, Lady Louisa. . . Lady James Stuart  
 Talbot, Lady C. . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Tichborne, Lady . . . Lady Gerard  
 Tichborne, Miss. . . . Lady Tichborne  
 Trimlestown, Lady. . . . Lady Eustace  
 Talbot, Miss Jane. . . Countess Haddington  
 Thompson, Miss. . . . Mrs. Shippard  
 Talbot, Miss. . . . Countess of Haddington  
 Tottenham, Mrs. Loftus. . . Mrs. Challoner  
 Throckmorton, Mrs. . . . Lady Lansdowne  
 Twisleton, Mrs. Chas. . . Lady Gardner  
 Tudor, Mrs. G. . . . Lady Cotton Sheppard  
 Vandeleur, Miss. . . . Lady James Hay  
 Vaughan, Mrs. . . . Mrs. Masters  
 Vansittart, Miss Teresa. . Hon. Lady Turner  
 Vaux, Lady. . . . Hon. Mrs. Vansittart  
 Wemyss, Countess. . . . Duchess Buccleuch  
 Wellesley, March. . . . March. Carmarthen  
 Warwick, Countess. . . . Countess Denbigh  
 Ward, Lady. . . . Marchioness Wellesley  
 Ward, Hon. Miss. . . . Ditto  
 Winnington, Lady. . . . Lady R. Cockerell  
 Wood, Lady. . . . Lady Muskerry  
 Waterpark, Dowager Lady. . Visct. Anson  
 Waldegrave, Lady L. . . Dow. Lady Clinton  
 Wrottesley, Lady. . . . Countess Tankerville  
 Waterpark, Lady. . . Dow. Lady Waterpark  
 Williams, Mrs. Addams. . . Lady C. Guest  
 Wrighton, Hon. Miss. . . Hon. Mrs. Kenyon  
 Webster, Mrs. . . . Marchioness Tavistock  
 Whetham, Miss. . . . Hon. Mrs. W. Noel  
 Williams, Mrs. Peers. . . . Lady Campbell  
 Western, Mrs. Burch. . . . Lady Rodney  
 Western, Miss. . . . ibid  
 Weld, Mrs. Samuel. . . Countess of Fingal  
 Webster, Miss. . . . Lady Vivian  
 Walker, Miss. . . . Duchess of Buccleugh  
 Wrottesley, Miss. . . . Lady Wrottesley  
 Wall, Miss. . . . Mrs. Wall  
 Winnington, Miss. . . Lady Maryborough  
 Wood, Hon. Mrs. . . Lady Beauchamp Proctor  
 Wrottesley, Miss Mary. . . Lady Wrottesley  
 West, Mrs. Frederick. . . Lady Portman  
 Woulfe, Mrs. . . . Lady Cloncurry  
 Waller, Mrs. . . . Lady Eliz. Dutton  
 Wilkins, Mrs. . . . Hon. Lady Colburn  
 White, Mrs. J. . . . Viscountess Maynard  
 Wall, Mrs. . . . Lady de Saumarez  
 Wyld, Mrs. . . . her sister, Mrs. Boldero  
 Welley, Mrs. . . . Lady Howard  
 Wright, Miss Smith. . . Dow. Lady Sitwell  
 Wood, Miss Francis. . . Lady Caroline Wood  
 Walpole, Miss Sophia. . . Lady M. Walpole  
 Willis, Mrs. Frederick. . . Lady Gossett  
 Wrightson, Mrs. Battie. . . Lady C. Fitzroy  
 Yates, Mrs. Ashton. . . Lady Trimlestown  
 22nd.—The Queen held a Court at the  
 New Palace.

The Duchess de Palmella, Portuguese Ambassador, had an audience of Her Majesty. Several Ambassadors also delivered their credentials, and presented the members of their Embassies.

The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of the French, came in state with his suite, in three carriages to the Palace, and had an audience of the Queen, to deliver his credentials.

## GUESTS AT HER MAJESTY'S TABLE.

The Earl of Uxbridge, June 5.  
 Viscount Melbourne, June 1, 5.  
 Lord Lyttleton, June 5  
 Hon. Col. Cavendish, June 1, 5, 7, 18.  
 Austrian Ambassador, June 7  
 Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, June 7.  
 Count Nicholas Esterhazy, June 7.  
 Count and Countess Chorinski, June 7.  
 Count and Countess Creppi, June 7.  
 Duke and Duchess of Leinster, June 7.  
 Earl of Liverpool, June 7.  
 Lady Louisa Jenkinson, June 7.  
 Earl and Countess Cowper, June 7.  
 Lord and Lady Ashley, June 7.  
 Lady Fanny Cowper, June 7.  
 Duke of Argyll, June 7.  
 Earl of Belfast, June 3, 7.  
 Earl of Mulgrave, June 3, 8, 11.  
 Earl of Ilchester, June 8.  
 Viscountess Keith, June 8.  
 Count de Flahant, June 8.  
 Hon. Miss Elphinstone, June 8.  
 Lord Willoughby de Eresby, June 8.  
 Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, June 8.  
 Lord Borringdon, June 8.  
 Lord Portman, June 8.  
 Lady Portman, June 8.  
 Earl Surrey, June 8.  
 Sir William Houston, June 8.  
 H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester, June 11  
 Duke of Richmond, June 11.  
 Duchess of Richmond, June 11.  
 Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox, June 11.  
 Duke of Grafton, June 11.  
 Lady Laura Fitzroy, June 11.  
 Duke of Argyll, June 11.  
 Marquis Conyngham, June 3, 11.  
 Earl of Albemarle, June 11.  
 Countess of Albemarle, June 11.  
 Lord Glenelg, June 1.  
 Viscount Falkland, June 1.  
 Viscountess Falkland, June 1.  
 Marquis of Westminster, June 3.  
 Earl and Countess de Lawarr, June 3.  
 Lady Elizabeth Wist, June 3.  
 Viscount Palmerston, June 3.  
 Lord and Lady John Russell, June 3.  
 Hon. Mr. Brand, June 15.

*The following accompanied her Majesty in her rides and drives, and those marked (\*) attended her Majesty to the Theatre.*

Lady Portman, June 7.  
 Hon. Miss Cavendish, June 7.  
 Lady Theresa Digby, June 7, 9.\*  
 Miss Quentin, June 7.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, June 7.  
 Hon. Col. Cavendish, June 7.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, June 7, 9.\*  
 Col. Wemyss, June 7, 9.\*  
 Lord Alfred Paget, June 7.  
 Countess Mulgrave, May 30, June 9,\* 9, 18.  
 Hon. Miss Paget, June 9,\* 9.  
 Marquis Conyngham, June 9.\*  
 Lord Silford June 9.\*  
 Hon. Charles Murray, June 9.\*  
 Hon. Miss Pitt, 18.  
 Baroness Lehzen, June 18.

## CORONATIANA, &amp;c.

## THE REGALIA.

AFTER the Crown, which is destined to adorn the fair brow of our youthful sovereign, had been examined and approved of by her Majesty, it was first exhibited on the 20th of June by the manufacturers, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, to a large party of their friends, and the nobility and gentry especially invited. In design it is very elegant and exceedingly costly—possessing much more of the former character than that of the larger and more massive shaped crown of George IV., which, together with the whole of the coronation Regalia, were depicted by us in the *Lady's Magazine* for December, 1831, and a full description given of them. The same were used by his late Majesty William IV. The former crown, since broken up, weighed upwards of seven pounds, and was besides much too large and heavy for the head of her present Majesty. The new crown weighs little more than three pounds. It is composed of hoops of highly wrought silver, enclosing a cap of deep purple velvet; the hoops are entirely encrusted with precious stones, surmounted with a ball, covered with small diamonds, and surmounted by a Maltese cross of brilliants. The cross has in its centre a splendid sapphire; the rim of the crown is clustered with brilliants, and ornamented with fleur de lis and Maltese crosses, equally rich. In the front of the Maltese cross, which is in front of the crown, is the enormous heart-shaped ruby, once worn by the chivalrous Edward the Black Prince, but now, through the lapse of ages, destined to shine as the "peculiar gem" above the brow of our 'Virgin Queen of the Isles.' Beneath this, in the circular rim, is an immense oblong sapphire. It is decked with many other jewels of price—emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and several small clusters of drop pearls. The lower part of the crown is surmounted with ermine. It is upon the whole a most dazzling, but tasteful crown; and its structure, as well as the disposition of the coloured gems adorning it, is worthy of the long established reputation of the establishment to which its design and fabrication have been entrusted, and the taste by which it was directed. We have heard that Her Majesty has expressed herself highly satisfied with it. The coronets of the different members of the Royal Family with those of high official personages were also grouped round; though very chaste and costly, they are of course very inferior in point of brilliance and magni-

ficence to the imperial diadem, though by no means less so in point of taste; the ampulla, the spoon, the offering, a wedge of pure gold, &c., and the sceptre used in the ceremony, as well indeed as every thing, including batons, swords of state, &c., were in the several cases, and visible to the public.

By the Earl Marshal's orders:—

All persons having admission to the choir of Westminster Abbey, not being Peers, are to appear in the full Court dress, uniform or regimental, and knights of the respective orders in their collars.

Ladies, having Peer's tickets, to appear in Court dresses, without feathers, lappets or trains; the gentlemen in uniform or full dress.

No person present at the solemnity of the Coronation to appear in mourning.

No person to be permitted to pass into Westminster Abbey except by production of a ticket, and under his seal; or to walk in the procession, unless his name or office be mentioned in the ceremonial.

The entrances of Westminster Abbey will be opened at five o'clock in the morning.

At the same hour all the gates of Hyde Park will be opened for carriages.

The gates of St. James's Park (except Storey's Gate) will be closed against all carriages but those belonging to Her Majesty and the Royal Family, until after the return of Her Majesty to the Palace.

Her Majesty will proceed in state from the New Palace, up Constitution Hill, through Piccadilly, down St. James's-street, along Pall Mall, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, Whitehall, Parliament-street, the Broad Sanctuary, to the West entrance of Westminster Abbey, and will return by the same line.

The procession will leave the New Palace at ten o'clock, precisely.

The route will be kept exclusively for the free passage of Her Majesty, and the royal procession, from the hour of half-past nine in the morning, till after Her Majesty's return to the Palace.

The carriages of Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, proceeding to join the royal procession at the New Palace, will be permitted to pass all the barriers; they will enter St. James's Park, through the Horse Guards, and proceed along the centre Mall, facing the triumphant arch in front of the Palaces, and will there receive instructions from persons especially appointed for the purpose.

#### FIRST ROUTE—TO THE WEST ENTRANCE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The carriages of persons who have tickets for the West entrance, will proceed by Grosvenor-place, keeping along the Western side (taking care to avoid all interference with the royal carriages), along Grosvenor-place, Arabella-row, Wards-row, down James-street, York-street, Broadway, Tothill-street, and set down at the West entrance of the Abbey, with the horses' heads towards Dean's-yard, and return by the same route by which they came.

Persons with tickets for the orchestra, to be admitted at the Cloister entrance from Dean's-yard, will proceed by this route, and set down at the entrance in Dean's-yard.

Persons with tickets for the galleries in the South aisle of the nave, to be admitted at the South nave entrance in the Cloisters, will also proceed by this route.

Persons going this route (with the exception of peers and peeresses) cannot be admitted into the Abbey after nine o'clock in the morning, and the barrier at the end of Tothill-street will be closed from nine o'clock, till after the ceremony is finished.

Peers and peeresses will be permitted to pass this barrier, and enter the Abbey till ten o'clock.

Peers and Peeresses who reside within the barriers will be permitted to pass by the direct line from their residence to the West entrance, but in setting down, their carriages cannot be allowed to interfere with those coming by the regular prescribed route.

All those persons living within the barriers must conform to the regulations as to time and route.

#### SECOND ROUTE—TO THE NORTH ENTRANCE OF THE ABBEY.

Persons who have tickets for the North entrance will enter the line at the Regent's-circus, in Piccadilly, proceed down Regent-street, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, Cockspur-street, Whitehall, Parliament-street, and the Broad Sanctuary, to the North entrance.

#### THIRD ROUTE—TO THE SOUTH ENTRANCE, POET'S CORNER.

Persons who have tickets for the entrance in Poet's-corner will proceed along Knights-bridge, Wilton-place, the north-east side of Wilton-crescent, the east side of Belgrave-square, Belgrave-street, Belgrave-place, Shaftesbury-terrace, Vauxhall-bridge road, Millbank, Millbank-street, Abingdon-street, and set down at Poet's-corner.

This entrance will be closed at nine o'clock, and be opened for the admission of Members of the House of Commons only after that hour, by producing a ticket signed by the Speaker.

#### FOURTH ROUTE—FOR MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS EXCLUSIVELY.

The carriages of Members to enter the barrier at the bottom of the Haymarket, proceed along Pall-mall east, the west side of Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross, Whitehall, Parliament-street, and set down at the entrance of Westminster-hall; they will wait in New Palace-yard, and if there is not room enough there, then draw off over Westminster-bridge, and form in the route along the Bridge-road. The barrier on this route will be opened on the ticket signed by the Speaker being produced. No carriage can be allowed to enter the barrier on this route after half-past nine o'clock at the latest.

#### REGULATIONS TO BE OBSERVED ON QUITTING THE ABBEY.

Carriages are not to be called up to take the company away, but will draw up to the several doors in the order of succession in which they had set down. Tickets numbered in duplicate for each carriage in that order of succession will be given by the police to the party on setting down—one for the party and the other for the coachman—the number of the ticket for each carriage at the door will be announced in the Abbey; the parties will thus know when their carriages are about to draw up in time to get ready, and prevent delay.

We think that Her Majesty's Secretary of State has taken very great and commendable pains to prevent confusion and to give general satisfaction, and we are disposed to think, that if the directions be closely followed, the public safety and convenience will be fully insured.

#### HORSE GUARDS, June 23.

By command of the Right Hon. the General Commander in Chief, John Macdonald, Adjutant-general.

The troops specified below will assist at the ceremony of Her Majesty's coronation, on Thursday, the 28th inst., and will on that occasion be commanded by Major-general Sir Charles Dalbiac, K.C.B.

Cavalry.—1st and 2nd Regiment of Life Guards; Royal Regiment of Horse Guards; 4th and 6th Regiments of Dragoon Guards; 10th Royal Hussars; 12th Royal Lancers.

Royal Artillery.—Two nine-pounder batteries of six guns each.

Infantry.—Foot Guards—Grenadier Regiment, 1st and 3rd battalion; detachment of the 1st battalion Coldstream Regiment; Scotch Fusiliers, 1st and 2nd battalion; 20th Regiment of Foot; detachment of Royal Marines; Rifle Brigade, 1st and 2nd battalion; the Hon. Artillery Company.

The Cavalry will be commanded by Co-

lonel Greenwood, of the 2nd Life Guards; the nine-pounder batteries by Lieut.-col. Cleveland, of the Royal Artillery; and the Infantry by Colonel D'Oyley, of the Grenadier Guards.

The Cavalry will be distributed as follows, viz:—the Household Brigade along the whole line of procession; the 4th Dragoon Guards in Old and New Palace-yard, at the west end of Bridge-street, in Margaret-street, and at the east end of Great George-street, Westminster; at which latter place the regimental band will be placed.

The 6th Dragoon Guards, in Whitehall-place, the Strand, and Trafalgar-square; the regimental band near the statue at Charing-cross.

The 10th Royal Hussars, in Trafalgar-square, Pall-mall east, and Waterloo-place; the regimental band to the north of the Duke of York's column.

The 12th Royal Lancers, at the south end of John-street, Pall-mall, at St. James's Palace, the top of St. James's-street, and Hyde-park corner; the regimental band at St. James's Palace.

The Royal Artillery will take post in St. James's-park.

The Foot Guards, the Infantry of the Line, and the Royal Marines, will be extended along the route of the procession (beginning at the western entrance of Westminster Abbey) as far as their numbers will admit; and the Hon Artillery Company will take post in St. Margaret's-churchyard, with its left upon the church, and its right extending towards Bridge-street.

The band of the Royal Artillery will be stationed in front of the Ordnance-office in Pall-mall, and that of the Royal Marines in front of the Admiralty.

The bands, drums, and bugles of the Infantry will be stationed with their respective battalions. Each band of cavalry and infantry will play "God save the Queen," as her Majesty passes, and continue playing until her Majesty shall have passed the regiment or battalion to which it belongs.

To give additional solemnity, no tune but that of "God save the Queen," will be played whilst her Majesty is passing the troops.

The troops will salute in succession as her Majesty passes, each battalion of infantry continuing with "presented arms," until her Majesty shall have passed its front, when the men will shoulder arms, and the music and drums cease.

The following salutes will be fired:—

Twenty-one guns at sun-rise

Twenty-one guns when her Majesty moves from Buckingham Palace.

Twenty-one guns upon the arrival of her Majesty at Westminster Abbey.

Forty-one guns when the Crown is placed upon her Majesty's head,

Twenty-one guns when her Majesty leaves the Abbey.

Twenty-one guns upon her Majesty's return to Buckingham Palace.

The whole of the troops will be at their stations by seven o'clock on Thursday morning, and the Major-general will take care that the military arrangements shall in no instance disturb or interfere with those which have been regulated by the Earl Marshal and the Master of the Horse, and published by them for general information and guidance. He will also take care that the troops render every possible assistance to those officers of state, and others, who are to superintend and conduct the procession.

*The approaching Coronation.*—Sunday was a most lovely day, and thousands, and tens of thousands crowded the streets of the metropolis, eager to catch a glimpse of the preparations in progress for one of the most imposing and important of national ceremonies. The day was, indeed, so truly lovely, that all hearts were ready to deem fate propitious of the coming event. But who can tell what a day will bring forth; Sunday, with all its sunshine, may be eclipsed by clouds on Monday, or if the prospect be fair, those skilled in the state of the weather, such as Murphy and the wiser brotherhood, might be inclined to believe that the watery vapours were only collecting in greater abundance, to deluge the metropolis with heavy rains on Tuesday. On Wednesday, it is next to probable that the weather may be tolerably fair in the afternoon, and if heavy rains shall have fallen the night before, or very early in the morning, it is very likely that the heavens will be clear and the atmosphere dry, from 9 till 11 o'clock on Thursday, but that brief space will, we think, be the finest portion of the day, for the prospect of rain is greater than that of fine weather. Having thus answered the general inquiries what the weather is likely to be, on which depends so much of the real comfort of the day, we will hope for the best; and, though London's gazers may not be pleased, the sweet-smelling hay, perfuming the air even of the metropolis, tells us still that the country, if not parched, is dry, and would rejoice in moisture. However, a shower before the procession shall have moved, will make the roadway much more agreeable; since on Sunday last the whole of London, notwithstanding the rain of Saturday night, was, in very truth, one cloud of dust, as much so as if a gossamer veil had been dropped from heaven over the whole town.

## CORONATION PROCESSION,

[The procession will be formed in St. James's Park, at 9 o'clock, and start from the Palace at 10 o'clock precisely, under the directions of the Master of the Horse.]

•• We are authorized to state, that the carriages of persons going to houses and places to view the procession on her Majesty's Coronation, will be allowed to pass the barriers for the purpose of setting down the company until 9 o'clock in the morning. All carriages will be required to return immediately after setting down the company, and none will be permitted to stand at any point upon the line, and no carriage or waggon will be allowed to draw up or stand on the outside of any barrier. We are also authorized to state, that the tickets issued by the Earl Marshal for the rehearsal at the Abbey, will each admit one person only.

### Trumpeters.

A squadron of Life Guards, under the direction of one of the Queen's Equerries, with two Assistants.

Carriages of the foreign *resident* Ambassadors and Ministers, according to precedence in this country

The several *Chargé d'Affaires* of Mexico, Portugal, Sweden.

Ministers of Saxony, Hanover, Greece, Sardinia, Spain, United States, Netherlands, Brazils, Bavaria, Denmark, Belgium, Wurtemberg, and Prussia.

Carriages of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers extraordinary, in the order in which they respectively reported their arrival in this country.

### Ambassadors Extraordinary :—

Ahmed Fethiz Pasha, from the Sultan .

Marshal Soult, from the King of the French.

Duke de Palmella, from the Queen of Portugal.

Count Lowenhjelm, from the King of Sweden.

The Marquis de Brignole, from the King of Sardinia.

Count Alten, from the King of Hanover.

Prince de Pulbus, from the King of Prussia.

Marquis de Miraflores, from the Queen of Spain.

Baron de Capellan, from the King of the Netherlands.

Prince Schwartzburg, from the Emperor of Russia.

Prince de Ligne, from the King of the Belgian.

Count Ludolph, from the King of the two Sicilies.

—

The Ambassadors from Turkey, France, Russia and Austria.

Mounted Band of a Regiment of Household Brigade.

Detachment of Life Guards,

Under the direction of one of Her Majesty's Equerries, with two Assistants.

Carriages of the branches of the Royal Family, with their respective Escorts.

The Duchess of Kent and Attendants, in her Royal Highness's two Carriages, each drawn by six horses, with the proper escort of Life Guards.

The Duchess of Gloucester and Attendants.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Attendants, in His Royal Highness's two carriages.

The Duke of Sussex and Attendants.

Mounted Band of a regiment of the Household Brigade, under the directions of one of the Queen's Equerries, with two Assistants.

The Queen's Bargemaster.

The Queen's forty-eight Watermen.

### HER MAJESTY'S CARRIAGES, each drawn by six horses.

Two Grooms  
walking.

THE FIRST CARRIAGE,  
Drawn by six bays,

Two Grooms.  
walking.

Conveys two Pages of Honour, J. C. M. Covell, and J. H. Cavendish, Esqs.  
Two Gentlemen Ushers, Major Beresford and Captain Green.

Two grooms  
walking.

SECOND CARRIAGE,  
drawn by six bays,

Two Grooms  
walking.

Conveys two Pages of Honour, Charles Ellice, Esq., and Lord Kilmarnock.  
Two Gentlemen Ushers, Charles Heneage, Esq., and the Hon. F. Byng.

Two Grooms  
walking.

THIRD CARRIAGE,  
drawn by six bays,

Two Grooms  
walking.

Conveys two Bed-Chamber Women, Lady Theresa Digby, and Lady Charlotte Copley.  
Two Grooms in Waiting, Hon. George Keppel, and Henry Rich, Esq.

Two Grooms walking.	<b>FOURTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six bays,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys two Bed-Chamber Women, Lady Harriet Clive, and Lady Caroline Barrington.		
Two Grooms in Waiting, the Hon. W. Cooper, and Sir Frederick Stovin.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>FIFTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six bays.	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys two Maids of Honour, Hon. Miss Rice, and Hon. Miss Murray; Groom of the Robes, Captain Francis Seymour; Clerk Marshal, Hon. Colonel Cavendish.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>SIXTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six bays,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys two Maids of Honour, Hon. Miss Lister, Hon. Miss Paget; Keeper of Privy Purse, Sir A. Wheatley; Vice Chamberlain, Earl of Belfast.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>SEVENTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six horses,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys the Maids of Honour, Hon. Miss Cavendish; Hon. Miss Cocks, Treasurer of the Household, Earl of Surrey; Comptroller of the Household, the Right Hon. G. Byng.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>EIGHTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six bays,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys two Maids of Honour, Hon. Misses Dillon and Pitt; two Lords in Waiting, Lords Gardner and Lilford.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>NINTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six greys,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys two Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, Ladies Portman and Barham; Two Lords in Waiting, Lord Byron and Viscount Falkland.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>TENTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six bays,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys two Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, Lady Lyttelton, and Countess of Mulgrave; two Lords in Waiting, Viscount Torrington, Earl of Uxbridge.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>ELEVENTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six bays,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys two Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, Countess of Charlemont, Marchioness of Tavistock; two Lords in Waiting, the Earl of Fingal, and Marquis of Headfort.		
Two Grooms walking.	<b>TWELFTH CARRIAGE,</b> drawn by six blacks,	Two Grooms walking.
Conveys the principal Lady of the Bed-Chamber, the Marchioness of Lansdown; the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis Conyngham; the Lord Steward, the Duke of Argyll.		
A Squadron of Life Guards. Mounted Band of the Household Brigade.		
Military Staff and Aide de Camp on horseback, three and three, attended by one Groom each, and on either side by the Equerry of the Crown Stables, Sir George Quentin, and the Queen's Gentleman Rider.		
Deputy Adjutant General.		Deputy Quarter-Master General.
Deputy Adjutant General, Royal Artillery.		
Quarter Master General, Military Secretary to the Commander in Chief.		
Adjutant-General.	The Royal Huntsmen.	Yeoman Prickers and Forresters.
Six of Her Majesty's horses, with rich trappings, each horse led by two Grooms.		
The Knight Marshal on horseback.		Marshalmen in Ranks of Four.
The three junior Exons of the Yeoman of the Guard on horseback.		
One hundred Yeoman of the Guard, four and four.		
The senior Exon, Ensign, and Lieutenant of the Yeomen on horseback.		
<b>THE STATE COACH,</b>		
Drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, attended by a Yeoman of the Guard at each wheel, and two Footmen at each door; the Gold Stick, Viscount Combermere, and the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, the Earl of Ilchester, riding on either side, attended by two Grooms, conveying		

**THE QUEEN,**

The Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland; Master of the Horse, the Earl of Albemarle.

The Captain General of the Royal Archers, the Duke of Buccleugh, attended by two Grooms.

And the whole closed by a Squadron of Life Guards.



## Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

### BIRTHS.

Arnot, Mrs., June 3rd, of a son at Wyfold Court, Oxfordshire.

Brown, Lady of Thos. Esq., of a son, June 2nd, at Tees Cottage, near Darlington.

Borough, Lady Elizabeth, of a Son, at Lodlock Lodge, near Dublin, 28th May.

Bayne, Lady of Dr., of a son, at Bury St. Edmunds, June 10th.

Brereton, Lady of the Reverend Thomas, at Steeple Morden, Cambridgeshire, of a son, June 15th.

Clutterbuck, Mrs. Henry, of a daughter, still born, at Kempston Vicarage, Bedford, June 7th.

Crealock, Mrs., of a daughter, in Stanhope Place, Hyde Park, June 11th.

Dunlop, the Lady of R. Buchanan, Esq., May 27th, of a son, in Westbourne Place, Eaton Square.

Edenborough, the Lady of Thos., Esq., May 29th, of a daughter, at Dalston.

Hall, Mrs., John, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, of a daughter, June 3rd.

Hillsborough, the Countess of, of a son, in Hanover Square, June 11th.

Hogg, the Lady of James Weir, M. P., of a daughter, in Upper Grosvenor Street, May 31st.

Kensington, Lady of J. F. Esq., of a daughter, in Blackheath Park, June 6th.

Lewin, Mrs. S. H., of a son in Woburn Square, June 3rd.

Marriott, Mrs. Fredk., of a daughter, at 25, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, June 4th.

Monkhouse, Mrs. C. J., of Craven Street, Strand, of a son, June 9th.

Nees, Lady of George Augustus Esq., Surg., of 5, Artillery Place, of a son still born, June 4th.

Sherman, Lady of the Rev. James, of a daughter, June 4th.

Wigram, Lady of James, Esq., of a son, in Portland Place, June 2nd.

### MARRIAGES.

Arthur, now Ballow, Margaret, ygst. daughter of the late Capt. D. M. Arthur 2nd Royal Vet. Battalion, to D. K. Ballow, Surgeon, Invermein, New S. W., Oct. 27th, 1837.

Anderson, now Victor de la Viere, Susanna Charlotte, ygst d. of the late Alex. Anderson, Esq., of Chapel Street, Park Lane, to Baron Leonard Victor de la Viere, at Florence, on the 17th ult.

Barber, now Quinton, Mrs. J. Elizabeth, relict of the late John Barber, Esq., of Chinsurah, to C. D. Quinton, Esq., at Chinsurah, E. I., Feb. 23rd.

Bruce, now Bazett, Louisa Coolebrooke, ygst. d. of the late John Bruce, Esq., Hon. E. I. Company's Medical Establishment, to Cornet H. Y. Bazett, 5th L. C., at Cawnpore, March 8th.

Bacon, now Countess de Cigala, Anne, daughter, of Huntley Bacon, Esq., of Bound's Green,

Middlesex, to Henri Count de Cigala, at St. George's, Hanover Square, (the Ceremony having been previously performed at the Chapel of the Sardinian Embassy,) on the 2nd ult.

Carne, now Matthews, Mary Eleanor, eld. d. of the late Capt. J. C. Carne, Bengal Artillery, to Arnold Henry Matthews, Esq., of Almunchund, near Allahabad, at Agra, E. I. Feb., 28th.

Colgan, now Sanger, Sarah, to Mr. A. F. Sanger, Feb. 27th.

Collis, now Hansler, Marianne Sophia, daughter of Joseph Collis, Esq., of Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, to Robt. J. Hansler, Esq., eld. son of Sir John J. Hansler, F. R. S. of Tavistock Square, on the 2nd ult.

Caville, now Watson, Mrs., 2nd of Mr. D. Wyllie of Edinburgh, to Mr. J. Watson, of Malton, Hunter's River, New S. W., Oct. 7th, 1837.

Crighton, now Willick, Jane, to Mr. J. Willick, of the Clarendon Hotel, at Madras, Novr. 29th, 1837.

Farley, Caroline, daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Farley, vicar of Effingham, Surrey, to the Rev. Wm. Farley, of Ockham, Surrey, at St. Mark's Kennington, on the 29th ult.

Farrant, now Field, Mary, only d. of Lieut. H. B. Farrant, of H. M. 9th Regt., to John Fredk. Field, Lieut. in the same Corps, at Chinsurah, E. I., March 8th.

Ford, now Wight, Rosa Harriet 3rd d. of Lacey Grey Ford, Esq., Superintending Surgeon, Presidency, to Robert Wight, M. D., at Madras, Jan. 17th.

Gilland, now Hunter, Harriet Van Battenbery, only d. of Capt. Gilland, of the 2nd or Queen's Royals, to R. H. A. Hunter, Esq., of the same Corps, son of the late Rev. Wm. Hunter, of Middlebie, N. B., at Balgaum, E. I., March 8th.

Green, now Cuffley, Frances ygst. d. of the late Lieut. Adj. Green, Madras Establishment, to Mr. Henry Cuffley, only son of the late Capt. Cuffley, at Madras, Feb. 14th.

Greig, now Macdonald, Martha, d. of the late S. H. Greig, Esq., to Lieut. J. A. Macdonalds, R. N., son of Col. Macdonald, of Inckenneth in Argyshire, at Calcutta, Feb. 17th.

Halhed, now Barwell, Anna Maria Louisa, eld. d. of N. J. Halhed, Esq., B. C. S., to E. D. Barwell, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, at Calcutta, Feb. 19th.

Hamilton, now Godfree, Anna Margaret, to Mr. Robert Godfree, at Calcutta, March 3rd.

Harrison, now Aviet, Sarah Charlotte, to Mr. Nicholas Aviet, at Calcutta, Dec. 23rd.

Hill, now Campagnae, Eleanor, to Lieut. C. Campagnae, in H. M. the King of Oude's service, at Lucknow, E. I., Jan. 29th.

Horsburgh, now Huttman, Olivia, d. of James Horsburgh, Esq., of Firth Roxburghshire, N. B., to Mr. G. H. Huttman, at Calcutta, Feb. 19th.

Hoseason, now Cuthrey, Jane Janette, d. of the late Thos. Hoseason, Esq., formerly of Banklands, near Lynn, in Norfolk, to Werner

- Cuthrey, Esq., of H. M. 11th L. Dragoons, March 10th.
- Hudson, (now Viall), Charlotte Maria, eld. d. of Mr. C. Hudson, to Capt. Thos. Viall, of Essex, Commander of the barque Sylph, at Howrah, E. I., Jan., 30th.
- Jackson (now Mahor, J.) to Mr. W. Maher, at Bombay, Feb. 5th.
- Jones (now Rees) Eliza, eld. d. of the late Mr. James Jones, of Ireland, to Mr. V. Rees, at Calcutta, Feb. 24th.
- Kell (now Webster) Sarah, eld. d. of Mr. Kell, Northumberland Street, Strand, to George Webster, Esq., of Connaught Terrace, Hyde Park, Surg., on the 2nd ult.
- Kendall, Susan (now Channer) eldst. d. of the Rev. N. Kendall, Vicar of Lanlivery, Cornwall, to George Girdwood Channer, Esq., at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, May 24th.
- Kyd (now Bignell M.) to Lieut. W. Bignell, N. I., at Sangor, Central India, Feb. 2nd.
- Lamb (Georgiani M.) to George Henry Lamb, Esq., at Dacca, E. I., March 5th.
- Mackertich (now Arratoon) Elizabeth, 2nd. d. of Carapiet Mackertich, Esq., to M. Fer. Arratoon, Esq., at Calcutta, Feb. 20th.
- Mahon (now Hockley) Louisa, to Thos. Henry Hockley, Esq., at Calcutta, March 13th.
- Montgomery (now Twentymann) Sarah, to Mr. Wm. John Twentymann, at Calcutta, Jan. 30th.
- Macarthur (now Smith) Agnes Campbell, 2nd d. of the late Capt. Donald Macarthur, 2nd Royal Vet. Battalion, to J. W. Smith, Esq., Deputy Assist. Com. Gen., at Sydney, N. S. W., Dec., 16th 1837.
- Mc' Andrew (now Tyler) Sophia Wolff, ygst. d. of Dr. Mc' Andrew, Surgeon, 45th Regt., to H. C. Tyler, Esq., 40th Regt., at Dacca, E. I., Feb. 20th.
- Muria (now Gostelow) Anne Santa, to Mr. G. W. Gostelow, at Mallacea, E. I., Nov. 30th 1837.
- Marsden (now Bobart) Elizabeth, 2nd d. of the Rev. S. Marsden, to the Rev. Mr. Bobart, at Parramatta, New. S. W., Sept. 28th, 1837.
- O'Connel (now Cardozo) Bridget Margaret, 2nd d. of Capt. G. O'Connel, C. E. V. Bat. Commissary of Ordnance, to Benj. Cardozo, Esq., at Madras, March 21st.
- Pickett (now Jahans) Eliza, eld. d. of Mr. J. Pickett, of Jamulpore, to Mr. T. Jahans, at Mymensing, E. I., Feb. 6th.
- Phillips (now Randolph) Clara, to Henry Randolph, Esq., Merchant and Agent at Chittagong, at Calcutta, Jan. 27th.
- Ricketts (now Carter) eld. d. of the late J. W. Ricketts, Esq., to P. P. Carter, Esq., of Bhojapore, at Calcutta, March 1st.
- Ross (now Prescott) Eliza Jane, eld. d. of the Hon. Alex. Ross, to Capt. Wm. Prescott, Madras, N. I., at Calcutta, March, 1st.
- Robertson (now Kettle) Marian, d. of Mr. W. Robertson, to Mr. Henry Kettle, at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, Oct. 3rd, 1837.
- Robson (now Gouge) Margaret, d. of the late Capt. Robson, 26th Madras N. I., to Mr. Thos. Gouge, Manager-master Attendant's Office, at Madras, Jan. 10th, 1838.
- Ruffy (now Anstey) Harriet K., to George Alex. Anstey, Esq., at Anstey Barton, Van Diemen's Land, Sept. 12th, 1837.
- Ruffy (now Scott) Louisa Mary, 2nd d. of the late Wm. J. Ruffy, Esq., of London, to George Scott, Esq., of Mount Morriston, at Anstey Barton, Van Diemen's Land, Oct. 10th.
- Ray (now Wilde) Lucy, ygst. d. of the late Robert Ray, of Montague Place, and the Grove, Edmonton, June 12th, to Claude Wilde, Esq., eld. son of Mr. Sergeant Wilde, M. P., on the 12th ult.
- Sherriff (now Ridsdale) Henrietta Rothman, 2nd d. of the late J. U. Sherriff, Esq., to Mr. W. Ridsdale, of Bishop's College, at Calcutta, Feb. 23rd.
- Smith (now Martin) Mary Elizabeth, eld. d. of of Capt. R. Smith, to Mr. W. Martin, of the Iron bridge department, at Calcutta, Feb. 23rd.
- Stevenson Ann (now Nicholas) relict of the late Edward Stephenson, Esq., of Somerton Court, Somersetshire, on the 7th of June, at St. Clement's Dunes, by the Rev. — Gurney, to Wm. Nicholas, Esq., of Penzance, Cornwall.
- Todd (now Tunins) Mary Anne, eld. d. of F. Todd, Esq., of Peckham, Surrey, to D. I. Tunins, Esq., Civil Service, at Goruckpore, Feb. 14th.
- Tritton (now Harrison) Mary Anne, 5th d. of the late Capt. Tritton, H. M. 24th Drags. to C. I. Harrison, Esq., 65th Regt. N. I., at Barraekpore, E. I., March 10th.
- Trollope (now Martin) Matilda 2nd d. of the late Sir John Trollope, Bart., of Casewick, Lincolnshire, to Chas. Wakeham Martin, Esq., of Leeds-castle, Kent, at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, on the 18th ult.
- Watson (now Nicholson) Eleanor, to Richardson Nicholson, Esq., at Benares, March 1st.
- Weeks (now Dalzell) Jane Laura, ygst. d. of Lieut. Weeks, R. N., to P. M. Dalzell, Esq., at Bycullah, E. I., March 10th.

## DEATHS.

- Adair, Capt., Cape mounted Rifles, late 72nd Highlanders, when shooting Jan. 17th, at Fort Brown, Cape of Good Hope, by the accidental discharge of his Fowling-piece.
- Bailey, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late Mr. W. Bailey, aged 105, at Calcutta, Feb. 22nd.
- Batchelor, Mr. George, Examiner in the Medical Board Office, Madras, aged 31, March 8th.
- Bayley, the Rev. J. formerly Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in May last.
- Bidge, Mr. Charles, at Bhargulpore, E. I., Feb. 12th.
- Blackler Mr., (a relation of Mr. Dowling's) in the Establishment of the *Launceston Advertiser*, by the upsetting of a sailing boat in the river Tamar, Van Diemen's Land, lately.
- Blenkinsopp, Capt., in Australia, and two men who lost their lives with Sir John Jeffcott, by swamping of the Boat.
- Bocarro, Roza Maria, wife of Miguel Bocarro, a Portuguese gentleman at Bombay, of Cholera, March 18th.
- Borough, Thos., Esq., of Chetroynd Park, Salop, after a short illness, aged 78, in York Terraco, May 29th.
- Boileau, Col. J. P., commanding at the Cape of Good Hope, March 6th.
- Bolton, Capt. and Brev. Maj. Theophilus, of the 74th N. I., at Agra, March 2nd.

- Bruggen, Mr. F. E. J., aged 74, at Madras, Dec. 24th, 1837.
- Burnett, Mrs., at Sydney, Oct. 28th, 1837, wife of W. Burnett, Esq., and daughter of the late J. Brown, Esq., of Newton, Lanark.
- Burgoyne, Sir John James, Knt., after a short illness, at Strahane, Ireland, May 23rd.
- Busby, Thos., Esq., Mus. Doc., the translator of "Lucretius," "History of Music," a Sacred Oratoria, and other Literary and Musical Works; at his daughter's residence, Queen's Row, Pentonville, May 28th.
- Cameron, W. Me. D., Esq., Nov. 4th, aged 26, on board the *Britannia*, on his passage to the Mauritius.
- Carruthers, Matthew Williams, only son of the David Carruthers, Esq., M. P., of 5, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, after a few days illness, at Mymensing, Bengal Presidency, March 11th, aged 28.
- Cholmondeley, Georgiana Charlotte Marchioness Dowager of, June 23rd, after an illness of only twelve hours, Carlton House Terrace. Her Ladyship was daughter and co-heir of Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster, and relict of the late, and mother to the present Marquis.
- Corbett, the venerable Archdeacon, June 22nd, at his seat Longnor Hall, in the county of Salop, aged 79.
- Cookson, Brev. Capt. George James, H. C. Artillery, of Small Pox, at Kurnaul, E. I., Feb. 20th.
- Cox, Mrs. Anne, at Calcutta, March 6th, relict of the late Capt. W. Cox, Bengal Engineers, late of Fort Marlboro', Beneoolen, aged 63.
- Cripps, Mrs. Clarissa, at Calcutta, Feb. 18th, Widow of Mrs. J. Cripps, H. C. Marine, aged 29.
- Crook, Mrs., aged 60, at Sydney, Oct. 24th, 1837, wife of the Rev. W. P. Crook.
- Crouch, Mrs. E., at Delhi, Feb. 21st.
- Crowe, Lieut., lately at Frazer's Camp, on the Frontier, Cape of Good Hope, shot by some Mutineers belonging to the Cape mounted Rifles.
- D'Abrantes, Duchess, i. e. *maison de sante*, at Chaillot.
- D'Avis, Mrs., M. A., at Purneah, E. I., March 4th.
- David, Mrs., P. M., relict of the late P. M. David, Esq., at Dacca.
- David, Capt. Chas., aged 38, at Pondicherry, E. I.
- Dolperron, E., Esq., aged 21, at Kishnaghur, March 2nd.
- Drew, Anna, wife of the Rev. W. H. Drew, Missionary; and a daughter to whom she had just given birth. Also Drew, William, four days previously, son of the above, aged 16 months, at Madras, Feb. 20th.
- Faikney, Lieut. 15th Regt. N. I. at Madras.
- Falconer, Mrs., lady of Lieut. Falconer, 46th Regt. N. I., at Combaconum, E. I., Nov. 30th, 1837.
- Falkland, Mrs., wife of Mr. Falkland, Assistant to the Agra Bank, Jan. 14th.
- Franklin, Mr. John, of the Ship *Orient*, aged 30, at Calcutta, Dec. 17th, 1837.
- Freeth, Mrs. Elizabeth, at Allahabad, E. I. Feb. 21st.
- Geddes, David, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Stone, Glasson, and Co., at Ootacamund, E. I., March 10th, aged 24.
- Gordon, Ensign, C. F., 19th Regt. N. I., at sea, on board the *Lotus*.
- Hailes, Susanna Anna, wife of Capt. John, aged 36, after a protracted illness, at Ilisar, E. I., Dec., 17th, 1837.
- Evans, J., chief Engineer, of injuries received by the explosion on board the Victoria Steam-ship.
- Hay, Lionel, youngest son of the late Rev. Richard John Hay, at Paterson, New South Wales, Sept. 29, 1837.
- Hogarth, Mary Ann, the lady of Capt. George Hogarth, of the Cameronians, at Fort William, Feb. 27.
- Hogg, Nancy, wife of Mr. J. H. Hogg, Assistant Revenue Surveyor, in the 4th division, at Madura, E. I., Feb. 3.
- Horn, Mr. in the office of the Ageira Magazine, Jan. 13.
- Humphreys, Mrs. relict of the late Mr. Jacob Humphreys, aged 90, at Calcutta, Feb. 26.
- Jeffcott, Sir John, Judge of South Australia, drowned, by the upsetting of a boat, whilst proceeding from Nepean Bay to Encounter Bay, for the purpose of inspecting a vessel which was taking in oil, although advised by Mr. Hindmarsh, son of Capt. Hindmarsh, R. N. who told him that he had himself had a narrow escape with his life, in making the same attempt, and was obliged to put back at last. Sir John persevered and the boat was swamped, and he perished.
- Jones, John, Esq., at New South Wales, Sept. 28th, 1837, from the effects of wounds inflicted with a pair of sheepshears, by one of his servants. The man could assign no reason for the brutal act, only, that he was at the time, intoxicated.
- Keyes, Mrs. Ecclesia, (relict of the late Mr. W. Keyes, senior assistant surveyor) governess of the Black Town Female Orphan Asylum, E. I., aged 36, suddenly, Dec. 15th, 1837.
- Kiernan, Mrs. Eliza, aged 26, at Calcutta, Jan. 30.
- Long, Mr. W., chief mate of the ship *Olivia*, aged 35, at the Cape of Good Hope, Feb. 21.
- Longdon, Mr. John, aged 37, at Calcutta, March 13.
- Ludlow, Lieut. T. H. B., of the 6th Regt., N. I., at Chiaco, E. I., Jan. 27.
- Milbank, Louisa Jane, daughter of Mr. and Lady Augusta Milbank.
- Mackenzie, Major Hector, 74th Regt., N. I., at Nusseerabad, E. I., March 1st.
- Maclean, Louisa, wife of Capt. 67th Regt., aged 33, at Kyhouk Physoon, in Arracan, E. I., Dec. 15.
- McAuley, Mrs. Sarah, aged 29, of spasmodic cholera, at Bycullah, E. I., March 24.
- McGillivray, Capt. Frederick, of the Engineers, aged 37, at Bombay, March 25.
- Moore, Captain, H. M., 62nd Regiment, at Moulmain, lately.

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## THE EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

## LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

### IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

It is particularly recommended that the Magazine be not bound for at least two months, in order that the ink become thoroughly dry, otherwise it may *set off*, that is, cause the opposite pages to imprint each other. Any of the former numbers, either of the *Improved Series Enlarged*, or of the *Improved Series*, which may be wanting to complete sets, can be had at the office, as well as whole sets.

The binder will place the monthly pages of contents, in succession, at the end of the Volume

The pink work, *Le Follet*, is to precede it, and the whole to form a connected series.

Such of the ancient portraits as have been published uncoloured, can be had at the office, coloured in the same beautiful manner as those recently published.

\* \* The articles marked thus (\*) are poetry; those marked thus (†) are reviews.

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#### JANUARY.

Frontispiece, to face title-page.

Whole length portrait of Catherine II., Empress of Russia, surnamed the Great, splendidly coloured and illuminated, after the original, presented by her Imperial Majesty to the King of France. She was celebrated for the deposition and murder of her husband, and for her successful usurpation of his throne. To face Memoir, 1

Fashion Engravings—

1st, Evening Dress. 2nd. Reverse of the same. With these are shown, newest style of couch, drawing-room curtains, and chandeliers, 46, 47. 3rd. Elegant at Home, 47. Likewise newest patterns of cottage, piano, fauteuil, and vase. 4th. Reverse of dress of standing figure, 47.

#### FEBRUARY.

Whole length portrait of Marie Touchet, by marriage Comtesse d'Entragues, beautifully coloured and illuminated, from an authentic ancient portrait. She was beloved by Charles IX., King of France. To face description, 79

Fashion Engravings—

1st figure, Ball dress. 2nd. Same, with newest style of cap. 3rd. Reflection of the back of figure 1. In this plate are seen fashionable work table and Ottoman, and two more of the newest caps.

4th, &c. Scene of the Carnival at Paris, as it appeared in 1836, in the theatre Italien, with five principal figures in Swiss, Spanish, antique, and modern costumes: the background is filled with many varied costumes.

#### MARCH.

Whole length portrait of the Marquise de Sevigne, accurately coloured from one of her pictures in the collection of the King of France, painted in the reign of Louis XIII. She is justly celebrated as the author of the most easy and lively correspondence ever published, and for her benevolent and virtuous conduct. To face 119.

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piece and tabouret, or drawing-room stool. 3rd. Ball dress, 192. 4th. Reverse of same figure.

#### APRIL.

Whole length portrait of the Comtesse de Grignan splendidly coloured and illuminated from the celebrated picture at Versailles painted by Mignard, by the order of Louis XIV. It was to this lady that the far famed correspondence of her mother, the Marchioness de Sevigne, the subject of the preceding portrait was addressed. She was likewise distinguished for her great beauty, and high moral character. To face 215.

Fashion Engravings.

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#### MAY.

Whole length portrait of Mademoiselle Renee de Rieux Chateaufort, beautifully coloured and illuminated, from an authentic portrait by Janet. She was descended from the Sovereign Dukes of Brittany, was beloved by Henry III., King of France, and was celebrated for her beauty and violence of disposition. To face 397.

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#### JUNE.

Whole length portrait of the Marquise de Verneuil, splendidly coloured and illuminated, from an authentic likeness in the collection of the King of France. She was the daughter of Marie Touchet, and obtained a promise of marriage from Henry the Great, with which she greatly disturbed the peace of his queen, Marie de Medicis. To face 308.

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## GENERAL NOTICES.

The portrait of *Marié Antoinette*, again delayed, is promised for next month.

We have not noticed the work alluded to, which a subscriber states to belong to a friend, because we have not seen it. The author must look after his own interests, and either himself see that a copy is sent to us, or direct his publisher to do so; if sent, due notice will be taken of it.

We shall be happy to have the inspection of a "Stranger's" MS. We much like to have the option of accepting or refusing.

We beg to acknowledge the following presentation copies from authors and publishers, which late arrival or want of space prevent our reviewing in the present number:—

*Architectural Magazine*, No. 27.—Longman and Co.  
*Ascension*, by Richard Johns.—Smith, Elder, and Co.  
*The first Annual Jubilee oration, or the Life, Character, and Genius of Shakspeare*; by Geo. Jones.—Churton.  
*Fletcher's Young Divine*.—Haile.  
*The Art of Singing*.—Hoitt.  
*Meetings for Amusing Knowledge*.—Wilson.  
*Defence of Socrates*.—Sherwood.  
*The Visionary, with other Poems*.—Longman and Co.  
*Hints upon Tints*.—Blackwell.  
*Florigraphia Britt.*, from No. 1 to 12.—Ridge.  
*Tales of Fashion and Reality*.—Smith and Elder.  
*Beauties of Shakspeare*, No. 1.—Tilt.

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